

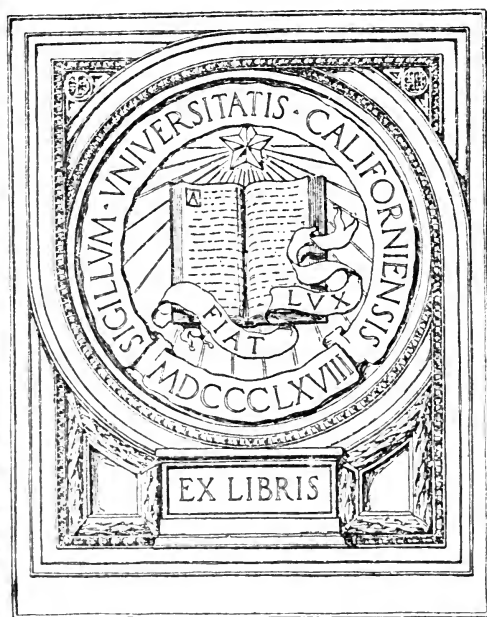


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THE


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OF



SUNSHINE

A SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA
MAGAZINE



EDITED BY
CHAS. F. LUMMIS

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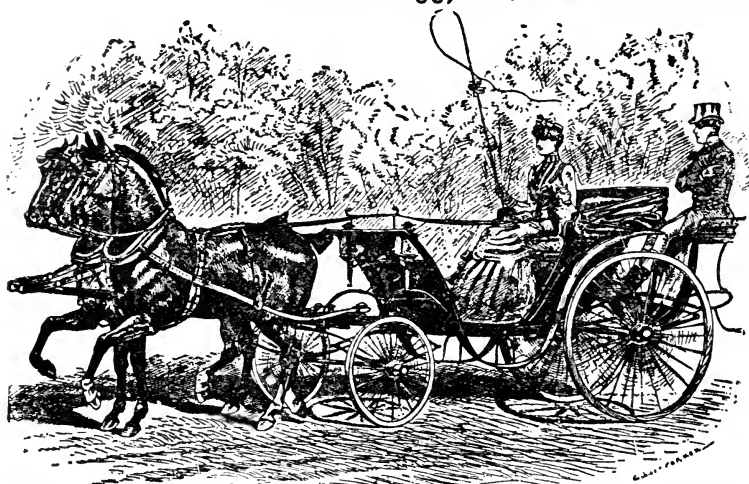
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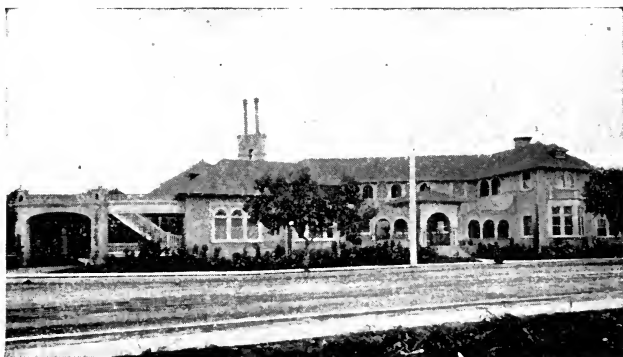
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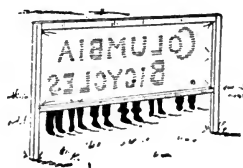


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A SOUTHWESTERN MAGAZINE

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VOLUME III

June to November, 1895

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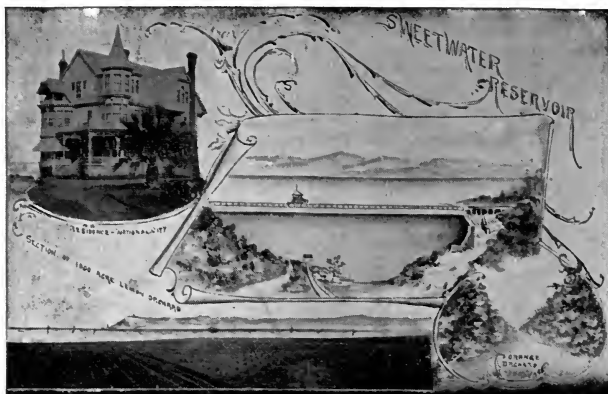
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A MEMORY.



VOL. 3, No. 1.

LOS ANGELES

JUNE, 1895

SAN JUAN'S DAY AT DOLORES.

BY CHAS. F. LUMMIS.



AY! Never was fiesta fair as good
San Juan's today—
A thousand souls at mass this morn,
and what a glory when
They ran the chicken-races! How
Felipe swept away
The squawking prize—first cavalier
among a hundred men!

How like a rock from off the cliff he thundered
down the plain!
And how the chase behind him roared in a
tumultuous flood!

And how he beat the grapplers off,
with feathered blows amain!
And how
his white teeth
laughed thro' bronze
besplashed
with manly blood!





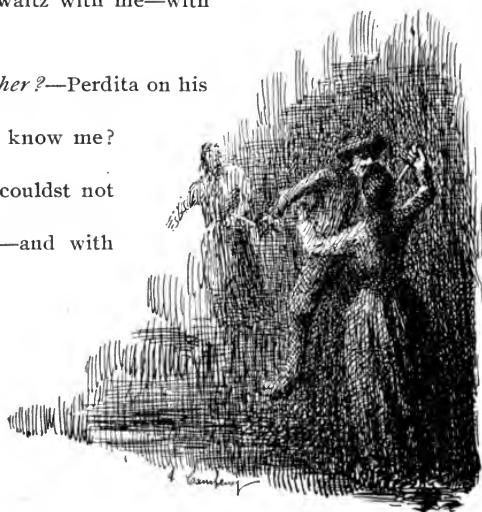
Ah, tall Felipe of my soul—Felipe of the vow !—
 The princeliest and proudest and the bravest everywhere !
 There in Don Pedro's portico they make the *baile* now—
 Ay ! how my heart is dancing, for Felipe will be there !

The candles, how they flutter on the snowy-whitened wall—
 Coquetting with the shadows in the rafters dark above !
 And yonder hobbles Crooked Juan, best *musico* of all ;
 And old José, with his guitar that knows the songs of love.

And now they come by twos and fours along the darkening street—
 The señoritas all in white ; in decent black, the men.
 Ah, what a pretty, when with weaving arms and twinkling feet
 We'll swing the sinuous *cuna* down the porch and back again !

And now the music kindles, and the 'dobe floor 's awake
 To pulse with eager feet—and still Felipe *no 'st' aquí !*
 Ungrateful !—And I sit me here a laughed-at for his sake
 Who swore to waltz the cradle-waltz with me—with
 none but me !

Ay, Holiest Mother ! Here ! With *her* ?—Perdita on his
 arm !
 So, perjurer and unashamed, ye know me ?
 Stand apart !
Tu, little fool, run blameless, who couldst not
 withstand his charm.
 But he—I love him—*love* him—and with
 this I claim his heart !



THE NARROW WORLD.

BY CHARLES DWIGHT WILLARD



SOMETHING had happened!

There was such a rosy flush on her cheek, so bright a gleam in her eye, and on his face such an utter abandon of joy, that anyone—even a man—could have guessed the truth.

Fortunately they had chosen the hill road, the least traveled of all the ways that lead down from the Montecito valley into Santa Barbara, and for the first half hour after the event they met no one.

It was what the inhabitants of the Channel City call "a genuine Santa Barbara day." The sun shone warm and bright, and a soft perfumed breeze came out of the west. There was June in the air, although the calendar was set for midwinter. The birds sang in the trees above them, the squirrels chirped from the hill-side, and their horses, wandering at times from the road, sank to the knee in a waving sea of flowers.

"First of all," she said, breaking the silence of a whole minute, "you must tell my father."

"Certainly," said the young man. "Who's afraid?"

"You have never seen papa do the rôle of the cruel parent," said the girl; "he can be quite a dragon. As you are a kinsman, however—"

"A fifth cousin," cried the young man, with a laugh.

"Well, fifth cousins are better than nothing, aren't they?"

"Truly; how else should we be here today?" Then the young man added with peculiar and significant emphasis: "I am inclined to pride myself on that little scheme."

The girl brought her horse to a sudden stop and turned her clear brown eyes, half opened under their long lashes, upon her companion.

"That little scheme," she repeated, slowly. "I don't understand."

The young man laughed uneasily. "Why, Catherine," said he, "you don't mean that you have believed in the entertaining fiction about our great-great-et-cetera-grandfather?"

"Old Ebenezer Strong?" exclaimed the girl. "How dare you call him fictitious, when I saw his portrait at my own grandfather's."

"As your ancestor, my dear one, he is an undoubted reality—but as mine, I regret to say, he is merely a figment of your worthy father's imagination. In short—I would fain break it to you as gently as possible—we are not fifth cousins at all, but just plain ordinary—"

"Not fifth cousins!"

"No, darling; and if you are going to faint, please fall on this side, with your head right here on my shoulder."

"I won't! Wretched boy, how could you deceive poor papa so?"

"I didn't deceive him. He deceived himself. From the very beginning of our acquaintance he seemed determined to locate me somewhere on the Weston family tree, and you aided and abetted him in the attempt."

"Richard Strong, how can you!"

"I have a sweet and gentle disposition, and when he asked me if I was not descended from Ebenezer Strong, of West Brighton Center, and you looked at me so appealingly—"

"I didn't, any such thing!"

"Why shouldn't I assent? I have doubtless had several hundred ancestors named Strong, and I took the chances that some one of them rejoiced in the prenomem of Ebenezer. It is just the sort of a name that my forbears were given to putting upon themselves, as an effective and continuous mortification of the flesh. A horse-hair shirt, now, would be nothing to it."

"You may laugh, if it pleases you," said the girl severely, "but if papa had known you were not a relative we should not be riding alone together. He generally disapproves of the Eastern people who spend the winter at the hotel."

"If you really feel that I have been guilty of false pretenses," said the young man, drawing his horse a little nearer, "suppose we begin all over again."

"Keep your distance, sir!" exclaimed the girl, steering to the opposite side of the road. "If we are to start fresh, let it be from the very beginning, three weeks ago."

"Now, as to your father," resumed the young man, "I think I understand him pretty well, because my one and only parent, the governor himself, is constructed on much the same plan. Wherever he goes he is continually in search of the lost tribes of the Strong genealogy. The last letter I had from him in Colorado, where he is spending the winter, contained the announcement that he had unearthed four or five new cousins—choice specimens, I doubt not, that he will expect me to meet and embrace on my way home."

"Perhaps it was wrong," he continued, after a moment of reflection, "to play upon that little peculiarity of your father's, to get into his good graces, but you must consider the extraordinary provocation, dear. It seemed like my only chance—are you sorry I took it?"

She looked her answer but did not speak it, and then, avoiding the hand extended to seize her own, she struck her horse a light blow and dashed down the road ahead.

A long, even canter in silence followed, and they were well into town before the conversation began again. Then, fearful of observation, they spoke in commonplaces.

They turned into State street, and stopped at the post-office, the morning's mail having constituted the chief cause for the trip to town. Richard Strong dismounted and presently appeared with a letter in his hand.

"None for you," he said. "This is for me, from the governor. I'll wager it has something in it about cousins."

"Let me see," said the girl, holding out her hand. He tore the letter open and gave it to her. Then he swung himself into his saddle, and they started slowly down the street.

Suddenly the girl gave a faint cry.

"Papa has been writing to him!" she exclaimed.

"Writing to him? What for?"

"He has asked him to pay us a visit on the score of relationship, and your father—"

"Well?" said the young man, excitedly.

"He says he will start immediately—the very next day."

"Let me see the date of the letter. Ye gods! It has been delayed! He must have got here this morning!"

"The train has been in two hours," she said glancing at her watch.

"I must see him immediately," said her companion, nervously turning his horse first one way and then another. "Who would have dreamed that both the old boys would take that cousinship so seriously?"

"I did, sir. I knew from the very beginning that it would make trouble some time."

"From the very beginning?" repeated the young man, pausing in his excitement long enough to note the force of this chance admission.

"So you acknowledge, do you—"

"There's the hotel 'bus," cried the girl, hastily changing the subject. "Perhaps the driver can tell us something."

A long, empty vehicle was passing them on its way up the street. Strong called to the driver and he stopped.

"Did you bring up a tall gentleman this morning, with a white moustache and goatee and gold eye-glasses?"

"Yes, sir. Your father, don't you mean?"

The young people exchanged startled glances.

"How did you know?"

"He was enquiring for you, sir, as soon as ever he got to the hotel; and when he found you were gone, he went and hired a buggy."

"A buggy—what for?"

"He asked the way to Judge Weston's place in the Montecito. He said the Judge was a near relative of his."

"A near relative!" groaned the horrified Strong, while his companion turned away her face, although whether to conceal a look of anguish or a laugh will never be known.

The omnibus proceeded on its way.

"We must hurry," said the young man, spurring his horse to a canter. "The less time they have together before explanations are made, the better."

"What do you think they will do?" asked the girl.

"I don't dare to think. You see on everything except this family tree business our respective parents are as far apart as civilized humans can be. Your father, now, is an elder in the church, while mine has lost all the religion he ever had; and he has never recovered from the habit of using swear words, acquired during years of service in the regular army."

"O dear! O dear!"

"Then again, Judge Weston is an ardent Republican."

"And is your father a Democrat?"

"Worse than that—he is a Mugwump."

"How interesting! I have always longed to see one of them."

"And my father believes that Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays."

"Heavens! Let us ride faster. Papa will have slain him before we get there."

"Really, Catherine," said the young man, when they had slackened their pace to climb the hills, "it would not surprise me if they positively refused to enter into partnership as fathers-in-law."

"Never mind, Richard," said the girl smilingly. "Father has never yet refused me anything, when my happiness was at stake—as it is now."

Strong shrugged his shoulders. "Mine has," he answered. "He is made of flint, the old General; and if he should take it into his head to say no, it would be awkward in ways I don't like to mention."

"Never mind," said the girl, smiling again and lifting her veil to the rim of the jaunty sailor hat.

And a moment later the young man felt much encouraged, and the gallop was resumed.

On a slight knoll surrounded by a grove of live-oaks and faced with an avenue of old palms, there stood the ample residence of Judge Weston. As the young people came through the gate and entered upon the graveled roadway, they observed two elderly gentlemen emerge from a small forest of rose bushes and start briskly down the path toward them. Presently the shorter of the two took his companion's arm and they walked along in evident peace and amity.

"They haven't found it out yet," the young man whispered.

Judge Weston assisted his daughter to alight. "Catherine," said he, "this is General Strong, the father of our young friend."

The General bent low in an old-fashioned obeisance, and Miss Catherine instinctively made him a courtesy out of the minuet.

"Father!"

"Dick, my dear boy!"

"See here," exclaimed the Judge suddenly. "You were mistaken, Richard, in what you told me about old Ebenezer Strong."

The young man braced himself for a struggle.

"And to think, Dick," cried the General, reproachfully, "that you never once mentioned to the Judge that your great-great-grandfather, Hezekiah Strong, married a Weston."

"And that brings us even nearer than we had supposed," added the Judge. "Fourth cousins instead of fifth."

"It was stupid of me to forget that," said the young man, huskily.

"And now that I have seen Miss Catherine," said the General, taking her hand and passing his arm about her waist, "my only regret is that the relationship is not several degrees nearer yet."

Then Catherine looked at Richard, and he told what had happened on the way to town. Straightway there was a great amount of hand-shaking and a good deal of kissing done in broad daylight under the palms.

THE CHILDREN'S PARADISE.

BY ONE OF THE HEIRS.

THE gentleman and scholar who wished to know : "Why should I work for posterity? What did posterity ever do for me?" merely said out loud what many unconsciously believe. But they are not enviable. Posterity has done a good deal for some of us. You will even find some folks with heart and head to confess that they never knew the real the advance guard of to show them. Child not just now the The march of what civilization is against and other noble aims ier enjoyed without persist some old-fashion care for the tug of a the cuddling of a flee-waistcoat; and er dotards who thought for and bone of for flesh of their pedi- Their no-rental love is ed with a per- here and a cor- ing yonder, upon their res- for the fu- What line character



Union Eng. Co.

Photo. by Schumacher.

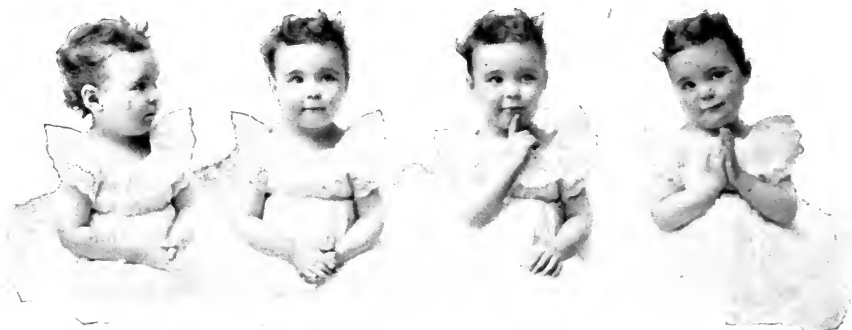
meaning of life till posterity came along dren, it is true, are height of the fashion. we are pleased to call them. Dress and balls of showciety are eas- them. Yet there still ioned simpletons who babe at the breast, for cy head against the a less number of deep- actually take as much the flesh of their flesh their bone as the flesh of greed mastiff. tion of pa- not horizon- functory kiss dial spank-

They go so far as to ponder possibilities and to plan ture—"What is this child? of management does its require? Should it be pushed forward or held back? What will be best for its body, and what for its mind?"

Among this unfashion- able class the least fashion- able have already discov-

ered that life is builded upon a physical foundation, and that climate has something to do with physique. No scientist has doubted that, in a century; but the application of science to so trivial a matter as the breeding of human beings is revolutionary. It is properly reserved for the breeding of horses, cows and dogs.

These foolish sentimentalists of whom I speak are little short of heretics. They are even venturing to doubt the essential orthodoxy of these



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Photo by Steckel.

household words: "Now, Mary, you mustn't open the outside door, or we shall all be frozen;" "Johnny, don't you *dare* go out without your overcoat and your tippet and your arctics and your earmuffs and your mittens;" "Mercy, you crazy child! Do you want to catch your death of cold? Look at that slush! No, go up and play in the nursery, and be sure the register is wide open."

In the nature of things, not everyone can leave the amiable climes where these home proverbs are as necessary as the furnace; and in the nature of us, we do not wish that everyone should. The area of decent temperatures in the United States is rather limited; and we of Southern California are becoming disposed to be "select." But there is ample room here for all who do not bring up their children on the hit-or-miss plan; for all who are given to taking thought for their young.

Some people leave their children money. Some bequeath them brains. Some die seized of neither the one nor the other to devise. Both heritages have dangers as well as advantages.

But the best legacy you can leave your child is to rear it in a climate which loves children — instead of the old-bachelor surliness of Eastern weather. It is worth more to your baby than all the money you will ever see, than all the grey-matter you could ever express from your skull with a horse-pistol — this chance to form its body and its mind in the Happy Land; to live next to God and Nature; to play in God's sun and air, and suckle at Nature's breast; to be out of



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Photo by Steckel



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Photo. by Steckel.

doors every day in the year; to be playmate of eternal roses and perennial birds; to know "snow" only as "what makes the mountains pretty;" and "cold" only as a word in the morning paper which tells of teacher and school-children frozen to death yesterday back where you and I were born.

Southern California is the paradise of children. The climate which begets such flowers as make the pride of Eastern hothouses seem mere caricatures, is no less kind to the human bud. Babe or flower, between here and the East is the precise difference between the frail house-plant and the exuberant growth of the semi-tropics. The deadly "summer sickness" of the East is an unknown quantity with us. The risky "second summer" is no peril here. Our babies breathe God's oxygen the whole year, instead of the vile poison of an air-tight house for four months of it. They are mortal still; but their chance of life is far better, and life itself far sweeter. The traditional diseases of childhood are perhaps less inevitable here; they are certainly less fatal.

For development of mind and morals, Southern California is fully as well equipped as Eastern communities, and in time must be better equipped—unless every law of nature and evolution is a liar. But if there were nothing else here than the one fact that here children have really "a fair show for their lives" it would be an attraction to those who think as much of their offspring as they do of their grocery business in Sheboygan or their "social standing" in Swampscott.

It is not a matter of taking anyone's word for it. Just sit down with yourself and think about it. Bear down on your mental processes as hard as you do about the next fluctuation of wheat, the proximate full-dress ball. What is the common-sense of it? As a matter of artistic taste, do you prefer slush or butterflies? Roses or zero? Siestas or bronchitis? Would you thank anyone for instructing you that outdoor air is purer than the cast-off atmospheres of inhabited rooms with closed



L.A. Eng. Co. Photo. by Steckel.

windows and a puzzle which predominates—the lifelessness of artificial heat or the human smell? You haven't yet advertised for a tutor to coach you whether 70° above or 10° below zero is the more comfortable and the safer temperature? Any conscientious scruples against believing that frosted ears, chilblains, pneumonia and consumption are not *de rigueur* in the scheme of human happiness? Take you long to make up your mind whether a living organism will thrive better in sunlight or in cellar? Whether a sky under which roses and strawberries flourish from January to January again is apt to be as genial to other forms of life as one under which roses, noses and water-pipes freeze solid if left out in the weather?

If these answers come hard, pray do not toil after them. In that case we could nerve ourselves to get along without you. There is room for but a few million people out here; and having already some samples of the other sort, we would just as soon that the remaining seats be rigidly reserved for folk who will not lower the present average of intelligence.

But if your head be of more use to you than merely as a vehicle for a mouth; if you know how to cook an idea after it is caught—why, then it might be well to turn a mental process toward these matters.

And while you are about it, you might also ponder upon the mental as well as the physical bias which climate gives a child. The irritation, the scepticism, the irksome imprisonment of a barbarous climate—are these any better for the moral than for the bodily tissues? And is there glib on your tongue any more logical reason why your children must suffer these things than that you did?



Collier, Eng.

Photo. by Steckel.

FROM THE TRAIN.

BY JULIA BOYNTON GREEN.

In these wild mountain regions who could guess
 Such lavish beauty lurks! Each rocky rift
 Holds dainty nodding blooms, a wayside gift
 Simply the vagrant butterfly to bless,
 To lure the wandering insect by its dress
 Or haply to reward the wild bee's thrift.
 Here is no rapt Linnæus to uplift
 His voice devout to praise such loveliness—
 Strange scarlet stars, the low blue iris, pink
 Of wonderful azaleas on the brink
 Of dizzy chasms—a transient glimpse I gain,
 A dazzling vision from the ruthless train.
 Ah me, what riches blooming but to God
 Beyond my sight in deeper glens untrod!

THE MOUNTAIN SHEEP.

BY T. S. VAN DYKE.



Union Eng. Co.

Photo. by Jackson, Denver.

NOWHERE else within sight of civilization does the bighorn so persistently cling to the home of his fathers as on the great snow-clad hills whose summits float like clouds on the north of the valley of San Gabriel. Along with the grizzly bear he still looks down with contempt upon the orchards that are so fast climbing the lower slopes of his lofty home, and cares as little for the electric lights that star the dark world below as for the iron horse whose sooty breath mars the pure sunlight of the vast plains by day.


Delighting in all that is rugged and rough, the bighorn finds here a home to his taste ; and many a band yet roams the sharp spurs and long knife-blade ridges that from the main peaks break away to the plains on the north. Here where perennial streams trickle from banks of snow that defy the summer's sun ; where, thousands of feet below, the wind sings through ranks of pine, he looks out over miles of towering peaks and soaring ridges, and stands guard over his band on ground that only the most daring hunter ever thinks of approaching. No task on earth perhaps so hard as to get a sure shot at this wary animal on such ground—but therefore all the more attraction in the pursuit. Many have tried it with unbounded admiration for an animal that can all but fly over ground where the hunter dares hardly creep. Down hillsides of sliding shingle, on which the slightest step of man starts half an acre going and sends boulders of ever-increasing size whizzing past his head, the bighorn skips like a sunbeam ; and as if too high above earth to bow to the law of gravitation, he seems to care nothing for the height of a precipice. Over the steepest slopes of ice he plays as if shod with diamond ; and for a change loves piles of boulders in which the hardy fir long since ceased to struggle for a foothold.

Intense is the caution required to keep out of range of the bighorn's far-reaching sight ; and vain often, in the vast jumble of hills, the attempt to avoid the wavering currents that may carry him the tainted air. Vain often the attempts to see him as upon some little shelf of rock he looks down upon the clouds that linger in some great abyss ; and harder yet to reach the beetling crags above, that command his position, without alarming him. And when hours of patient toil have rewarded the hunter's care, and he has crept and climbed to where he can look over some shining crag and get a sure shot, as he thinks, at the unconscious game, he often is deceived by the air of these high regions, so dry and thin that its clearness annihilates distance. The ball falls low ; and before the echoes from a thousand cliffs storm your ear, there is the sound of shingle flying under plunging hoofs and the game has gone down, over or up some place which you thought would turn him ; while over the more open place where you thought you would get a good running shot if the other missed, there is nothing but a waste of rock or snow. Still worse, perhaps, the disappointment when you fail to make a killing shot, and down into the dark ravines the wounded game goes flying with gravitation and fear aided by pain. Vain is generally any attempt to descend the sides of the yawning gulf. Though the dark cedar nods from its sides and the silver fir sparkles in the sun, they will aid little in keeping half the hillside from sliding beneath your step. And though the brook sings beneath massive oaks farther down, where some little park looks so bright and close, you will never reach it on this route. Before you can do so by any other, the vulture whose dark form is winding in the blue a mile above will have your game.

But when you have gauged the distance right and held the rifle true, and the game falls in painless death, you have something worth many days of toil and patient waiting, and far more satisfactory to your pride than the grandest moose that ever Indian called to your ambush while you did only the dirty work of pulling the trigger at a distance where you could not miss.

THE PATIO.

BY CHAS F. LUMMIS.

UEER, isn't it, when you come to think, that people who have invented railroads, telegraphs, telephones, and nearly every other conceivable facility for making themselves work harder and get less time to care whether they live or not—that such geniuses, who can run the business alphabet backward, forward and from the middle to both ends at once, haven't got past their a, b, c in home-building? Hot and cold water, incandescent lights, sanitary plumbing and the other inventions are—conveniences. They save time—so that we may have more to get weary with invoices or the visiting list. But they do not reach the heart of the matter—which is the *joy* of home. No one sits down in the bath-tub to reflect what a blessing piped water

is. No one pulls up a chair to gloat over the beauty and facility of the chandelier. Nay, we snap off the water and snap on the gas and run for the first car to the grindstone to which our noses are respectively addicted.

But many of us would *like* to enjoy air and flowers and fountains if we knew just how. Unfortunately, the Saxon tradition has always been that the outdoor side of the house was invented chiefly to show off. "Beautiful grounds!" Yea, verily! Peacocked in front of the house, where the stranger must see them and you mustn't—for the twin superstition demands that the parlor (damnable word and worse invention) shall command the lawn. No honest man will sit at home in anything that can truthfully be called a parlor; and as a matter of fact, in the United States 90 per cent. of the actual family life is lived in rooms which wouldn't know the "front yard" if they met it on the street.



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THE PATIO AT CAMULOS.

Photo. by Waite.

Right here in Los Angeles, which should be the most homelike city in the world—and will be, when we get a little further taught—how many dare sit out in shirtsleeves or wrapper to take solid comfort in the prettiest portion of their land? They simply do not do it; and here where everyone ought to be out of doors some hours of at least 325 days in the year, it is a rare sight to see lawn or piazzas in process of being enjoyed.

It is all because of this congenital fault in the ground-plan. The lawn and veranda are in the wrong place; and privacy, the soul of home and of comfort, is sacrificed to show. You could just about as harmoniously sit out upon the sidewalk.

If we do not care to learn anything else from our new environment, we might at least learn this which comes so close home. The Spanish American would as soon think of sticking his bedroom into the street. He carries his lawn into the house and keeps it there. Every room opens upon it, and every member of the family is joyed and benefited by



Herve Friend, Eng.

A PATIO IN LIMA, PERU.

Photo by Chas. F. Lummis.

it. It is the patio—the central court-yard about three or four sides of which he builds his home ; and to those who really care for home it is the best invention man has made since he rubbed two sticks together and got warm by the product.

The patio is not of universal Spain. It is specifically an invention of the province of Andalusia, and exclusively of the Spanish Mediodia. But in the Spanish colonies of the New World it has become almost universal—so eminently lovable that neither tradition nor bigotry could hold out against it.

Given, a space of earth large enough to be fit anyhow to be lived upon by a family. Then make the rim against the street as attractive as vanity shall demand ; but build your house around at least three sides of a generous plot, and make that the best. You can sward it and beflower it and set it with trees and fountains and the song of birds ; and if you



Collier, Eng.

Photo. by Slocum, San Diego.

THE ACRE-AND-A-HALF PATIO OF THE CORONADO.

surround it with long, deep piazzas or real *portales* of Roman arches, like Mission corridors, you will begin to wonder how you ever called the other thing a home.

A few people in Southern California have already learned the lesson. The largest and noblest patio in the United States is that of the Hotel del Coronado, whose architect did what probably no hotel architect ever did before—made a 750-room pile homelike. At Miramar (also in San Diego county) E. W. Scripps, of the well-known Eastern newspaper syndicate, has recently finished a delightful home on the Spanish plan, with a huge *azotea* (promenade roof) and a patio 150 feet square. Wm. H. Burnham, near Orange, has adopted the like wisdom in building his home. At Crescenta Cañada the Gould castle holds a superb 60-foot patio within its granite walls. Several charming homes on this

common-sense plan bask among the orange-groves of Riverside. Mr. Hayne has recently completed one with a 40-foot patio in the Montecito. Judge Widney is preparing to erect a very attractive one at Garvanza; and several Angeleños are making ready their plans for homes of which the patio shall be the heart. There are also, of course, some of the genuine



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THE PATIO AT GUAJOME.

Photo. by Waite.

old-time patios, of the Spanish days, still left in Southern California. Notable among these are the patios at Camulos (Ventura county), at Guajome and at the Forster hacienda in San Juan Capistrano.

A rather costly but admirable refinement upon the original idea is to roof the patio with glass, so that it can open to the sky in all other weather, but be closed in days of rain. By this plan one could sit out among the trees and flowers every day of the year; and could also add to one's garden all the purely tropic plants which do not thrive to perfection out of doors in any climate that civilized man cares to dwell in. Edmund D. Sturtevant, the expert florist, is an enthusiastic advocate of the glass covered patio from the flower-lover's standpoint.

There are still people who have not ridden on a railway; and millions even in the United States who have never patronized telegraph or telephone. Every improvement, every invention, is long handicapped by tradition. But common sense in the long run always outwinds superstition; and the patio is inevitable. Fifty years hence, the Southern Californian who shall build a \$10,000 dry-goods-box and call it a house will be an oddity. The average man will by then be living in a home adapted to the country and meant quite as much to be comfortable as to be showy.



THE SCRIPPS AZOTEA AND PATIO.

"SIDE-LIGHTS ON "RAMONA."

BY AUGUSTE WEY.

CONCERNING the writing of the most famous book of Southern California, *Ramona*, and concerning its *locale*, the Pasadena Loan Association has accumulated a mass of testimony so interesting, valuable and unimpeachable that it is to be put into permanent bibliographic form.

Among those whose evidence will be thus presented was that noble old type of the courtly cavalier, the late Don Antonio F. Coronel, State Treasurer of California under the old régime. His testimony alone, to those who knew him, would forever set at rest the needlessly vexed question, "Where was the 'Home of Ramona?'" Others who contribute reminiscences or evidence touching the book and its author are Doña Mariana, widow of Señor Coronel; Mrs. J. de Barth Shorb; the ladies of the Del Valle rancho at Camulos; Hon. J. J. Warner, one of the most venerable figures of Los Angeles; Hon. Abbott Kinney, who served upon the same Indian Commission with Helen Hunt Jackson; and others.

The material now in the Association's hands readily arranges itself into the following chapters:

1. Helen Hunt Jackson in Los Angeles.
2. The name "Ramona."
3. "Alessandro."
4. Historic Camulos.
5. Local origin of some episodes in the book.
6. The Spanish translation of *Ramona*.
7. Bibliographica.

Outlines of some of these chapters may be sketched here. The first chapter will detail the arrival of Mrs. Jackson in Los Angeles with certain letters of introduction; her calling upon Don Antonio at the old Coronel adobe residence; her interest in the house, and her desire to make it the *locale* of her projected novel; and Don Antonio's recommendation that she take, instead, the lovely old Camulos rancho; a Sunday of preparation for the book; a correspondence with Mrs. Jackson; concerning the name "Majel;" Mrs. Jackson's associations with Los Angeles.

Chapter II—The name "Ramona;" testimony of Jeanne C. Carr



Herve Friend, Eng.

Photo. by C. F. Lummis

A STUDY FOR "ALESSANDRO."

and of Mrs. J. de Barth Shorb (daughter of Ramona Yorba, whose ashes lie within the Mission San Gabriel); the common Spanish masculine name Ramon, and its feminine Ramona; other Ramonas on the record books.

Chapter III—"Alessandro;" Mrs. Jackson's use of the Italian instead of the Spanish form of the name—one of the few inaccuracies of



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DON ANTONIO F. CORONEL.

Photo by Miss Salter.

her "local color;" "The Indian, Alessandro"—a character-study by Chas. F. Lummis, with photographic studies in illustration.

Chapter V—"Father Salvierderra's" [Mrs. Jackson got it "by ear;" the real name was Zalvidea] appearance in a "glory" of wild mustard, suggested by a drive on the "adobe road" from Los Angeles to Pasadena and the Mission San Gabriel; Doña Mariana and the "Jesucito"

of her oratory ; the Indian mass, until recently said at the Mission San Luis Rey for the repose of Mrs. Jackson's soul.

In view of the genuine and growing interest in that remarkable book whose sales keep up steadily after so many years, and in the circum-



Engraved by Harry C. Jones, Editor of The Quarterly Illustrator, N. Y. Photo. by F. J. Crandall.

DON ANTONIO AND DONA MARIANA.

"She is the young wife of a gray-headed Senor of whom—by his own gracious permission—I shall speak by his familiar name, Don Antonio

"He is sixty-five years of age, but he is young; the best walker in Los Angeles today; his eye keen, his blood fiery quick; his memory like a burning-glass bringing into sharp light and focus a half-century as if it were as yesterday."—ECHOES IN THE CITY OF THE ANGELS, Helen Hunt Jackson in The Century Magazine, 1883.

stances of its creation, there will be unquestionably a welcome for these interesting and authoritative commentaries and annotations which the

Antonio J. J. J.
 Plutarco Urzula L.
 las once mil Virgenes.
 Franco Coronel.
 Angel Mayo 8/1899

(Antonio Ignacio de Jesus Hilarion Ursula de las once mil Virgenes Franco Coronel.)

DON ANTONIO'S SIGNATURE.

Association, an indefatigable worker for scholarly ends, plans to issue.

As to the local setting of the story, these are established facts: Having formulated the plot and general structure of her novel, Mrs. Jackson one day suggested at the friendly old adobe of the Coronels that she locate the story in the spot where so much of its inspiration had come to her—namely, in Los Angeles itself, and specifically in this very adobe with whose laden orange trees and acacia boughs, historic recitals and old-fashioned sunrise hymns her own

stay in Los Angeles had been so charmingly associated. But Doña Mariana declared there remained but one Spanish homestead where the original life of a California *hacendado* could still be studied in all its poetry and importance; and told of the patrician character of Camulos. Here, she added, might still be studied the pressing of the mission olive in the old *morteros*; the gathering of the vintage in Hispano-Indian fashion; the making of Spanish wine; the Spanish sheep-shearing, under an Indian *Capitan*. Here were still the picturesque retainers; here were distinguished family traditions—all the elements, in fact, upon which the book might grow with historic fidelity.

Upon Mrs. Jackson's suggestion that a stranger could not expect to receive welcome, if even recognition, in such a home, she was assured of adequate introduction; and was in fact provided with cordial personal letters, armed with which she went to Camulos.

The Señora del Valle, the noble and widely beloved lady of that little principality, was absent on an errand of mercy when Mrs. Jackson arrived at Camulos. Had the author of *Ramona* met that soul of gentle dignity it is probable that the novel never would have included in its *personnel* a "Señora Moreno."

As to Doña Mariana, she often yet is grieved and bewildered by the perennial and sometimes disagreeable consequences of her suggestion of Camulos to the novelist; and sometimes confides, to those she trusts, a regret that she had not permitted "Ramona" and "Alessandro" to elope from the unpretentious old Coronel adobe—or even, as has been teasingly suggested, to harness Baba into the old *carreta* which used to stand by the door.

Illustrative material for the bibliography is abundant and rich; and may appropriately begin with Los Angeles subjects—including portraiture.

On an immortally sunny afternoon Don Antonio put on for (as it proved) the last time the historic Spanish dress in which he had once been part of the picturesque life of old Los Angeles; and posed with Doña Mariana in a series of pictures which have become priceless. One of these is reproduced with this article, through the courtesy of the Association. No less charming portrayal of this gallant and large-souled

old man is the later photograph, with the smoking-cap (in which he never smoked) upon his head; and upon his face the expression so familiar to thousands who loved him. A fac-simile of his complete signature is also given—written as a special favor to the Association. It is a curious study in genealogy and ecclesiastical patronage.

This is but a faint hint of the countless interesting matters to be treated in the Bibliography of Ramona; but perhaps enough to indicate how thoroughly valuable the work will be.

THE FIG.

BY HORACE EDWARDS.

THE fig has not yet taken in Southern California the commercial position which might be expected of a tree here perfectly hardy, rapid-growing and prolific. The Padres who planted the first trees on this coast had only the ordinary blue or black fig, which ranks lowest among the dozen or more varieties now cultivated here.

Being easily propagated by cuttings, the trees planted at the Missions became parents of thousands in all parts of the State.

Few valuable trees thrive under neglect as does the fig. A twig thrust haphazard into the ground in a few years developed into a thrifty tree. So the blue fig spread, until today it is found from end to end of the State. The old miners planted it freely; and now frequently all that remains to mark a once thriving settlement is the dark foliage of figs carelessly set out by people long since dead.

For years no thought was given the fig as an orchard fruit; those who planted it at all being content with a few for shade or ornament. But in the great horticultural development from 1860 to 1870 considerable attention was given to fig culture, and the introduction of more valuable varieties—particularly those that produce the dried fig of commerce. A number of varieties were procured, among them the white Adriatic, which most nearly approaches the commercial fig of any we have yet obtained. It produces a good-sized white fruit, which, properly dried and packed, is very toothsome and commands fair prices. Single trees fifteen to twenty years of age are claimed to have produced an average of \$100 worth of fruit in one crop; and it is a fact that the crops are immense and the prices for properly cured fruit satisfactory. It has been demonstrated that the figs produced in the lower foothills are far superior to those grown on the plains and in the valleys. When carefully cured, the white Adriatic fig of the foothills can be differentiated only by an expert from the imported Smyrna fruit.

Some years ago several thousand cuttings from the groves of Smyrna were imported and distributed. These grew rapidly into fine trees, but invariably refused to mature fruit. The young figs set thickly in due season, but at a certain stage they blighted and fell to the ground. Every device failed to overcome the difficulty. Finally it was suggested



that the solution of the difficulty was caprification—the cultivation of the capri, or male fig, and the introduction of the blastophaga psenes, or fig wasp, which, making its home in the capri fig emerges thence when that fruit is in blossom, and carries the pollen to the cultivated fig, which it thus impregnates. This method has been followed in Smyrna from time immemorial, the custom being to hang garlands of the capri fig to facilitate the journey of the blastophaga from one to the other. We have now obtained the capri trees. An experimental shipment of blastophaga was made from Smyrna, but the insects arrived in poor

condition and soon died.

However, tests were made by artificially introducing the pollen; and, without exception, the fruit so fertilized matured, being the first that had ever ripened on the trees in question, though heavy crops had regularly set and blighted for several seasons.

Believers in caprification naturally deem this a proof of the correctness of their theory; and have taken steps to introduce the blastophaga systematically. It has been frequently shown in Smyrna by actual tests that trees provided with the capri figs produced abundant crops, while in seasons when they were not so provided there was a total failure.

Those who have experimented most thor-

oughly in fig culture are most enthusiastic in their belief that it is destined to become of great importance. The fig is adapted to a very wide range of soil and climate; it survives neglect which would certainly be fatal to any other fruit; it is long-lived and produces yearly a succession of heavy crops; and there is already a remunerative demand for the inferior qualities now produced. Crystallized and canned figs have been received with great favor, and need only to be generally known to become largely consumed. Every one who has land in this section should plant at least a few fig trees, not only for the fruit, but because the fig is one of our most beautiful deciduous trees.



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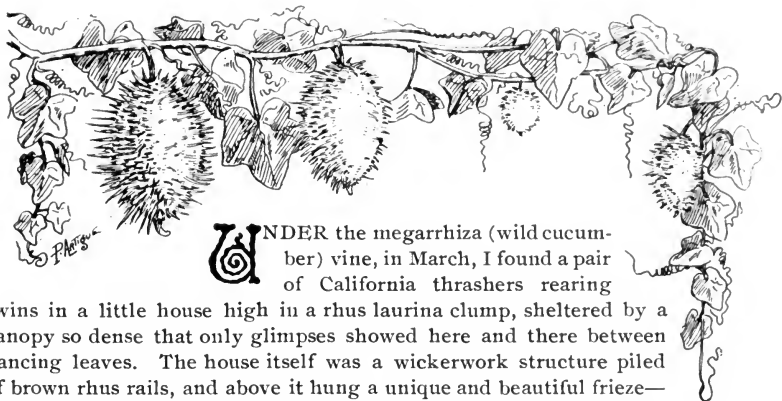
A FORTY-FOOT FIG-TREE.

Photo. by Waite.

OUT-OF-DOOR STUDIES.

FIFTH PAPER—UNDER THE MEGARRHIZA.

BY ESTELLE THOMSON.



UNDER the megarrhiza (wild cucumber) vine, in March, I found a pair of California thrashers rearing twins in a little house high in a rhus laurina clump, sheltered by a canopy so dense that only glimpses showed here and there between dancing leaves. The house itself was a wickerwork structure piled of brown rhus rails, and above it hung a unique and beautiful frieze—a heavy rope of cucumber vine suspended from twig to twig and thickly strung with spiked green seed-vessels. Whenever I wished to peer into the fascinating retreat, or to lift the downy babies—which I did daily—I had first to make way for my fingers cautiously under that prickly barrier; and I think no other intruder ever discovered the quaint eyrie in the bush-top, although nearly every rhus thicket of hundreds was trodden and plundered by egg-collecting boys.

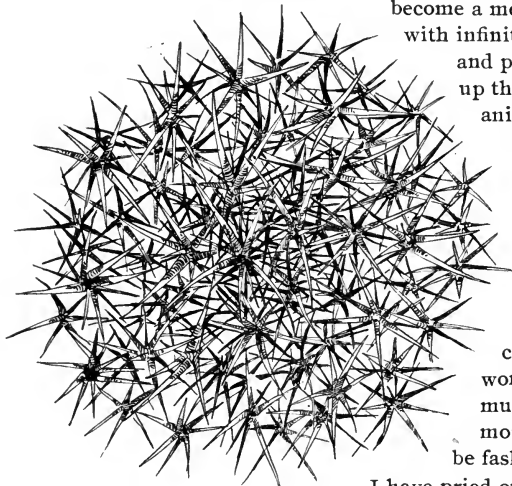
When the megarrhiza seed-cases have aged and their spiked burs gape at the beak, a lovely lacework shell, very open and often very white, may be extricated. This, later on, serves as the daintiest of apartment houses, the rounded partitions of its four chambers as well as its outer walls being of perfect-patterned lace. The large, firm seeds, numbering originally not less than a dozen, rattle with a muffled sound in their papery walls as the detached dwellings blow about, mere bleached skeletons drifting along the ground, heaped in hollows, anchored in branches and lodged in crotches of rhus wood that hold them prisoners. Frequently the entire complement of seeds is found intact, after all their buffetings hither and yon by the wind; and scarcely a cell is tenantless. Within the little lace-divided galleries reside happy families, chiefly of spider-kind; their airy apartments closed with fine gauze and the spider young tucked snugly into white silk beds. If it becomes necessary to rip the cells apart to pursue inspection, I discover usually a single spider fully grown, numerous pearly infants in cradle-heaps of film and lace, and perhaps eggs in a rounded bunch enveloped in floss; and always there are ample stores of skeletons and skins, with wings and legs of beautifully iridescent things, betokening rich living on the part of those who dwell in tenements so aristocratic.

Finding one day a gossamer tent stretched between the tips of two

"Turk's-head" balls at the base of a bit of rhus and megarrhiza, sheltering a burrow underground, I tried to bring my glass to bear on the domestic interior, when by accident I overturned one of the cactus supports and laid bare the heart of a swarming camp. The entire substance of the old echinocactus—"devil's pincushion," as the Spanish say—had

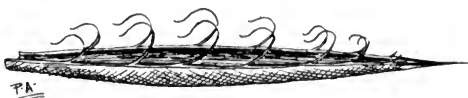
become a mealy mass of fungi, literally alive with infinitesimal ants lugging family stores and plying homely vocations. Picking up the roof which had sheltered this animated heap I brought it home,

and it is a study curious and interesting. Every particle of fleshy matter gone, it now is a hollow crown, dry and fiercely spiked, turned russet by exposure, spine-tip interlocking with spine-tip and holding the little armor firm by that singular contact. It simply is the framework of former cactus beauty, with muscle and adipose removed; and a more novel house-roof could not well be fashioned.



I have pried out many a secret from the broken rhus wood ends, their jagged surface screened by curtains of film. In these cavern-like depths of living fibre innumerable insects have a retreat, swathed in webs; and it is surprising how prodigally their small larders are stored. The tiny occupants scamper swiftly when I invade their tunnels; but I always handle them with care and remember to draw the megarrhiza vines carefully across their hiding-hollows: for possibly those might spy upon them who would not respect the privacy of their domestic concerns and the generous condition of their game preserves.

It was under the megarrhiza that I once was rewarded by finding a most beautiful treasure—the lacework case, or closed covers, of a lobe of gray and venerable prickly-pear, from which all the dessicated interior had perished. Prying the case apart, the hollow space was partitioned by tissue sheets into chambers, in each of which were dry and shining wormskins, a few roaming ants and spiders, and in one a square of silvery, perfect honeycomb: ample evidence of the thrift of some wild worker who had made the old opuntia receptacle a home. I hardly should have been more surprised to see the green lance of a Spanish bayonet—which was its neighbor and over which the megarrhiza lavishly tangled—with its long, slim body, keen prow, evenly upturned edges finished with ropes like linen cunningly curled, utilized as a boat and filled with white-capped rowers resting their oars in those queer rowlocks.



THE INVALID IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

BY NORMAN BRIDGE, M. D.

NOW can he best make the climate count for his betterment? This is a question of surpassing moment. Little things tell; it needs the last grain to tip the scales, and as to many a poor fellow who comes here, if the final grain is wanting, he may as well have staid at home. Nearly all the invalids make mistakes, some of them fatal ones.

One obstacle to recovery is homesickness. Nostalgia spoils the appetite, colors the world, and makes cowards. A man of ordinary courage can control himself in many things; he will stop his bad and tempting habits; he will bear pain and grief heroically; but he falls at the touch of this blight. The bump of fortitude itself is sick.

Invalids should not be sent here alone among strangers to take care of themselves, unless they have a power of self-containment equal to new conditions under the depression of sickness. But many do come alone and to a gloom that no sunshine can lift.

Most of them come expecting a three months' vacation will restore them. But nothing less than a stay of two years is worth much for the tuberculous patients, and five years is a safer minimum.

Another obstacle is the current belief among the unthinking that the night air is baneful, and that the sick man should never go out in it. This rule is as rational as that other one that you must not see the new moon over your left shoulder. The night air is distinctly cleaner than the day air, has thirty per cent. fewer microbes and is therefore better to breathe. It is only cooler than the day air, and no one ever did or ever will take cold by reason of this fact if his body is kept warm by clothing or otherwise. The only medicinal thing, if any, in the climate is its peculiar atmosphere; and to deprive a sick man of it in its purity for twelve hours each day is a crime. The paramount advantage of being here is the out-door life it allows, and the more invalids have of it the better. They should be out every day that is not stormy, cold days included, and be clothed sufficiently.

A tent is the best shelter for many invalids; its superiority over a house of wood is in the freshness of its atmosphere; its air is fresh because it is in perpetual motion with the breeze outside.

The fear of night air prevents ventilation of sleeping rooms, and sitting rooms in the evening. The night air is poison, so it must be kept out! To add to the horror of such unsanitary conditions, rooms are heated with colossal lamps, and gas stoves unconnected with the chimney. When in use, these are positively noisome, yet to the effrontery of some Californians they are "odorless." Light one after entering a room, and its bad odor will steal upon you insidiously, and, if your olfactories are dull, you may be slow to notice it. But if you can smell, enter a room where one has been burning for an hour, and say if you enjoy it.

Rooms should be well ventilated at all times; insomuch that you can enter them from the outer air and not discover a stuffy odor. Nothing

less than this should be tolerated by a person below his normal standard of health, yet this rule is not fulfilled in the life of one invalid in ten, the world over.

The sin of unheated houses in winter is one that will, as it ought to, haunt some Californians who think they mean to be very good. Their mode of living in this particular is constructive suicide, if not constructive murder. The habits of the old Californians transmitted to the later generation, the price of fuel, and thoughtlessness, if not laziness, have conspired to bring it about. Twelve years ago very few houses in Los Angeles had any means of heating beyond a single fire-place (the most costly device of all), and some abominations of kerosene stoves. Year by year, as sense and sanity grew, the chimneys and stove-pipe holes of new houses increased. Now the tubular furnace and hot water heating are becoming fashionable. People are learning what was true when Columbus arrived, that the coast hereabouts is not tropical, but a cool country free from ice and snow, and that artificial heat is needed on cool evenings and days as truly, although not as much, as in Chicago or Boston.

The sin of scant clothing is nearly as great as that of bad house-heating. Many people, especially women, are afraid of warm clothing; overcoats and wraps seem to have teeth and are liable to bite them. They wear thin underclothes and night gowns, the latter usually of cotton, and then wonder they are harassed by colds and useless coughs. They put on what clothes they must, instead of all they can bear, which latter should be the rule in all dry countries, especially for invalids. All clothing as far as possible should be of wool; there is hardly another country where in the cooler seasons and hours thick wool clothing is so grateful. All night gowns should be woolen, and in winter thick.

The atmosphere here is remarkably diathermanous; as soon as sunset or shadow comes the temperature drops rapidly—as in every dry spot in the world—and more clothing is needed and artificial heat at times; and for this nothing else is needed.

There is a great amount of blundering in the matter of exercise and the way to spend time out of doors. Invalids should exercise moderately, if they can without fatigue; never immoderately. Too much exercise by tuberculous patients has done incalculable harm. If one has daily fever he should conserve his strength by keeping still.

It is not necessary while out of doors on a cool day to exercise to avoid cold-catching. If you are clothed all over to a consciousness of warmth, you may sit out by the hour, in the shade even, and be safe. But the average man quite fails to understand this; he will take long drives in an open carriage, in the wind, and be serene about it, but refuse to sit on his porch ten minutes. The breeze is too fresh and cold for him, and he scorns to sit with an overcoat and lap robe, as a lady scorns to swing her arms while walking, or to wear her last year's bonnet on the street.

THE VICTORIA REGIA.

BY EDMUND D. STURTEVANT.

THIS most magnificent relative of our common water lily is a native of South America, and is named in honor of the Queen of England. From a seed the size of a pea it will, under proper conditions, in seven months produce a plant having a spread thirty feet in diameter with perhaps eight or ten leaves each six feet across. The flowers are lovely beyond description; but the monster leaves of the plant are its glory. It is most fascinating to watch the expansion



Union Eng. Co.

THE VICTORIA REGIA—BLOSSOM AND LEAF.

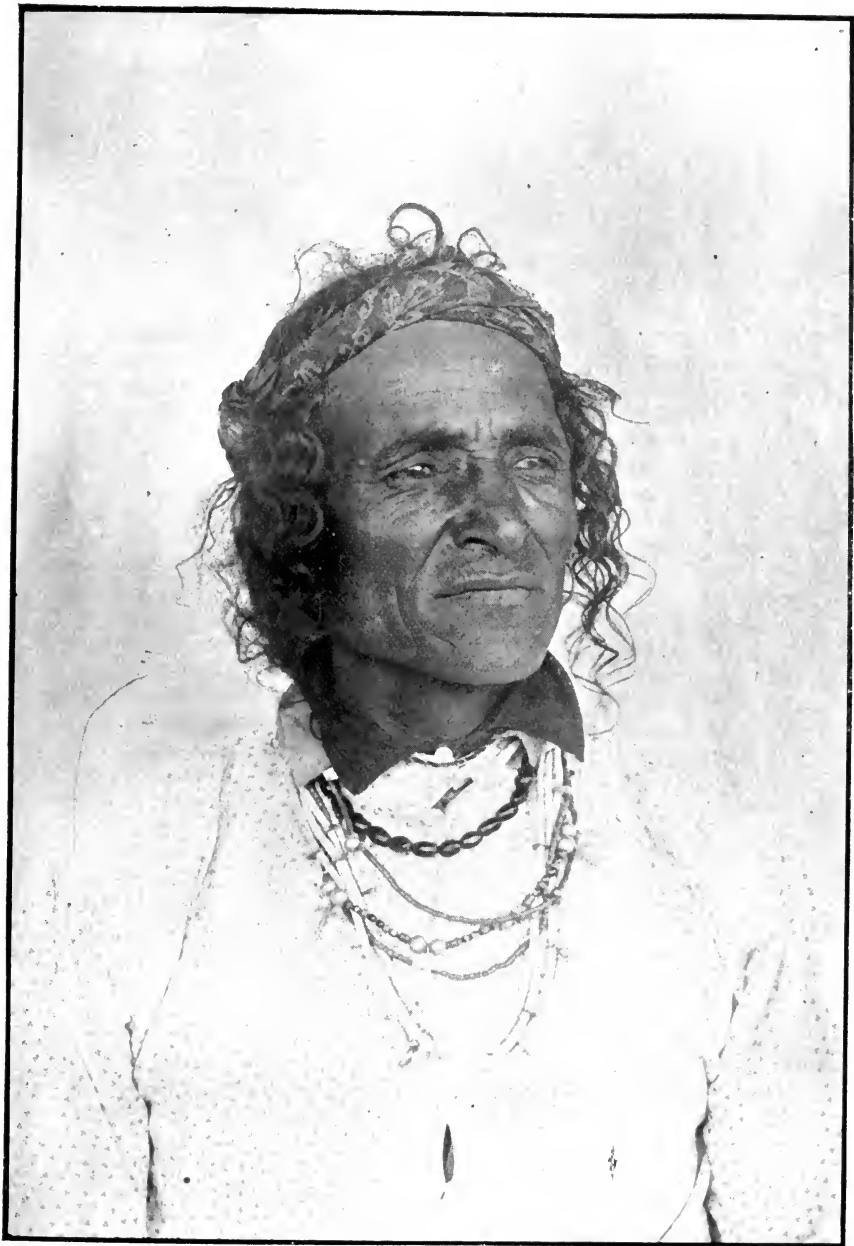
and growth of these leaves on a plant of normal size. Out of the heart of the plant rises to the surface of the water an oblong ball or wrinkled mass of vegetable tissue about ten inches across and covered thickly with long sharp thorns. The next day it is expanded into a lovely bronze-colored salver some eighteen inches in diameter and having an upturned rim tinted with crimson. From this time on, its growth is about eight inches a day until it attains full size. The stem, also covered with thorns, is joined to the leaf in the center, and is like a rope

over an inch thick. The under surface of the leaf has a series of strong veins radiating from the center, and often three inches deep, giving it power to support readily the weight of a child; and with the assistance of a few thin pieces of wood placed on the surface it will support an adult. The rim of the leaf is also a great curiosity, being in the ordinary plant three inches high. A variety of recent introduction has this rim sometimes six inches high. The flowers on good plants are twelve inches across; pure white, with petals more numerous than in the common water lily. They exhale a most delicious perfume, like that of pine-apples, which pervades the air for a considerable distance.

"We have sometimes looked for a passing moment . . . and — stayed for more than an hour unable to leave the fascinating scene. After the strange flower-bud has reared its dark head from the placid tank, moving a little uneasily, like some imprisoned water-creature, it pauses for a moment in a sort of dumb despair. Then trembling again, and collecting all its powers, it thrusts open with an indignant jerk the rough calyx leaves, and the beautiful disrobing begins. The firm, white central cone, first so closely infolded, quivers a little, and swiftly before your eyes the first of the hundred petals detaches its edges and springs back, opening toward the water, while its white reflection opens to meet it from below. Many moments of repose follow — you watch — another petal trembles, detaches, springs open, and is still. . . . As petal by petal slowly opens, there still stands the central cone of snow. . . . Meanwhile a strange, rich odor fills the air, and nature seems to concentrate all fascinations and claim all senses for this jubilee of her darling. So pass the enchanted moments of the evening, till the fair thing pauses at last and remains for hours unchanged."

In the morning the flower closes entirely, to open the second evening, when another wonderful transformation takes place. Every snow-white petal has assumed a deep pink color, and the flower has lost its fragrance. A new flower appears about every four days.

For many years after its introduction the *Victoria* was grown only in expensive glass houses especially constructed for it, in a large tank, with submerged hot-water pipes to give the high temperature necessary to its perfect development. A few years ago an enthusiastic cultivator of water-lilies, then residing in the East, conceived the idea of growing it in the open air. A basin was constructed in a sheltered and sunny position, with the usual arrangements for artificially heating the water, but entirely without the glass covering. The experiment proved an entire success, and since then the plant has become very popular in public parks and some private gardens where choice collections of aquatics are grown. In California each year may be seen a fine specimen in the conservatory at Golden Gate Park. It has also been grown outdoors in the Cahuenga Water Garden, and in one of the parks of Los Angeles, in both instances without artificial heat; but in the absence of this aid, the low night temperature of this climate prevents the leaves and flowers from attaining their normal size. Even with this limitation the Royal Water Lily is an object of remarkable interest.



L. A. Eng. Co.

DESIDERIO, THE TIGUA WAR-CAPTAIN.

Copyright 1895 by Chas. F. Lummis.

THE FIRST PRINTER IN CALIFORNIA.

BY MARY M. BOWMAN.



DON JOSÉ DE LA ROSA was born in the city of Puebla, Mexico, January 5, 1790. Estimated by the diversity of vocations in which he engaged, his long life was also a busy one. He was by turns tailor, watch-maker, printer, book-binder, editor and "student up to the point of being ordained for the priesthood." He had bound books for the government, and fought for its independence as a lieutenant in the Mexican army.

In 1834 he came to California with the first colony, the *Compañía Cosmopolitana*, organized in the city of Mexico by Juan Bandini, José Maria Padres and others whose names are interwoven with the early history of the State. In this company of about two hundred and fifty people, many were educated, some owned property and all had professions or trades. Among them was the family of the late Don Antonio F. Coronel, that gallant figure which has recently passed away. Their departure from San Blas (west coast of Mexico) on the government vessel *Morales*, and the brig *Natalia*; the landing at San Diego; the rest at Missions San Luis Rey and San Gabriel; their narrow escape from shipwreck off Point Concepcion, and the wreck of the *Natalia* in December at Monterey, are records of history. Included in their stores of goods and household effects, they brought a supply of type and a small printing press. Don José held a commission from President Santa Ana, to do the governmental and ecclesiastical printing. He opened his office in Monterey and carried on the work alone, "always with the sentinel guarding the door." He published the questions and answers for the government, he explained; discussions and decrees between Mexico and the provinces, the record of all movements and affairs here to send back to *el Presidente*, in Mexico. This work he continued in Monterey until in July, 1846, Commodore Sloat hoisted the American flag and took possession of California, when the office and contents were delivered to the Americans—"on which occasion," said Don José, drawing his slight stature up to its full height, "I represented the Mexican government." Don José's tenderest memories clung to the past, and naturally to the good Fathers of St. Francis of Assisi. "Ah," he said, "you should have known good Padre Majin at the Mission San Carmelo—there are none like him now." He was a wise and holy man; he healed the sick and foretold all that would happen. He told them the black-robed [secular] priests would come.

In the earthquake of 1835, a spring of water came up in the floor of the sanctuary at San Carmelo; and the next *temblor* almost destroyed the buildings.

When I asked "Which do you like best, Don José, the old times or the new?" it was the fanning of a dying ember into glowing flame. Every faculty was aroused and the musical Spanish seemed to roll in volumes from his tongue. "The old times!" he cried. "They were the best! There is no religion now. Fathers and mothers are not so careful

in training children ; they are not taught obedience and the commandments as when I was young. There is no privacy in these days ; all that is done at night is blazoned to the world in the morning through the newspapers, and there are too many newspapers. In the old times there were no collections taken in the sanctuary. Now the first thing is the plate dashed up under the nose."

He had once written his recollections and given them to a friend, to be published ; but they were lost somewhere, and the friend was dead, so the world the part he the important State—and he all the revolution on the last life," he said. was quite strong some years yet ; regret that the guitar were wise he would for me. When José, he had tury mile-post, dealt gently hair was quite not entirely per teeth were the eyesight hearing good clear. In the I attended the birthday celebration of a soldier, and be-Don José was preserved. The tleman was a on the streets



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Photo by Brewster, Ventura.

DON JOSE DE LA ROSA.

would not know had played in events of the had witnessed tions. "I am page of my However, he and might live and expressed strings of his broken—other-sing and play I first met Don passed the cen-but time had with him. His abundant and gray. The up-firm and even, dim, but his and memory following year centennial bration of the Revolutionary tween the two, much the better courtly old gen-familiar figure of San Buena

Ventura, under a broad-brimmed sombrero, making his way carefully by the aid of a heavy walking stick. "*Buenos días, amigo mío, buenos días,*" was his cordial salutation to each passer. The celebration of his one hundredth birthday was a public testimonial of the respect and esteem in which this venerable citizen was held in the community where he was a resident some fifteen years. His ordination for the church doubtless left its impress on his life, for he lived and died a celibate. Don José de la Rosa died in January, 1892, at the age of one hundred and two years ; another link dropped out in the slender chain that holds a utilitarian and gain-seeking present to the pastoral and poetic past.

THE SUGAR BEET.

BY G. H. WILLIAMS.

THE great profits of fruit-growing in Southern California have not changed the fact that we needed a crop more valuable than grain, which could profitably be cultivated on valuable land and without necessitating that the farmer wait several years for any return for his work and outlay. In fruit-growing, after considerable initial expenditure for land and trees, the farmer has to wait three to five years before he can expect much income. For tiding over these years, raising poultry, planting vegetables between the trees, and so forth, are all good in their way; but many industrious people have not means to plant an orchard after paying transportation for themselves and families from the East.



Herve Friend, Eng.

TAKING IN A LOAD OF BEETS AT CHINO.

Over four years ago, a crop was introduced into California which fully fills this "long-felt want." It is the sugar beet. Few who have not investigated have any conception of the possibilities of beet-sugar culture in California.

The United States sends abroad annually over \$100,000,000 for sugar. All this could now be kept at home; giving an income of \$1000 a year each to 100,000 families, or supporting 500,000 persons directly, and many more indirectly. Recently Germany produced 1,200,000 tons of beet sugar; the United States 25,000. France paid its enormous debt to Germany with its beet-sugar crop. In Belgium, good beet-sugar land brings twice as much as our highest-priced orange land, because it pays good interest on that figure. In Denmark, the sugar-farmers have risen from poverty to affluence, though the manufacturers have to pay a tax of $3\frac{3}{4}$ cents on every pound, while the sugar-making season lasts only 100 days as against six to nine months in California.

The production of beet sugar in this State was first attempted at Alvarado in 1869; and experiments were made in other localities. It was easy to produce the beets; but inexperience and lack of suitable appliances prevented successful manufacture of sugar. But the experimenters were men of determination; and modern American ingenuity has solved the most difficult problems, and processes have been so simplified and cheapened that, even at the present unprecedented low prices, the factories are operated at a fair profit.

The deep cultivation which the beet requires greatly improves the land; the soil becoming deepened and disintegration and solution of mineral constituents much accelerated. The tap-root of the beet goes very deep, loosening soil which most plants fail to reach. The nourishment thus obtained passes partly into the leaves and is left with them on the ground at harvest time. In Europe, farmers are anxious to plant beets, as they find their next crop on the same soil increased 33 per cent. The pulp, after the sugar is removed, makes excellent food for cattle, and



Union Eng. Co.

THINNING BEETS AT ANAHEIM

Garden City Photo. Co.

can be sold to farmers for little or nothing after paying them liberally for the privilege of extracting the sugar.

That the sugar beet in Southern California is a complete success has been amply proved by the experience of four seasons at the great Chino factory. In fact, results there and at Anaheim (in percentage of sugar and in yield) have astonished European experts. This year about 6,000 acres of sugar beets will be harvested at Chino. A conservative estimate of the average yield is twelve tons to the acre. Some fields will yield twenty tons; the average would be much higher if there were not so much new land, too rank for successful beet culture. The factory will slice 100,000 tons of beets this season, which will yield about 305 pounds sugar to the ton. Some growers own their land, others rent on shares. Of the latter class there are now three hundred. The company advances

the seed and takes as rent one-fourth the crop. It pays \$3.50 for beets which assay 12 per cent. sugar ; and 25 cents per ton additional for each unit per cent. above that amount. The average of sugar in the Chino beets has been about $13\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

The Chino factory will disburse this season about \$400,000; and expects within a few years to pay out one million dollars annually. For fuel, petroleum is used ; and a pipe line is being laid from the oil fields at Puente to the factory.

THE TRANSPLANTING.*

A thousand years against the North the Saxon oak has wrenched

A livelihood from grudging soil ; against a hostile sky

Uplifting its undaunted head, and mighty branches clenched—

Too storm-beleaguered half to live, too stubborn yet to die.

Impassively and stern it faced the bullying icy blast,

Half-mockingly smiled back when sham of sunshine smirked about—

The winter-thief that stripped it stark and froze it hard and fast ;

The summer-cheat that coaxed it fight another winter out.

Slow circles counted up its years ; the centuries were told

By inch and inch of rugged girth — and scars for every year.

For every year a deeper crop of wrinkles manifold,

And less of sap to stir its heart or give its leaflets cheer.

Aye ! Strength is noble everywhere — but even it may wrong

The strenuous arms, the iron hearts, it bids forever strive.

For strength is meant for something more than merely to be strong ;

And *life* is not a lifetime spent in strain to keep alive !

Bethink you — nay, but let it rest. For what was not, shall be.

The unbreakable grain of oak was wrought, in that embittered past,

Against the far, unreckoned day when Southern skies should see

The stern old giant's saplings set to kindlier soil at last !

Where Mother Nature smiles : “ They called you oaks, at home, forsooth !

But wait — I fain would show you, now, *my* notion of a tree ;

And what an oak was meant to be, that shall fulfill in truth

Its own potential, and the scope of acorns yet to be !

“ The where it shall expand at will, unvexed and undeformed ;

Nor curse the earth for miserly, nor count the sky a foe.

Shall set its leaves in certainty, and feel its pulses warmed

To joy of life and grace — and strength — its sires could never know.”

’Twere well we let the mother-heart work out the mother-will —

Her face is sweet with fruitful years, with conscious mastery calm.

It may be she shall teach us here to keep the staunchness, still,

Of oak — the while we learn as well the evergreen of the palm !

* Read at the annual banquet of the Chamber of Commerce, May 15.



Union Eng. Co.

Photos. by Newton, Santa Barbara

MEMORIES OF THE SANTA BARBARA FLOWER FESTIVAL.

The Santa Barbara Flower Festival of 1895 surpassed all its predecessors, and was a wonder of beauty and taste. The illustrations give but a hint of the extraordinary charm of the occasion.



A DISTINGUISHED
CONTRIBUTOR.

Mrs. E. B. Custer, the widow of the gallant General who was one of our few wholly chivalric figures—the hero of the Little Big-Horn who rode to death while cowards skulked within sound of his dying volleys—is herself one of the most lovable and most widely beloved personalities in American letters. Her books have won hearts everywhere; and her readings from them have made her easily the most popular of the many American authors who now read from their own works.

Southern California has had no more charming—and no more charmed—convert; and her visit to us several years ago is as pleasantly remembered by her as by those who met her here. For the July number of the *LAND OF SUNSHINE* Mrs. Custer has contributed an article upon her memories of Southern California. It is full of the personal charm of the writer, and will be read with pleasure here and abroad. Mrs. Custer is just now taking a vacation in England.

THE MONTH OF
SAN JUAN.

June in Spanish America is the month of San Juan, the beheaded Disciple. The 24th is his specific feast, kept with particular ardor in tens of thousands of towns from Colorado to Patagonia. A curious fixture of the celebration is the gallo race. The logic does not appear, for St. John was not, so far as heard from, either a bronco-rider or a snatcher of roosters. If he had been, perhaps Herodias might not have danced his head off so fluently. But whatever the reason for it, the chicken-scamper is wholly set apart to his honor. It belongs to the 24th of June, and to no other day in the year; and as it is the gallantest and most stirring sport of rural Spanish America, the saint is to be congratulated on the distinction.

A live rooster is buried to the neck in the road, and the competing horsemen sweep by at full gallop, each in turn swooping low from his saddle to clutch the tiny mark. It would be none too easy were the object lifeless; and with the clever ducking and dodging of the bird it is monumentally difficult. At last, however, some superb rider will grasp the prize and be off with it like the wind, with all the field in mad pursuit. He fights them off as long and as pluckily as he may, belaboring them freely with his feathered club; but at last is overborne by grappling numbers, and the chicken is forcibly dismembered, a new struggle and race arising over each bedraggled shred. Cruel? No more than chasing your chicken across the yard to behead it for dinner. The bird is instantly killed by the clutch which drags it from the ground; and the prior friction on its feelings is no worse than when you discourteously shoo it out of the flower-bed.

No one writes more charming nursery verse than Eugene Field. This is probably not to be wondered at. It seems reasonable to infer that he could also interpret monkeydom with sympathetic insight. Fancy a man of letters skipping over the State principally occupied with a thermometer, to be hauled from his pocket and blinked at whenever he could thereby show a delicate courtesy to his hosts! Also, whenever he was in a condition to take the readings. One is irresistibly reminded, by Mr. Field's progress through California, of Stevenson's

"A blue-behinded ape, I skip
Upon the trees in Paradise."

For Mr. Field was out here, last year; and those who care for such fishing as the *catostomus teres* affords, had fun with him. Brakemen and bootblacks recognized their legitimate prey—and he very appropriately treats the result in his "Sharps and a Flat" column in a Chicago paper.

We have hospitably entreated here every conceivable kind of a tender-foot, and many kinds that are inconceivable; but Mr. Field has the happy distinction of being, in the classic phrase of Vanderbilt, "more kinds of a" etc., "than any other man now extant." As if the thermometer episode were not enough to be proud of, he also relates that he was to go to Madame Modjeska's ranch, but desisted because he heard that mountain lions were killing all the calves thereabout. He was prudent, but selfish, in staying away. Probably the pumas had their mouths made up for just one more.

Ever since his return to Chicago (where he certainly need not carry a thermometer) he has been demonstrating how much better \$5 per column for "smart" prevarication is suited to his literary quality than is the sober sense of occasionally sober travelers.

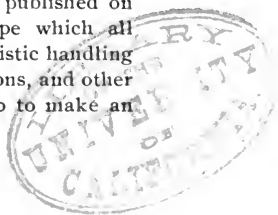
These reflections are not because Eugene did not love our climate. Providence is kind enough to this country to keep some classes from wishing to settle here. But a certain self-respect and dignity are expected of a literary man, in these days. And Eugene seems to have come to California for a change when he really should have gone to the nurse.

Native Sons of the Golden West probably wouldn't help it if they could; but they will never know what they miss. It is a great pity not to have been born in the East—for the same reason which induced the philosophical Yankee lad to whittle his finger once in a while. "What in the world do you do that for?" someone asked him. "Well," he drawled, "it feels so plaguey good when it gets well!"

WHERE TO BE
BORN.

The LAND OF SUNSHINE this month contains fifty per cent. more illustrations and reading-matter than ever before—and it has habitually been the most liberal ten cents' worth ever published on this Coast. The new form—the standard magazine shape which all monthlies adopt if they can afford it—enables far more artistic handling of the pages. The wide margins, the marginal illustrations, and other mechanical devices made possible by the new form, all go to make an

AS TO SOME PIC-
TURES.



artistic whole which has no reason to blush in much older and richer company.

The frontispiece this month is the first of a very remarkable series of photographs made in Southern California by T. H. Palache, a San Francisco amateur of unusual ability. His studies of our Missions are the most artistic that have ever been made; and it is to be hoped that the present series is not the last of his work in so fascinating a field.

The portrait of Desiderio Jaramillo, *capitan a guerra* of the Tiguas, will interest those who care for fine types, and will be particularly acceptable to the thousands who admired his erect, tall figure and strong face in the Pageant of the Pacific during the Fiesta de Los Angeles. The photograph was made in Isleta, N. M., the morning on which the forty Pueblos got home to their quaint village-republic with infinite stories to tell of the beauties of "Califor-r-r-nia."

ALL "COMING OUR WAY." In its promise for Southern California, this year starts as no other year has started in at least a generation. The rainfall, in volume and distribution, could not have been bettered if we had managed the faucets ourselves. The temperatures have been ideally genial—perfect "growing weather." The orange crop was the largest and finest ever raised in this country, and all our other crops promise to surpass themselves. Being human, we meet an occasional hitch in a perverse market or in Eastern hard times; but these things do not come home to us—they only worry us a little from afar. There are local differences of gait; but whether deliberately or swiftly, every part of Southern California is pushing steadily ahead. In Los Angeles, six new buildings are going up every working day in the year. In the country, every farm is growing more valuable every year; and every year thousands of acres of virgin soil are being won over to motherhood. With every ten years Southern California is doubling in population and in wealth—and it is barely entering the doorway of its future.

AN AMBITIOUS PLAN. The Mazamas, a club of mountain-climbers organized on top of Mt. Hood a year ago, will try on the 10th of July to heliograph a message from British Columbia to Mexico and back. Parties are to ascend Mts. Baker, Rainier, St. Helens, Adams, Hood, Jefferson, Three Sisters, Diamond, Thielsen, Scott, Pitt, Shasta, Tellac, Round-Top, Dana, Lyell, Stillman, Whitney, Lowe, Baldy, and such others as will complete the chain. T. B. White, 14 Worcester Block, Portland, Or., is secretary of the club.

A STEP BACKWARD. The retirement of Miss Tessa L. Kelso, librarian, and of Miss Adelaide R. Hasse, assistant, is a misfortune not only to the public library but to all Southern California. We have had here, in this city of less than 100,000 people, many things excellent, and just one wholly metropolitan—a public library of the first class; one which gave us standing throughout the United States. The evolution of such a library from an original litter of books is wholly due to these two trained experts and to a board of library directors which was not composed of philistines—a board created with a somewhat higher purpose

than "to fire someone." The class of folk who think they think, presume that to be a librarian one has only to be "educated." The people who think, are aware that the profession now is based on a long technical training. Scholars here will always thank the Board which enabled, and the two ladies who made, an institution we were proud of; and they will as little forget the discreditable first injection of politics into the last place where politics should ever enter. There are people capable of taking pride in the city in which they live; and then there are politicians. In the new board the proportion is two against three. Therefore the backset to intelligence prevailed, though the minority made a manly fight.

The dainty tint-block which enriches the new cover adds the finishing touch to its appropriateness and beauty. It is no creation of art, but the art of the Creation—a direct reproduction of a piece of cactus "lace," the structure of a lobe of the opuntia tuna or prickly pear. It is a distinctive product of the Southwest. Up to date the LAND OF SUNSHINE is the only magazine in the world whose cover was ever embellished with drawings by the Almighty.

A UNIQUE
FEATURE.

The LAND OF SUNSHINE with its May number rounded out the first "GOIN' ON TWO." and most critical year of magazine life. It has put on flesh with every month, and enters its second year a typical Southern California youngster—fat, happy, big for its age, and not very bad-looking. The twelve-month has conclusively proved the correctness of our belief that nothing is too good for Southern California. With every number the magazine has been made better; with every number its circulation, its patronage and its influence have made phenomenal increase. The conscientious work put into it, the pride in making it more and more worthy its intelligent clientage, more and more fit to stand as a type of Southern California culture before the critical tribunals of the East—these have met most generous recognition. It has attracted the best writers in Southern California and many from abroad—the first California publication for which some of them have cared to write. It has promptly won honorable recognition in the East. All the great newspapers of the country have reviewed it favorably; and its articles are quoted not only throughout the Southern California press, but in the dailies of Boston, New York and Chicago. Many leading scholars and writers of the East read it regularly and with interest. It is a revelation to many of them that this section supports a magazine of this class; for there still prevails a benighted notion (unhappily perpetuated by a certain sort of publications here) that we raise more oranges than brains. Good newspapers appear much earlier than good magazines in the development of a country; and that this section, which may fairly be called only ten years old, supports to growing excellence such a publication as this, is the best testimony the East has ever had to our civilization and intelligence. And it may be remarked that the LAND OF SUNSHINE is not tired of growing. It will improve just as fast and just as far as its public shall care to have it.



THAT WHICH IS WRITTEN

THERE are indications that even Literature is putting forth the skirts of conservatism a tentative toe westward. If she find the walking good, it may be that she will presently step out our way. It must be only an accident, of course, that Chicago is the home of what Whittier called "the best literary weekly in the United States"—namely, *The Dial*. Neither Boston nor New York—nor for that matter any other American city—has a fortnightly of anything like the cleverness and tone of the *Chap Book*, the remarkable little publication only a year old, which already has become a necessity to all who make any pretension to literary taste. And it is no less curious that the most beautifully-printed periodical in America, the *Inland Printer*, also emanates from the City that Gets There. Can it be that the senile centers have inadvertently allowed their brains to spring aleak, even as their bone and brawn have been dribbling westward lo, these many years?

A REMARKABLE
WEEKLY.

The San Francisco *Argonaut* is not the most numerous, but beyond reasonable doubt is the most widely read publication west of Chicago. It is wholly unique in the weekly field, and by its ability has taken a rank of which not only its conductors but the Coast should be proud. The skill with which it is edited, and the vigor and impetus of its editorials compel attention and interest. It is inordinately partisan and consistently bigoted; but even those who least agree with it cannot but concede that it is about as good reading as weekly literature furnishes anywhere in the world; and they read it no less avidly than those with whom its tenets harmonize.

WHAT SAPPHO
ESCAPED.

It is doubtless just as well that the Swan of Lesbos took to the Ægean some 2400 years before L. B. Pemberton of Los Angeles did her in *Sappho, and Other Songs*. If his strophes could have beset her ear, she would scarce have thought Phaon worth drowning for.

"They open not those fleecy gates
To let earth-worn Celestials by.
Great Zeus, Phoebus, Athene,
Aphrodite, Eos, Selene
From this majestic world have fled."

But Mr. P. gets back from Olympus with both feet in his "Farewell to the Muse":

"Oh, gladly I'd stay with thee still,
And hug thee, sweet phantom forever;
But the landlord will come with his bill,
And it's sloppy to move in this weather."

THAT WHICH IS WRITTEN.

"The minstrels of the air do not sing
When storms and misfortune hang over —
If they'd half my troubles on the string
They'd conclude they're a long ways from clover.

"My lyre has been only a toy,
I scarcely have yet learned a chord;
But I'll just hand it down to my boy,
And go out and cut wood in the yard.

* * * *

"There's been ever a vague, sweet something
I've labored in vain to express;
But this won't paint the house in the spring,
Nor buy our new baby a dress."

Let us trust the poet may find a job which will save the children of his loins and of his head from danger of exposure to the weather. Los Angeles, published by the author.

Rounsevelle Wildman, editor of *The Overland*, has published in book form his *Panglima Muda, a Romance of Malaya*. It is a small volume, prodigal of local color and of panoramic adventure, with killings to beat Tombstone's palmiest days, a due rescue of beauty in distress, and the traditional "lived-happy-ever-after." The Overland Publishing Co., San Francisco.

AN "OVERLAND"
NOVELETTE.

The *Book Buyer*, New York, says of Mrs. Margaret Collier Graham's *Stories of the Foothills*: "The character-drawing is remarkably strong, the sense of humor and pathos marked, and the artistic reserve of the story-teller never relaxed. Such work as this was wisely rescued from the uncertain keeping of the magazines."

A MERITED COM-
PLIMENT.

P. W. Dooner, an attorney of this city, has put forth a slender pamphlet, *The Genesis of Water*. It is a thoughtful and ingenious speculation upon an important gap in the Nebular Hypothesis. Los Angeles, published by the author.

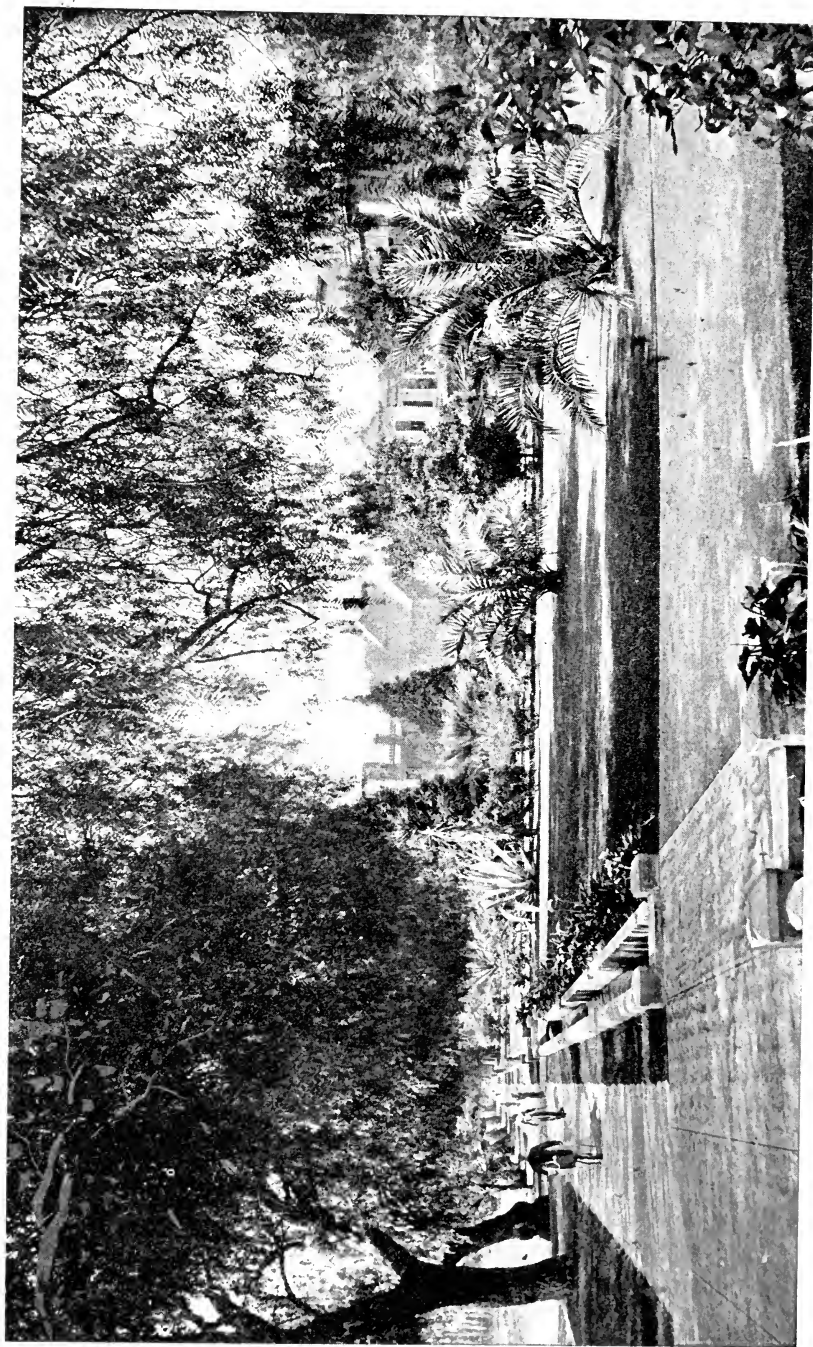
MINOR NOTES.

In *Harper's Magazine* for May, Owen Wister has one of the finest and most powerful of all his stories of Western life. *La Tinaja Bonita* is a tale of the Arizona desert, told not only with extraordinary vividness, but with an understanding quite beyond the hope of the "West-from-a-Car-Window" young men.

Percival Pollard, a peculiarly clever writer, associated with C. M. & R. T. Shutz, has begun in Chicago the publication of *The Echo*, a humorous and artistic fortnightly. Will H. Bradley, the American Beardsley, is doing a series of colored frontispieces for it. 120 Fifth Avenue, Chicago.

Cephas L. Bard, M. D., Ventura, has published an interesting monograph, *A Contribution to the History of Medicine in Southern California*. It is full of quaint medical customs of the Indians and early Spanish settlers.

Prof. T. S. C. Lowe, the "wizard of Echo Mountain," has printed in an interesting pamphlet his *Early Aeronautic and Meteorological Investigations*.



LOS ANGELES — FIGUEROA AND TWENTY-THIRD STREETS.

LOS ANGELES, THE METROPOLIS OF THE SOUTHWEST.



THE size of a city is usually reckoned by the number of human beings within its official boundaries. Unfortunately, the census does not come often enough to be of much value in keeping track of populations which double in five years or so. The census of 1890 gave Los Angeles 50,000 people, which made it the 57th city in the United States. Since then there has been phenomenal growth; estimates made January 1, 1895 (from voting lists and school registers) credit Los Angeles with 85,000 population—which is a conservative rather than an enthusiastic figure. That would rank the city 32nd in the nation.

Present size, however, is not the only measure of a city's importance. Its location, the character of its people, the nature and extent of the region logically tributary to it, its sources of income, its record of things done, its program of things to be done—all these, and more, must be broadly considered by him who would cast the youthful city's horoscope. Chicago was small, too.

Suppose a line drawn along the Mexican boundary from our San Diego to El Paso, Texas; thence to Santa Fé; thence to the center of Utah; thence to San Luis Obispo. There you have the commercial watershed of Los Angeles—an area of over 300,000 square miles; more than Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia, all put together. Of this enormous range, Los Angeles must logically and will in fact be the metropolis, with all the name implies.

The problems of modern railroading lie as much in grades as in miles; and the easiest grades to the Pacific are by the valleys that center in Los Angeles. The shortest distance from Atlantic to Pacific tide-water, over the most practicable gradients, has its western terminus here. Los Angeles, it is true, does not lie precisely upon the ocean's edge; no more do London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna. While the original settlement of Los Angeles was due to minor local advantages, its latter unprecedented multiplying of population in a decade, its selection as the terminus of transcontinental railways, its enormous accretion of active capital—these have come from a general comprehension of the fact that this has been adapted by nature to be the site of a great city.

Of this 300,000 miles of Southwest, vast stretches are still desert; and desert much of it will forever remain. But enormous areas of it will be

reclaimed by irrigation ; and those portions will support a population five to one greater per acre than equal areas in the Eastern agricultural States. Several million people will live and prosper by agriculture under irrigation in Arizona, New Mexico, Southern California and Utah ; and their products will pay tribute to this city.

Immediately surrounding Los Angeles is a district unique in climate, unparalleled in the variety and value of its products, which in the natural



Union Eng. Co.

A WASHINGTON STREET LAWN.

Photo. by Stiffler.

course of events will contain one great city and several small ones. The present population of the seven southern counties is about a quarter of a million. In Southern California between six and seven million acres of arable land can in time be reached by irrigation. This will support an agricultural population of between one and two million people, directly ; indirectly (in the handling and distribution of their output) half as many more. Cities must grow as their tributary country develops. When Southern California is "settled up" and planted to its profitable capacity, Los Angeles will have a population of half to three-quarters of a million people. Those who have seen it grow in a dozen years from 12,000 to at least 85,000 will not deem the estimate large.

It is well for a city, as for an individual, to have more than one string to its bow. Agriculture alone has never built up a great city—though, to be sure, agriculture has never before had just such a chance as here. The distinctive crops of Southern California are of a particularly high class, and as a rule bring the grower an income which seems fabulous to the Eastern farmer of wheat or corn. The foremost wealth of Southern

California is in the soil ; but there must be other bases of prosperity besides. Ten years ago, when the sudden growth of Los Angeles was about to begin, it was a common sneer of Eastern visitors that the city was founded upon nothing but climate. The extraordinary success of agricultural and manufacturing enterprises since then, and the large income annually accruing to the country from legitimate development of its resources, have silenced the sneer ; but there is still much truth in the saying that Los Angeles is founded on climate. No other city in the Union has so large percentage of residents who are not in active business ; who brought money with them, or live upon an income from investments elsewhere. On every principal residence street are to be seen the homes of people of wealth and refinement who have come to prolong life and to make it worth prolonging ; to escape the discomforts and dangers of Eastern weather ; to be happy in a climate which knows no extremes either of heat or cold. Before the war, this class was absolutely unknown in the United States ; but now it is growing with astonishing rapidity. The inevitable social and commercial mill of the East is turning it out in greater volume every year. This graduating class—as it may fairly be called—already numbers tens of thousands every year. They are the people who, having acquired money, turn about to see how to get some good of it. They are, nine times out of ten, educated and moral. They naturally fear and shun the raw, unfinished civilization of most Western cities. But Los Angeles is—and



Collier, Eng.

A GLIMPSE FROM FIRST STREET HILL.

Photo. by Pierce

the visitor's first glance shows that it is—no frontier town. There is nothing wild and woolly in Southern California. Its growth has been not only astounding in volume and rapidity, but wholly unprecedented in quality. It has filled up with educated and well-to-do people ; and for reasons too evident to need discussion, it will continue to fill up with

the same sort. The one factor of those who come purely for the loveliest and most comfortable home that can be found, and not to earn a living, is in itself enough to make a large city here in ten years. This is no guesswork, but logic inevitable as the laws of physics. A perfect climate could not have made a city, fifty years ago; today it can and must—so long as the climate is in the United States.

As was said at the outset, it is not merely population that makes a city large and important. Some chief cities of China hold human beings by the million; but for their significance to the world they might as well be rabbit-warrens. The population of Los Angeles comes about as near being *net* as is possible in any city. Our "foreign element" is—a few thousand industrious Chinamen and perhaps 500 native Californians who do not speak English. The ignorant, hopelessly un-American type of



Herve Friend, Eng.

DOWN SPRING STREET.

Photo. by Waite.

foreigners which infests and largely controls Eastern cities, is almost unknown here. Poverty and illiteracy do not exist as classes.

Los Angeles has not been a manufacturing city, and it never will be strictly one. If natural laws did not settle the matter—as they do, definitively—man would promptly interpose as soon as he realized that the chief charm (and therefore the chief capital) of the city was threatened. Those who live here now are as little anxious as those who are coming to dwell in a Pittsburgh atmosphere or among a Birmingham population. But such manufactures as physical laws will in any event permit are well for us; and the recent discovery of petroleum at our very doors not only enables such enterprises but makes them inevitable. Two years ago, manufacturing in Los Angeles meant coal at \$8 per ton; today it means oil at a figure equivalent to coal at \$2.50. As a result of this discovery,

a number of manufacturing establishments in Los Angeles and the surrounding country are springing to immediate prosperity. A few years hence we shall keep at home millions of dollars now sent East annually for certain manufactured articles—and without the befogging of our sky or the invasion of a criminal class.

The Nicaragua canal must sooner or later become a fact. Stupid or careless legislators may retard but cannot prevent it. A deep-sea harbor at San Pedro, only twenty miles from Los Angeles, and another at San Diego—140 miles, but no less tributary—are equally certain. And then a vast commerce, not alone for all the great Southwest, but for the East as well, will flow through this channel.

It has frequently been said—and with truth—that in the making of



L. A. Eng. Co.

A BIT OF WESTLAKE PARK.

Photo. by Jas. L. Smith.

cities nature herself is not a more potent factor than man. There are striking examples, familiar to every educated person, in the middle West, where towns which had the "natural advantages" have been forever outstripped by towns that had the right men. Los Angeles has both. The favoritism of nature is plain to be seen by anyone who may care to look; the quality of American nerve and determination that dominates here is read in the history of Southern California for the past ten years, as compared with that of any other section within 1200 miles. The liveliest of "live Americans" have decreed that here shall be a great city—and a perfect city to live in. They are making their word good at a rate and with a fullness no city in the Union ever witnessed before. In ten years they have made a sleepy adobe village into a large, energetic, beautiful city; with the best facilities of lighting and of transit,



Herve Friend, Eng.

THE STIMSON RESIDENCE.

Photo. by H. M. Linsley.

the finest public and business buildings, the loveliest homes. And they are just getting their hands in. Los Angeles is today improving more rapidly and more substantially than ever before; while its social atmosphere is one of which the oldest and most cultured American communities might well feel proud.

Los Angeles covers thirty-six square miles. It was the first city in America to be lighted wholly by electricity; and is today one of the best-lighted. It was years ahead of New York in getting modern rapid-transit street railways; and in these facilities is now far ahead of any city of its size in the East. It has nearly 100 miles of street railways, mostly electric and cable; and fully 100 miles of cement sidewalks. The courthouse, which cost \$500,000, is the finest public building in the far West. The city hall cost \$200,000, and would be a credit to New York. No other city of its size has so many handsome and costly business blocks; and certainly no other has such a host of beautiful homes. Churches, schools, parks, sewers, water supply, theaters, banks (with deposits aggregating \$11,000,000)—all are on the best and most liberal scale; and in all of them Los Angeles has actually outstripped in a decade what any Eastern city of the like population has achieved in thrice the time. All these things mean something. It is no fool's paradise, nor boomer's dream. It has been done by the brains and energy of the typical American—here, for the first time in American history, fully free to expand to full potency, to work with Nature and not against her.



Union Eng. Co. A LEADING MUSIC HOUSE OF LOS ANGELES, 427 S. BROADWAY. Putnam, Photo

UNIVERSITY PLACE.

EVERYONE who has paid any attention to the directions and manner of growth of the city of Los Angeles is aware that an overwhelming proportion of that development has been for three years tending—and still tends—southwest. A great many calculations have been upset within the last ten years; and section after section which was “sure to be the coming part of town” has somehow failed to lead the race after all. Meanwhile the southwestern portion of the city, and its environs just across that line—which a decade ago were waste lands or barley-fields where the writer used to hunt rabbits



Herve Friend, Eng.

RESIDENCE OF E. W. SANDISON.

Photo. by Pierce.

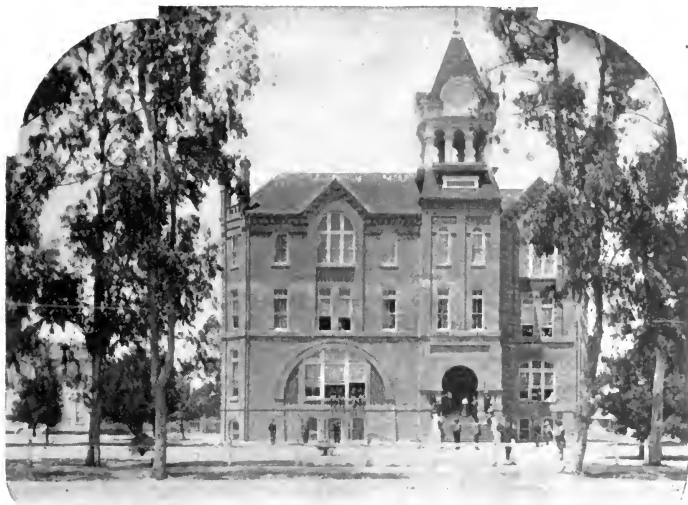
—have stepped to the front of the column, and stay there without effort. In five years, even, the locality has multiplied many fold in population and wealth—and as for beauty, in a degree wholly indescribable. Part of this swift development is doubtless due to the University electric car-line, the best rapid transit in the city; and part, apparently, to the unworded impulse of man to push on toward the setting sun, nearer to the sea-breezes, deeper into the country green.

University Place is in and of this favored section. It lies across the city's corporate line; but no one could tell where the municipality ends and the suburb begins. Los Angeles is built up, a city from its center, clear out to and beyond University. It is a ride of twenty-five minutes from the heart of town. The tract is a great garden; fine residences and charming cottages, set in orchards of citrus and deciduous fruits, or

embowered in roses, palms, and other semi-tropic leafages which seem to reach perfection here. This astonishing transformation from the bare fields of 1886 has been achieved without other irrigation than that from private wells, twenty to forty feet deep; until recently the Pico Heights and City water companies have begun to supply the tract.

The electric line runs to Park station on the S. P. R. R. branch to Santa Monica, and near Agricultural Park, where every winter the finest blooded horses in America are to be seen.

Amid these beautiful surroundings stands the College of Liberal Arts of the University of Southern California, with its spacious buildings and ample campus, hemmed by the towering eucalyptus. This is the oldest institution of its sort in Southern California, is steadily growing in pat-



L. A. Eng. Co.

UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

Photo. by Pierce.

ronage, and manifests a progressive spirit in faculty and students alike. The Casa de Rosas, or Fröbel Institute, a successful kindergarten in a building which is itself an education to the eye, is near by; so the people of University have fully their share of educational facilities at their very doors.

The Place has two churches—the Methodist Episcopal and the Central Baptist—a large and flourishing public school, a post-office of its own, stores and other facilities. It is largely settled by business men who prefer to get away, after business hours, from the noise and unrest of the city's heart, to home and rest among the greenery and flowers. What sort of folks they are, cannot half so well be told in words as by sight of what they have made in a few years from the raw material—one of the most charming localities in Southern California. It is beau-



Herve Friend, Eng.

RESIDENCE OF W. J. AHERN.

Photo. by Pierce.

tiful as a whole, and doubly beautiful in detail of its shady streets and homelike homes. Its soil is a perfect sandy loam, in which all fruits and flowers do admirably, and to which mud is unknown.



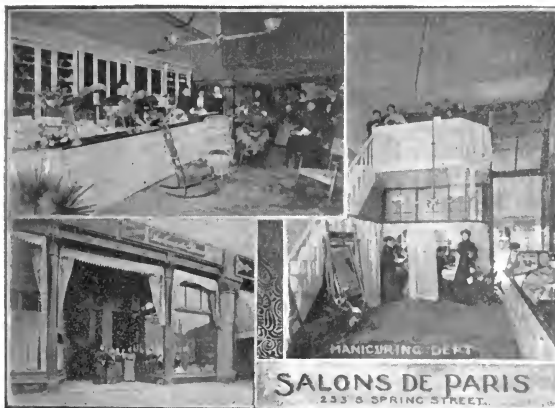
Herve Friend, Eng.

UNIVERSITY M. E. CHURCH.

Photo. by Pierce.

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SANTA MONICA.

BY E. B. WOODWORTH.



OUR Southern California Long Branch, the most populous and most popular seaside resort in three hundred miles of coastline, is Santa Monica.

An important requisite of the locality ambitious to be chief suburb and watering-place of such a city as Los Angeles is that it be easily accessible. In this primary condition, Santa Monica leads. It lies at the seaward end of the fruitful Cahuenga valley, which runs back to Los Angeles itself. The two cities are already linked by branches of the two great railway systems, the Santa Fé and the Southern Pacific. The service is limited only by the demand, and ranges from the lowest winter schedule of eight trains each way daily to a summer time-card of over twenty trains. The run is about half an hour. In a short time even this liberal service will be supplemented by one or more rapid-transit electric lines. No other seaside resort has such facilities as those which Santa Monica already enjoys; and in actual running time, Santa Monica is some 40 per cent. nearer Los Angeles than any other. It lies, furthermore, on the side to which by far the largest and most rapid development of Los Angeles is now tending. All along the frostless foothill belt are numberless villa sites of unsurpassed-beauty. At no distant day the intervening miles will be one continuous settlement of the wealthy and cultured.

The climate which has made Southern California famous is most equable along the sea—Nature's great equalizer. Santa Monica shares



Union Eng. Co.

BEACH AND MAMMOTH WHARF.

Photo. by Rile, Santa Monica.

this advantage with other coast towns. It is also the shortest way by water from Los Angeles to San Francisco; southward coastwise traffic reaching this city several hours earlier via Santa Monica than by any other port. The finest steamers that ply in these waters stop regularly at the Southern Pacific's mammoth wharf at Santa Monica.

The town itself was platted on generous lines, with broad streets and avenues shaded with wealth of semi-tropic leafage; and an arrangement of lots and blocks at once convenient and sanitary. Many of the private residences are models of comfort, surrounded with all the beauty of generous Nature here, of shrub and flower and lawn. The newer blocks are of substantial brick. The winter population exceeds 2700, while the summer count brings it well up among the cities of second rank in Southern California. There are adequate public and high schools, six



Herve Friend, Eng.

A CALLA LILY HEDGE.

Photo. by Rile, Santa Monica.

churches and handsome church buildings, numerous civic societies, two substantial banks, a well-patronized weekly newspaper (the *Outlook*), the new and extensive North Beach bath-houses, the finest on the coast, with several others; numerous hotels, including the Arcadia which ranks among the leading ones of the coast; a good public library; a complete and efficient water system; a street railway; electric lights; miles of broad cement walks—and a progressive government.

There is enough variety in the topography of the townsite to suit every taste. The "North Side," as it is locally termed, is a plateau 50 to 100 feet above the sea, gently sloping from the foothills south and west, and looking down upon the sandy beach and blue sea by a precipitous bluff. The "South Side" presents the variations of surface which often lend a landscape its greatest charm.

Three miles inland from the beach is the Pacific branch of the National Home for Disabled Veteran Soldiers, with over 1600 inmates. The grounds cover 300 acres; and liberal appropriations by Congress have

surrounded the handsome buildings with beautiful gardens, orchards and parks. The Home is reached by a loop of the S. P. R. R., and directly from the town by the S. M. & S. H. street railway.



A HOME IN SANTA MONICA.

The Y. M. C. A. of Los Angeles and other cities makes Santa Monica its summer home, and has fitted up grounds and buildings here. The Southern California Lawn Tennis Association holds its annual tournaments here on fine asphaltum courts. Here, too, are the spacious grounds of the Southern California Polo Club, whose yearly tournaments, lasting through the "season," are a decided attraction. The G. A. R. encampments, like those of the National Guard, and other important annual gatherings also add to the summer gaiety of Santa Monica.

The entire bluff along the beach is dedicated for park purposes, and is thus a permanent possession of the public. From it the view is a panorama of extraordinary beauty. In front, is the ever-varying expanse



Union Eng. Co.

NORTH BEACH BATH-HOUSES.

Photo by Hill, Pasadena

of ocean. To the right, Point Duma pushes a protecting arm out to sea, while the nearer foothills sweep inland with kaleidoscopic play of lights and shadows. Cityward, the rich plains contrast with the distant mountain ranks, captained by their white-headed sentinel "Old Baldy." To the left is a broader stretch of valley, with lesser hills; while seaward are the fine profiles of Santa Catalina island.

O'erlooked by the mountains and kissed by the sea, Santa Monica is the center of a panorama of unspeakable beauty. Nestling at the focus of cape and bay, of hill and plain, of mountain, sea, isle and shore—it is all such a scene as must awaken even in the dullest brain the responsive thrill which only Nature's self, in her most perfect blending of form and color, can ever stir.

HOTEL ARCADIA, Santa Monica, Cal.

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S. REINHART

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A HOME BY THE SEA

CHOICE LOTS AT

SOUTH SANTA MONICA

(OCEAN PARK)

ONLY \$100

Easy Terms. Close to the DEPOT
and BATH HOUSE.

SEE **DAY** ABOUT IT

127 S. BROADWAY

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

The Land of Sunshine

THE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA
MAGAZINE

Published monthly by

The Land of Sunshine Publishing Co.

501, 502, 503 STIMSON BUILDING
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

F. A. PATTEE, BUSINESS MANAGER

\$1.00 A YEAR. 10 CENTS A COPY.

Entered at the Los Angeles Postoffice as second-class matter.

For advertising rates, address the Business Manager.

All MSS. should be addressed to the Editor. No MSS. preserved unless accompanied by return postage.

Questions Answered.—Specific information about Southern California desired by tourists, health seekers or intending settlers will be furnished free of charge by the LAND OF SUNSHINE. Enclose stamp with letter.

A TALK WITH ADVERTISERS.

As the LAND OF SUNSHINE successfully reaches the end of its first year, and starts out into a new one with a largely increased pace, its publishers gratefully acknowledge the practical cheer which they have received.

While the presence of many new advertisements is a material strengthening, yet there is equal encouragement in finding still in evidence the advertisements of those who joined forces with the LAND OF SUNSHINE at its inception. Such patronage is the best acknowledgment of the value of the advertising medium in which it is found, as well as proof positive of ability to tell a good thing when it is first presented.

SURFACE INDICATIONS.

THE LAND OF SUNSHINE perforce was its own precedent. It had no well beaten paths to assure its course. Commercially its field had not been educated up to the standard it had determined to establish. Today—well, it even has would-be imitators in the field. A year ago, few of those most friendly to the idea had the temerity to believe that so creditable a production as its first number could be maintained—much less be constantly bettered. Some, it is true, are still contributing little else than wonder of how this has been accomplished, yet all acknowledge the LAND OF SUNSHINE to be a possibility and a necessity.

If instances of dozens of subscriptions from each of numerous individuals are evidences of merit; if newsstand sales equaling those of nearly all the leading periodicals combined, are proof of popularity; if the editorial comment of the lead-

ing papers of the day is competent assurance of creditable performance and great promise; if the affidavits which have been made from time to time of an average growth of circulation during the past year of 700 per month is at all significant—then the advertiser who secures the yearly rates of today possesses a vein which will prove a veritable gold mine if patiently and intelligently worked.

INTERESTING FACTS.

The LAND OF SUNSHINE is on the reading-room tables of the leading libraries, resorts and Chambers of Commerce of America.

It is in the hands of the principal news companies of the world.

It is distributed for inspection and sale on local and overland passenger trains and on Pacific Coast steamers.

With the exception of the one leading daily of Southern California, it has the largest local circulation of any regular publication in this section, and is perhaps the only other Southern California publication which certifies to its circulation.

The LAND OF SUNSHINE never goes into the waste-basket.

It cannot be found wrapped around old shoes at the cobbler's.

It is so handsome, so readable, so full of the spirit of Southern California that its local readers exhibit it with pride to their neighbors and eventually send it to their Eastern friends with their unqualified endorsement.

LOGICAL CONCLUSIONS.

The LAND OF SUNSHINE therefore reaches those of use to you—and effectively.

It is of use to those whom it reaches and will be kept and carefully perused.

Whether you are a hotel man, a dealer in land or a merchant, it is a sound business investment for you to patronize a publication which is so effectively bringing to your locality those who may become your customers. You certainly desire as customers its local readers—and, if you notice, you see it everywhere you go.

OPINIONS EAST AND WEST.

"Most readable and attractive numbers."

—Editor *The Nation*, N. Y.

"Has the merit of being chuck full of its subject... brings its locality home to the reader... remarkably romantic and interesting."

—*Harper's Weekly*.

"A spicy, readable magazine, calculated to be of great service to the land to which it has dedicated itself."—*Chicago Advance*.

"A perfect reflection of the land in which we live."—*Los Angeles Times*.

"A good index of the culture and enterprise of Southern California."—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

CONDENSED INFORMATION.

UNIQUE SECTION



The section generally known as Southern California comprises the seven counties of Los Angeles, San Bernardino,

Orange, Riverside, San Diego, Ventura and Santa Barbara. The total area of these counties is 44,901 square miles. The coast line extends northwest and southeast a distance of about 275 miles.

The population in 1890 was 201,352.

LOS ANGELES, the leading county of Southern California, has an area of about 4,000 square miles, some four-fifths of which is capable of cultivation, with water supplied. The shore line is about 85 miles in length. The population increased from 33,881 in 1880 to 101,454 in 1890. Horticulture is the principal industry. There are over 1,500,000

fruit trees growing in the county. Los Angeles city, the commercial metropolis of Southern California, 15 miles from the coast, has a population to-day of about 85,000. Eleven railroads center here. There are about 100 miles of graded and graveled streets, and 11 miles of paved streets. The city is entirely lighted by electricity. There is a \$500,000 court house, a \$200,000 city hall, and many great and costly business blocks.

The other principal cities are Pasadena, Pomona, Whittier, Azusa, Downey, Santa Monica, Redondo and San Pedro.

SAN BERNARDINO COUNTY is the largest county in the State, is rich in minerals, has fertile valleys, and considerable desert, much of which can be reclaimed with water from the mountains. Population about 30,000. The county is traversed by two railroads. Fine oranges and other fruits are raised.

San Bernardino city, the county seat, is a railroad center, with about 8,000 people. The other principal places are Redlands, Ontario, Colton and Chino.

ORANGE COUNTY was segregated from Los Angeles county in 1889. Area 671 square miles; population, in 1890, 13,589. Much fruit and grain are raised. Most of the land is arable, and there is a good supply of water.

Santa Ana, the county seat, is an attractive place, with a population of 5,000. Other cities are Orange, Tustin, Anaheim and Fullerton.

RIVERSIDE COUNTY was created in 1893 from portions of San Bernardino and San Diego counties. Area 7,000 square miles; population about 14,000. It is an inland county.

Riverside, the county seat, is noted for its extensive orange groves and beautiful homes.

Other places are South Riverside, Perris and San Jacinto.

SAN DIEGO COUNTY is a large county, the most southerly in the State, adjoining Mexico. Population about 40,000. The climate of the coast region is remarkably mild and equable. Irrigation is being rapidly extended. Fine lemons are raised near the coast, and all other fruits flourish.

San Diego city, on the bay of that name, is the terminus of the Santa Fé railway system, with a population of about 21,000.

Across the bay is Coronado Beach with its mammoth hotel. Other cities are National City, Escondido, Julian and Oceanside.

VENTURA COUNTY adjoins Los Angeles county on the north. It is very mountainous. There are many profitable petroleum wells. Apricots and other fruits are raised, also many beans. Population in 1870, 10,071.

San Buenaventura, the county seat, is pleasantly situated on the coast. Population 2,500. Other cities are Santa Paula, Hueneme and Fillmore.

SANTA BARBARA is the most northern of the seven counties, with a long shore line. There are many rugged mountains in the interior. Semi-tropic fruits are largely raised, and beans in the northern part of the county.

Santa Barbara, the county seat, is noted for its mild climate and rare vegetation. Population about 6,000. Other cities are Lompoc, Carpinteria and Santa Maria.



A PORTION OF REDLANDS VALLEY

Rosecrans Ranch Lands

ABOUT SEVEN MILES

Southwest of Los Angeles and in Line with the City's Growth

and Ports of San Pedro and Redondo. Cheapest rates via Redondo Railway.

**FINE VIEWS AND
DELIGHTFUL CLIMATE**

25 Minutes from Station
"Rosecrans" **To City, or Beach**

Elegant Suburban Sites, and also

Choicest Lemon and Deciduous Tracts

Abundant, independent water cheaply available. No water needed for corn, beans and deciduous trees. Exhibit at Chamber of Commerce. Four leading city streets will reach this choice, speculative tract. Address owner,

CARL F. ROSECRANS

BOX 303, CITY OFFICE, 113 SOUTH BROADWAY.



**ORANGE
GROVE
AT
REDLANDS
CAL.**

15 Acres in Washington Navels, 4 years old, in first-class condition, always had best of care; soil, the very best; water right ample, and cost only nominal; elevation above the frost line. A gilt-edged property in the best citrus section of the country. Price, \$10,000.

ALSO

20 Acres Choice Selected Oranges, at Covina, fine condition, 4 years old; location adjoining the celebrated "Baldrige" grove; beautiful cottage, profusion of flowers and plants; splendid barn, and everything in "apple pie order." Price, \$12,000. A complete home in choice neighborhood that will bring in a large revenue every year.

Will sell or exchange either of above for first-class Eastern property.

MERRILL & DAVIDSON, Brokers,

129 S. Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

Write us for information about Southern California.

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN.

A FIRST-CLASS INCOME-PAYING OLIVE ORCHARD AND NURSERY IN THE POMONA VALLEY

This fine property is situated 2 miles from the Southern Pacific and Santa Fé rail-ter of the city of

erly is situated 2 Southern Pacific ways and the cen-Pomona. It com-



prises 44 acres of land, being a deep and rich sandy loam soil, planted almost wholly to olives. Specifically, there are 15 acres in bearing olive trees, and 27 acres one, two and

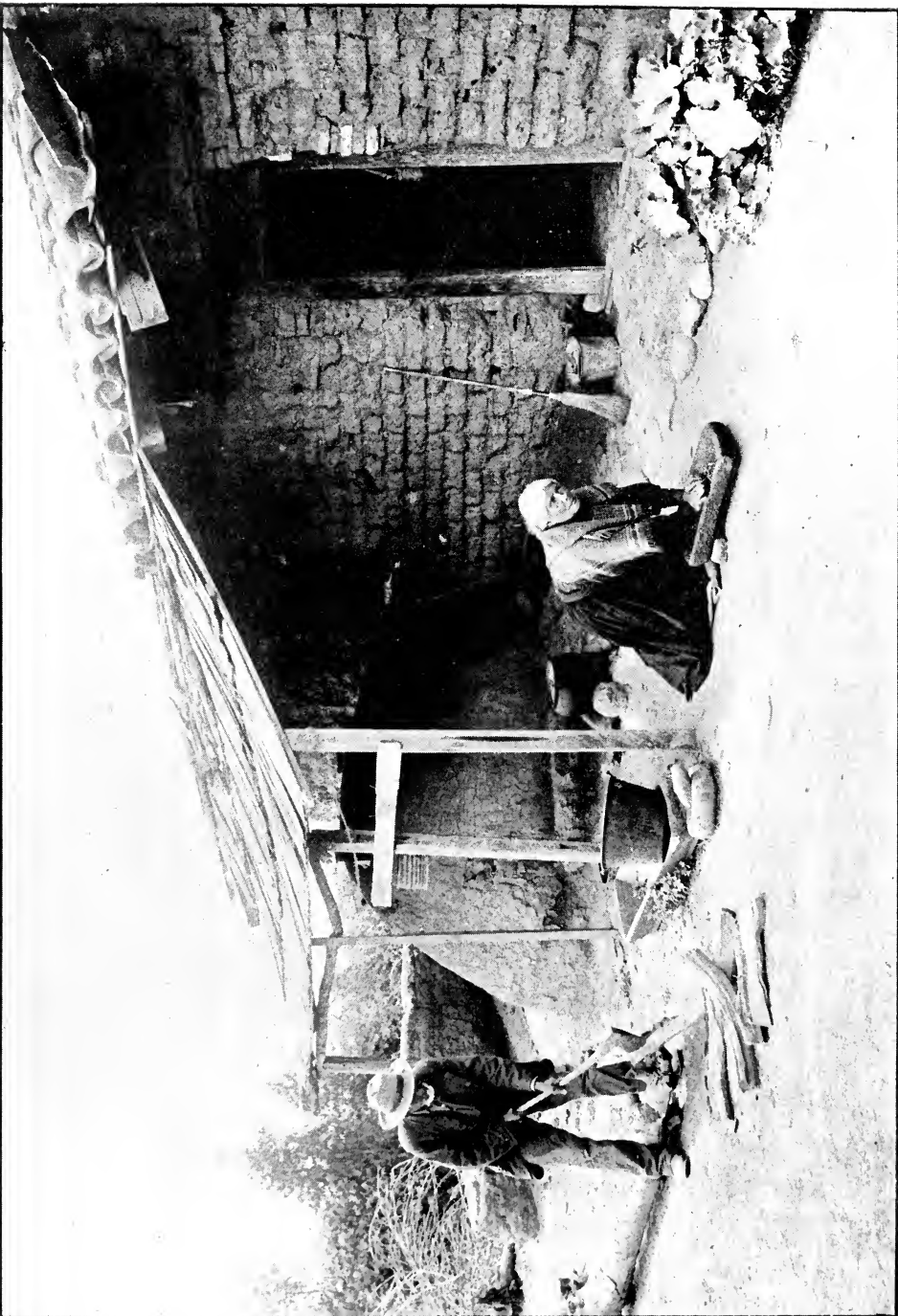
three years old; two acres in family orchard, comprising all the better varieties of citrus and deciduous fruits and nuts in bearing.

An abundant supply of water for irrigation and domestic purposes is obtained by pumping, the motive being a five horse-power gasoline engine, furnishing a never-failing flow of water.

This fine property, including the fixed improvements, for \$12,000; two-thirds cash, balance on time at 8 per cent net.

Address for particulars **ALFRED WRIGHT,** P. O. Box 352, **Pomona, Cal.**

Please mention that you "saw it in the LAND OF SUNSHINE."



The Avery-Staub Shoe Co.

AT 255 SO. BROADWAY



HAVE OPENED THE HANDSOMEST AND
MOST ARTISTIC SHOE STORE ON THE
PACIFIC COAST - - -

And carry a complete stock of High-Class
Foot Wear in every department.

We Guarantee that Every Pair of Shoes

Will give satisfaction. To secure the confidence
of our Customers will be our aim.

. . . AVERY-STAUH SHOE CO.



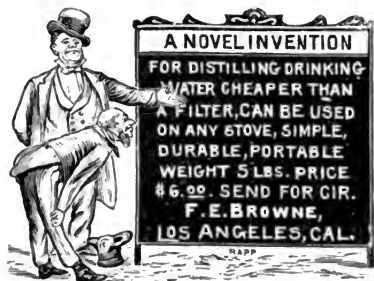
THE COMMERCIAL HOTEL SANTA BARBARA, CAL.

Strictly first-class in every respect. Best location in the city.

Letters and Telegrams promptly answered.
Free Bus to and from all Trains and Steamers.

W. S. LOW, Proprietor.

BARGAINS! \$14 a foot, city lots in Kohler
Tract, between 7th and 8th Sts.
Installments. Also, Ten acre lots, best fruit land,
Anaheim; 704 trees, walnuts, apricots, peaches.
\$100 per acre; \$28 cash, 8 years time, 6 per cent.
W. J. FISHER, 227 W. Second St.



CALIFORNIA WINE MERCHANT

We will ship two sample cases assorted
wines (one dozen quarts each) to any part
of the United States, FREIGHT PREPAID,
upon the receipt of \$9.00. Pints (24 in
case), 50 cents per case additional. We
will mail full list and prices upon appli-
cation.

Respectfully,

C. F. A. LAST,

131 N. Main St.,

Los Angeles, Cal.



Please mention that you "saw it in the LAND OF SUNSHINE."

A PROSPEROUS CITY.

There is probably no section of the United States where business is in a more solid and flourishing condition than it is in Los Angeles to-day. The real estate sales for the past year amounted to \$15,000,000, and most of this property was sold for the purpose of improvement. Buildings have been going up for months past at the rate of five and six a day.

The solid character of the Los Angeles banks was well shown during the recent financial panic, which had such disastrous results in some sections of the country. Only one bank succumbed to the flurry, and this was a bank of minor importance which had been known to be shaky for some time past.

The bank clearances have for a year past shown an improvement almost every week, while the figures from a majority of other cities in the United States have frequently shown a decrease.

Oldest and Largest Bank in Southern California

Farmers and Merchants Bank Of Los Angeles, Cal.

Capital (Paid up) - - -	\$500,000.00
Surplus and Reserve - - -	820,000.00
Total - - -	\$1,320,000.00

OFFICERS

L. W. HELLMAN, Pres. H. W. HELLMAN, V. Pres.
J. NO. MILNER, Cashier. H. J. FLEISHMAN, Ast. Cash.

DIRECTORS

W. H. Perry, C. E. Thom, A. Glassell,
O. W. Childs, C. Ducommun, T. L. Duque,
J. B. Lankershim, H. W. Hellman, I. W. Hellman

Sell and Buy Foreign and Domestic Exchange.
Special Collection Department.
Correspondence Invited.

Main Street Savings Bank and Trust Company.

Junction of Main, Spring and Temple Streets,
(Temple Block.)

Capital Stock - - \$200,000 Surplus and profits \$11,000
Five per cent. interest paid on term deposits.
Money loaned on real estate only.

OFFICERS

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J. V. WACHTEL, Cashier.

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First National Bank

OF LOS ANGELES.

Capital Stock - - -	\$400,000
Surplus and Undivided Profits over - - -	230,000

J. M. ELLIOTT, Pres. W. G. KERCKHOFF, V. Pres.
FRANK A. GIBSON, Cashier.
G. B. SHAFFER, Assistant Cashier.

DIRECTORS:

J. M. Elliott, F. O. Story, J. D. Hooker,
J. D. Bicknell, H. Jevue, W. C. Patterson
W. G. Kerckhoff

No public funds or other preferred deposits received by this bank.

FOR

SALE

GRIDER & DOW'S



ADAMS STREET TRACT

THE TRACT OF HOMES

Don't fail to see this beautiful tract, the finest in the city, four 80-foot streets, one street 100 feet wide; all the streets graded, graveled, cement walks and curbs; streets sprinkled; shade trees on all streets; lots 50 and 60 feet front; city water piped on all streets; rich sandy loam soil. Tract is fifteen to eighteen feet higher than Grand avenue and Figueroa street. 2 electric cars; 15 minutes' ride to the business center; one block nearer than Adams and Figueroa streets; building clause in each deed, no cheap houses allowed; buy and build your home where you will have all modern improvements and be assured that the class of homes will cause the value to double inside of 12 months; 5000 feet on Adams street. We ask you to see this tract now; if out for a drive, go through this tract; go out Adams street to Central avenue; or take the Central or Maple avenue cars to Adams street, and see the class of improvements; lots offered for sale for a short time for \$200, \$250, \$300 to \$600 on the most favorable terms. Office corner of Central avenue and Adams street. Free carriages from our office at all times.

GRIDER & DOW,

139 S. BROADWAY TEL. 1299
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Headquarters for Lemon and Orange Groves and Farming Lands.



Hotel St. Angelo

GRAND AVENUE
AND
TEMPLE STREET

Los Angeles, Cal.

AMERICAN AND
EUROPEAN
PLANS

A. M. SMITH, PROPRIETOR
Delightful. Healthy Location within five minutes
walk of business center.

Large, airy rooms. Cuisine finest in the city.

Rates \$1.00 per day and upward
Telephone 974

Please mention that you "saw it in the LAND OF SUNSHINE."

\$35.00 per Acre

FOR LANDS
LOCATED IN

**SOUTHERN . . .
CALIFORNIA**

Will grow Oranges, Lemons,
and all other Fruits.

\$35.00 takes the choice.

Remember, \$35.00 for land as
good as any in the State.

Reached by the Southern Cali-
fornia Railway.



SAN MARCOS LAND COMPANY

D. P. HALE, Manager,
1336 D St., San Diego, Cal.

W. G. JACOBS, Superintendent,
San Marcos, San Diego Co., Cal.

CARL ENTENMANN Old Gold and Silver bought
Manufacturing Jeweler
Every description of Gold and Silver Jewelry made to order or repaired. **...Diamond Setter and Engraver**
Gold and Silver School and Society Badges & Medals a specialty
ROOMS 3, 4 AND 7 UP STAIRS
217½ South Spring Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

Almonds! Olives! Prunes!

Would you like an Almond, Prune or Olive Orchard in California? I make a business of selling lands for the special production of the above, cheap, on long time, and will plant and care for same until in bearing, if desired. For full particulars address

R. C. SHAW, Colonization Agent,
230½ S. Spring Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

POINDEXTER & WADSWORTH BROKERS

305 West Second St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Buy and sell Real Estate, Stocks, Bonds and Mortgages, on commission, make collections, manage property and do a general brokerage business. Highest references for reliability and good business management.

LAS GASITAS SANITARIUM....



Situated in the Sierra Madre foot hills, altitude 2,000 feet. Most equable climate in Southern California. Pure mountain water, excellent cuisine; easily reached by Terminal R. R. and short carriage drive.

O. SHEPARD BARNUM, Propr.
Drawer 126, Pasadena, Cal.

\$1.25 Per Acre



\$1.25 Per Acre

Government Lands

THIS IS
THE LAND OF SUNSHINE.

Not only is this so, but it is a land of great promise, where you may secure a home on the most favorable terms now offered in the United States.

**Choice Government Lands at
\$1.25 per Acre.**

25 cents cash, balance 25 years at 6 per cent per annum. No requirements as to improving or living upon the land. For climate, healthfulness and richness of soil it is unsurpassed; where you can raise nearly anything grown in America, north or south.

We also have choice improved farms and fruit lands near Los Angeles, at \$30.00 and upward per acre. Southern California property to exchange for Eastern property. For information and printed matter address **LOY & HURN, 338 South Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.**

..THE NEW

No. 2 SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER
Is absolutely beyond comparison.



LEO. E. ALEXANDER & BRO. Gen. Agts.
WM. H. B. HAYWARD, Mgr.
216 South Broadway, Los Angeles.

...TELEPHONE 794...

San Francisco Office: 218 Sansome Street.

Please mention that you "saw it in the LAND OF SUNSHINE."

NEWS ITEMS.

The publishers of the *LAND OF SUNSHINE* have their share of human weakness for the good things of life. During a dry moment recently they treated themselves to a drink of the much vaunted Napa Soda Lemonade and have thus unwittingly contracted a delicious habit.

The Napa Soda Springs are the Pacific coast rivals of the famous Manitou springs if not their superiors. They at least furnish a beautiful and health restoring place to visit.

All hail to the young man who by opening a distributing house in Los Angeles has brought this natural ferrated soda beverage to our very door.

The report of the State Board of Health puts San Diego at the head of the list.

Among the handsomer of the real-estate offices of the city, the new quarters at 139 S. Broadway, just fitted up and occupied by Grider & Dow, stand with the first. The indication of prosperity is not surprising, for the Adams street tract is too choice a proposition not to be recognized by the class of people whose appreciation of good things is making Los Angeles what it is. And as these matters—like other good rules—work both ways, there is every reason to presume that the attractiveness of the offices will still further accelerate the progress of the tract to its full possibilities.

The attention of our readers is called to the advertisement of Messrs. Fricker & Esden in our pages. A visit to their store in Mott Market will well repay anyone interested in procuring the choicest delicacies for the table, of which they make a very tempting display, calculated to entice the most exacting appetite.

The annual banquet of the Chamber of Commerce, May 15th, was a memorable occasion. Two hundred representative men of Los Angeles, and invited guests, made a notable reunion. The speaking was admirable; and the banquet was spread by Christopher, which is as much as to say that it was the best possible.

Los Angeles is already a remarkable musical center with demands requiring metropolitan institutions. An interesting illustration of one of these is presented on page 49 of this number. Its proprietor Mr. A. W. Fisher has been in the music business for nearly eleven years in Los Angeles, and opened his present establishment at 427 S. Broadway, November 1894. It is the only strictly piano house in the city and is especially famous for its fine stock of world-renowned Sohmer Pianos. Organs, and other makes of pianos are also kept in stock. As a gentleman and reliable dealer Mr. Fisher needs no recommendation in this section.

Messrs. Moore & Parsons at 229 West Second street—Investment Brokers—have successfully made an innovation in their line of business—by handling only such property as they list under an agreement as exclusive agents. They find it operates for the advantage of the owner as well as themselves. This firm is one of the most enterprising in Los Angeles, doing much by their push and energy to help build up our city. Their success is the legitimate result of their reputation for reliability, conservatism and good judgment, while their high class references to local and Eastern Banks vouch for their standing and integrity with the stranger.

The management of the Redondo Hotel made a great hit recently by means of their recent musical at Fitzgerald's music house Los Angeles. The audience was composed of invited guests who were each presented with generous bunches of carnations from the three acre carnation bed at Redondo Beach.

The Norwood, one of the nicest smaller hotels on Ocean Avenue, Santa Monica, bids fair to do a business during the coming summer season exceeding that of a number of years past. It is certainly as pleasantly situated and as cozy a place as any in this cool Pacific resort. Facing the ocean it commands a view unsurpassed. Large shade trees and a well kept lawn add much to the attractiveness of the location, making it a place which those who see once desire to visit again.



Chas. Sumner. Photo.

FINE HALF-TONES
AND ENGRAVINGS

HERVE FRIEND,
PHOTO
ENGRAVER

314 W. FIRST ST.,
LOS ANGELES

TIP TOP COUGH SYRUP

The California Wonder
For all COUGHS and COLDS
If your druggist doesn't keep it,
send us 50c. in stamps and we
will forward prepaid one bottle.
WE WILL GIVE with each bottle
so ordered an absolute guarantee
to return the money if you are
not satisfied with the results.
Price 50c. All Druggists.
TIP TOP MEDICINE CO.,
San Diego, California

I SELL THE EARTH...

HEADQUARTERS AT POMONA, CAL.



SAY, I believe the best investment in California to-day is the Howland Olive Orchard: 150 acres—120 acres solid to olive orchard, balance variety of fruits, etc. Olive mill and the latest machinery for pressing oil that cost over \$5,000. The income from the property this year is nearly \$8,000, and yet but one-fifth of the orchard is in bearing. The Howland Olive Oil from this plant took the first premium at the World's Fair at Chicago in competition with the world; also first premium at Mid-winter Fair and at the late Citrus Fair at Los Angeles. For full particulars of this property, or for anything in the line of Real Estate, call on or address "The Old Man."

R. S. BASSETT, POMONA, CAL.

W. H. Townsend F. E. Biles, Notary Public F. W. Woods

Townsend, Biles & Co. REAL ESTATE AND LOANS

30 S. RAYMOND AVENUE,

PASADENA, CAL.

Pasadena Agents for the famous Raymond Improvement Company lands, one of the finest tracts in Southern California; also have large and small tracts for sale all over Southern California.

Property looked after for non-resident owners, taxes paid, rents collected.

We refer by permission to the First National Bank of Pasadena, California.

Correspondence solicited.

W. H. MOHR

123 So. Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

Notary Public. Searcher of Records. Confidential Business Agent. Looks after Taxes and Assessments and keeps you posted. Correspondence solicited.

2,500

Carloads of Oranges
From Riverside this
Season

Orange Groves Orange Lands

WITH BEST WATER
SUPPLY IN THE STATE

LANDS FOR COLONIZATION

JARVIS & BUSH

WRITE FOR
INFORMATION

Riverside, Cal.

TEMPLE STREET DINING PARLORS

S. M. TWOMEY

AND HOME BAKERY

Ice Cream, Home Made Bread, Pies and
Cakes. 127 Temple St., Los Angeles, Cal.

RICHARD ALTSCHUL,

REAL ESTATE

123½ W. Second St.

Burdick Block, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FOR SALE.

Special to the LAND OF SUNSHINE.—6-room modern new Colonial cottage. Hall, bath, hot and cold water, patent water closet, fine mantel, lawn, street graded, etc. Only \$2,500. Terms, \$500, cash; balance monthly. One of many good homes in Los Angeles for sale. Before you buy, see TAYLOR & CO., 102 South Broadway.

OVERTON & FIREY REAL ESTATE

POMONA, CAL.

Orange and Lemon Groves in full bearing for sale. Also unimproved lands well located.

We have several fine Orange Groves for exchange for eastern property.

If you want a home in the leading Orange producing section in Southern California, call on or address us.

Correspondence solicited.

OVERTON & FIREY,
POMONA, CAL.

Please mention that you "saw it in the LAND OF SUNSHINE."

YOUR

MAGAZINE.....

THE LAND OF SUNSHINE is the only magazine of its class. It has no competitor. It has not only an enormous field, but one of the most fascinating fields on earth. People everywhere like to read about Southern California and the Southwest. They like the marvelous energy of this new land; they are charmed with the romance of this land which is so old. The LAND OF SUNSHINE presents both aspects adequately. Of the material development of a region so lovely that it is annually drawing tens of thousands of the best people in the East from their life-long homes, these pages give graphic and expert expression. It is safe to say that never before has such complete pictorial and textual presentation been made of the material side of California as the LAND OF SUNSHINE is making. Of the intellectual side—the romance and the poetry, the history and the legends, the charms of nature and the possibilities of man, the sturdy Saxon stock now and here for the first time in history given room to expand under genial skies—the magazine will give the best setting.

Among its contributors are

MRS. GEN. CUSTER,
CHARLES HOWARD SHINN,
CHARLES DWIGHT WILLARD,
ESTELLE THOMSON,
T. S. VANDYKE,
AUGUSTE WEY,
AD. F. BANDELIER,
CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER,
CHARLES F. LUMMIS,
L. WORTHINGTON GREEN,
JULIA BOYNTON GREEN,

and other writers whose work is welcome in the best periodicals in the United States. It is not only attracting people of established literary reputation, but calling out to their best effort the younger writers who will make reputations in its pages.

It employs the best artists and the best engravers in its field.

In text and illustration the LAND OF SUNSHINE is a magazine enjoyed by thousands of cultured people in the East; and one which no Southern Californian can afford to do without.

Don't you think so yourself, at

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR?

The Carleton Hotel

PASADENA, CAL.



The most central, convenient and quiet location in the city. Strictly first-class in every respect. Elegantly furnished, sunny rooms, single or en-suite. Table unsurpassed by others at double our rates.

The "Salisbury" diet, and diets for Invalids generally, a specialty.

Rates \$2.00 per Day and upward.

Special rates by the week or month upon application.

G. N. CHASE,

PROPRIETOR.

THE WINDEMERE

OCEAN AVE., SANTA MONICA

FACES THE OCEAN

Commanding the finest view of any family hotel in this popular Pacific Coast Seaside Resort.

Accommodations the Very Best

Write for information.

The attention of our readers, who desire strictly pure olive oil, is drawn to the advertisement elsewhere in our columns of the El Montecito Manufacturing Co. Of all the good things manufactured in Southern California, this olive oil and the other products from it, stand preëminent for purity and efficiency.

For Fine Out Door and other Views

...CALL ON

PUTNAM

THE PHOTOGRAPHER

Temple Block

Los Angeles, Cal.

MUSEUM OF COMPARATIVE ZOOLOGY.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

May 10, 1897.

Messrs. F. A. Pattee & Co.,
Los Angeles, Cal.

Gentlemen:

Please find enclosed one dollar (\$1.00) to continue my subscription for the "Land of Sunshine", vol. III. I know no other way of getting so much Sunshine with an amount of money so small. El Gato Santo, with his halo, on the new cover is decidedly fetching.

Cordially yours,
S. Garma.

Please mention that you "saw it in the LAND OF SUNSHINE."

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA HOTELS.

Space in this column not for sale.

AVALON.

Hotel Metropole—American plan.

CHULA VISTA.

Casa de las Flores—American plan.

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Epworth—N W cor Bellevue ave and Centennial st. Bellevue (South) Bellevue ave, near Beaudry ave. First—S side Broadway, bet Third and Fourth sts. Simpson—734 S Hope st. Trinity (South)—E side Broadway, bet Fifth and Sixth University—S W cor Wesley ave and Simpson st.

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The Norwood, one of the nicest smaller hotels on Ocean Avenue, Santa Monica, bids fair to do a handsome business during the coming summer season which shall exceed that for a number of years past. It is certainly as pleasantly situated and as cosy a place as any in this cool Pacific resort. Facing the ocean, it commands a view unsurpassed. Large shade trees and a well kept lawn add much to the attractiveness of the location, making it a place which those who see once desire to visit again.

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Attention is called to the illustration on page 53 of the Weaver, Jackson & Co. Hair Dressing and Manicuring Parlors. This is a strictly metropolitan institution equal to the demands of any city.

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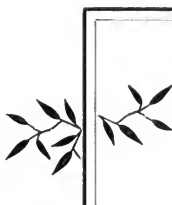
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Zion's Herald, the old and influential organ of the Methodist church in New England, says:

"LAND OF SUNSHINE" is the title of a very attractive, well-illustrated magazine published in Los Angeles, Southern California. During the nine months of its existence it has been received with ever-increasing favor; and that Charles F. Lummis is the editor, augurs well for its success. The February issue is filled with good reading, redolent of that sunny land, "Out-of-Door Studies in Southern California," "The Seasoning of Thomas," "A Night-Blooming Giant," "Reminiscences of the 'Boom,'" "One Side of the Desert," "Something About the Adobe," "Silk Culture: A Successful Experiment," "Redlands—the City of Magic," are the topics treated. Send to cents to the publishers, F. A. Pattee & Co., Stimson Building, Los Angeles, Cal., for a copy of this unique monthly.

"Rich in Bright Articles."

The San Francisco *Chronicle* of May 5, says:

The May number of the LAND OF SUNSHINE is rich in bright articles and attractive illustrations. Among the best papers are "Trouting in the San Bernardino Mountains," by Alfred I. Townsend; "One Man Against the Wilderness," a sketch of the remarkable work of J. W. Milner, near Whitewater, in building a home on the rocky foothills at the base of Mount San Jacinto; and "Reminiscences of the Boom," by Harry E. Brook. The editor, Charles F. Lummis, gives some straight talk from the shoulder about the folly of State division, and he also gives a picture of the new cover of his magazine, with a California mountain lion as a symbol of the physical strength and grace of California, and a rose as a type of mental refinement. Next month his periodical appears in a regular magazine form.

An object lesson in the way brains and labor create values here is the 44 acre olive orchard of Alfred Wright, at Pomona. To bring his place up to its present paying basis, Mr. Wright has surmounted some difficulties during the past eight years which will not be hereafter encountered. In one respect he now is "out of the woods"—yet surrounded by a fine forest of olive, almond and orange trees, together with such home comforts as should make the heart of their possessor ache to part with. However, circumstances sometimes alter cases—as Mr. Wright explains elsewhere in this number.

ALMOND CULTURE, MANZANA COLONIES.

Arrangements are completed in the now celebrated almond district of Manzana to plant villa lots of 1¼ acres each in the "Guest House Addition to Manzana Colony" on the monthly instalment plan, \$10 only down secures the contract and starts the trees growing. Monthly payments from \$3.50 to \$8.00 per month, according to length of time. Lots laid out to order, with walks, lawns, etc., as directed. Send for circular to THOS. W. HASKINS, 401-403 Stimson B'ldg, Los Angeles. 1530 acres are now in trees, mostly almonds, in Manzana; 800 more in the near vicinity

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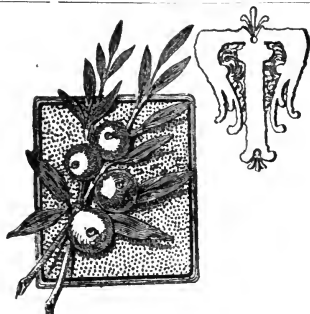
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H. L. SQUIRES,
PROPRIETOR

The completion of a pipe organ in Los Angeles, such as that to which the public were invited to listen for the first time at Simpson Tabernacle on the evening of May 14th, is an event of no small importance to the music world of the Pacific coast. That it is the largest and finest in the city further commends it to more than a mere passing notice. Prof. H. J. Stewart, organist of Trinity Church, San Francisco, who presided at this initial test of the quality and capacity of the instrument, ranks among the leading organists of this part of the country.

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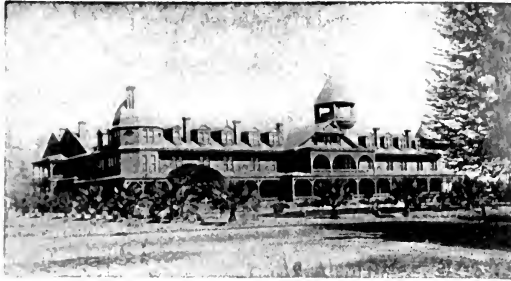
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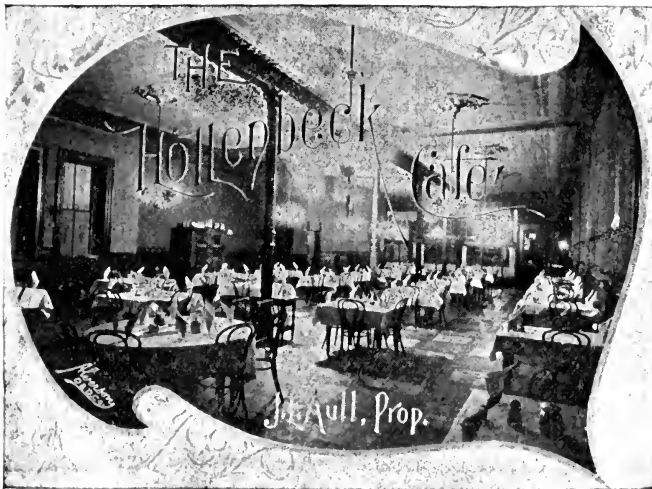
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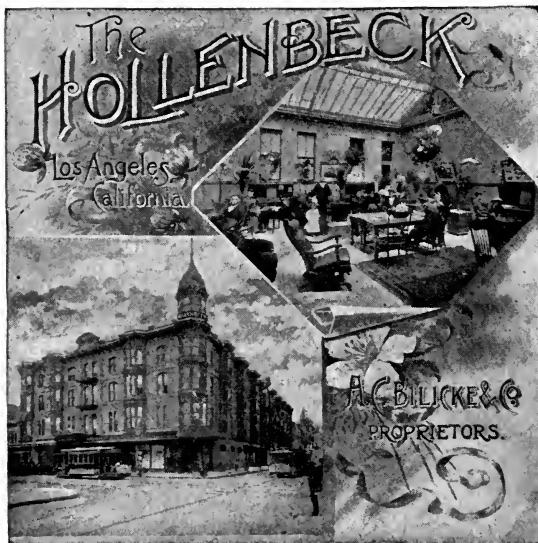
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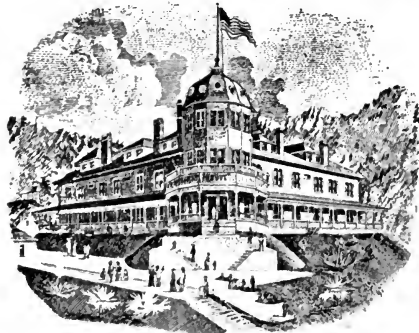
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LOS ANGELES

THE
LAND

OF

SUNSHINE

A SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA
MAGAZINE

EDITED BY
CHAS. F. LUMMIS

LOS ANGELES.

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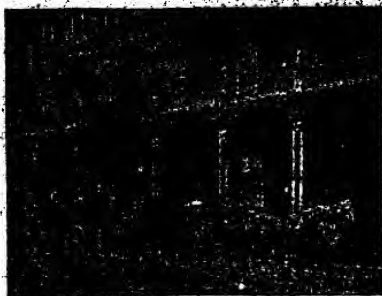
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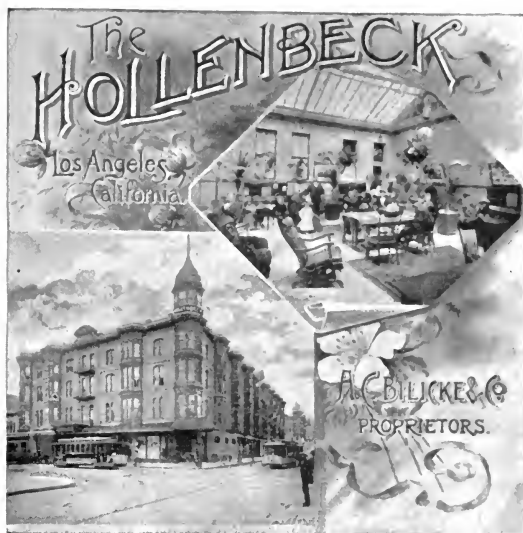
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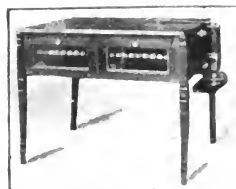
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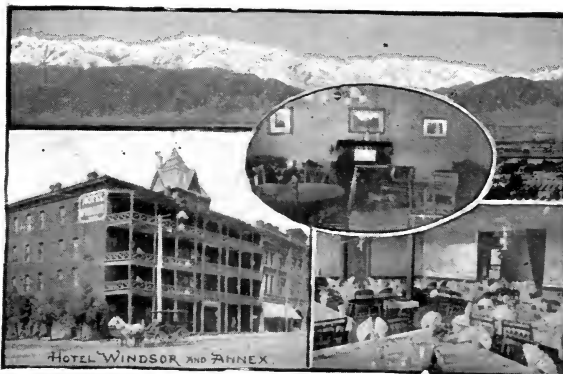


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VOL. 3, No. 2.

LOS ANGELES

JULY, 1895

MEMORIES OF "OUR ITALY."

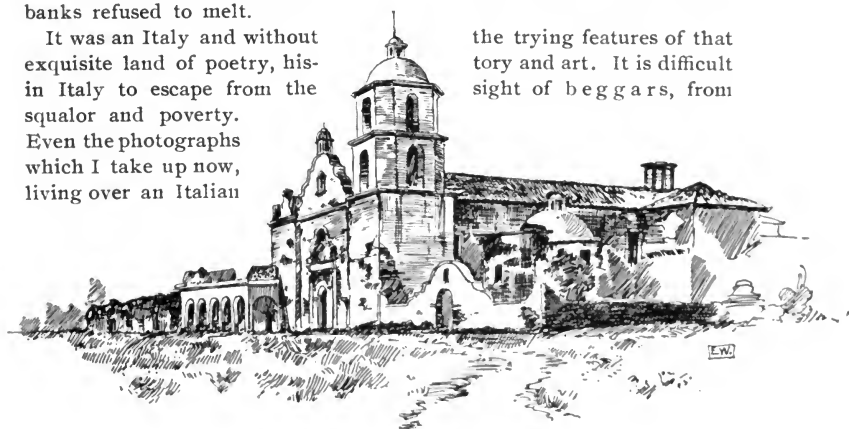
BY ELIZABETH BACON CUSTER.

WHEN I first heard Southern California called the Italy of America, there arose within me that protest which we often feel but do not express when we think a statement is greatly exaggerated. When I finally went there, I did not exactly go in to scoff and remain to pray, but I went with the expectation of being disappointed. The long strip of American desert, the heat and dust of the Mojave, made us feel that we must be rewarded at once; after coming out of that hopeless country, with every evidence of tropical luxuriance.

It was cold that spring, and summer did not run to meet us over velvet swards of green. Every day two semi-invalids in our party awaited the cure that the first southern zephyr would give, but still the rasped and tender throats remained unhealed. Finally Mr. Charles Dudley Warner came to breakfast one morning with some droll remarks about "This picnicking after summer being rather unsatisfactory." The next day we met summer, and oh, what bloom and fragrance and delightful atmosphere it recalls! We forgot at once that there were parts of our land where the March winds still blew, and the snow-banks refused to melt.

It was an Italy and without exquisite land of poetry, his in Italy to escape from the squalor and poverty. Even the photographs which I take up now, living over an Italian

the trying features of that tory and art. It is difficult sight of beggars, from



pilgrimage, make me almost involuntarily put my handkerchief to my face, for that was the way in which I saw much of the beauty of that marvelous land. The odors of the loathsome surroundings of some of Italy's choicest spots enter your nostrils at the same time that the beauty of the scene penetrates your brain. While you see all that nature can do in California, you are at the same time in the midst of our own countrymen, the most delightful people in the world, and made more so by the sunshine which mellows and enriches natures, as it darkens the purple of the grape and deepens the bloom on fruit.

There is nothing like the effect that life in the open air has upon the disposition as well as the health. In California, everything invites you to remain out of doors.

I scarcely remember at all the interiors of houses. It must be because life in the open air was so tempting that you unconsciously spent your



Herve Friend, Eng.

Photo. by Ellis

existence on the galleries. These were the width of a room, perhaps fifteen or twenty feet, sometimes roofed over, sometimes with only a trellis through which the sunshine flickers and the roses shower their petals. These piazzas are shaded by jalousies of reeded matting, through which the air penetrates. They are furnished charmingly; rugs on the floor, wicker furniture — chairs, tables and sofas — the tea service, writing desk, books, magazines and papers. The wide gates were open at one of the homes I remember. We walked up an avenue hedged on either side with shrubbery of every description. At the end of the avenue was a circle and in the center a huge palm; the circle divided the avenue and it met again at the foot of the steps of the house.

Home after home I saw where roses of the rarest varieties ran riot over the roofs of the houses. There seems to be a separate set of shoulders in our brain which we shrug when we hear any startling statement. We would not want anyone to see the visible movement of our actual

shoulders ; but I am sure had I been told that roses climbed to the chimneys, I should have made a mental dissent to such a statement ; but I saw them over and over again. In the Royal Academy in London, four



Herve Friend, Eng.

LADY BANKSIA ROSES.

Photo. by Pierce.

years ago, there was a picture before which people stood three deep. It was "The Feast of Heliogabalus" by Alma Tadema. The delightful bacchantes of the festa were bedded in rose petals, their laughing,



Union Eng. Co.

SIERRA MADRE VILLA.

Photo. by Hyde, the Villa.



Herve Friend, Eng.

Photo. by Ellis.

A GOLD OF OPHIR BUSH.

dimpled faces looked out from billows of bloom. The only place where it might have been painted, without seeming to be a license of an artist's imagination, would be California. I remember a basket of roses that was sent me that contained fifty varieties.

As we walked in the outskirts of Los Angeles, oranges from the groves we were passing fell at our feet. We had only to stand on tiptoe to pick them from the trees; and, at this safe distance, I confess we did so. Whether it was because it was stolen fruit or not, there never seemed to be such freshness and delicacy of flavor. How I wished that it were possible to carry away

a tree by which we were "twice blessed," for the air was fragrant with the odor of the waxlike blossoms lying against the ripe fruit. Think how we cherish, in the green-houses here, an orange tree, and what an event it is to have it bear fruit, while, in the land of sunshine, one has to wait barely eighteen months after planting to eat fruit from its branches. And then it does not take any time at all to get up an avenue. On that famous twenty-mile drive in the Pasadena country, I remember an avenue several miles long, shaded by full-grown trees only seven years old.

Of all the interesting features of that drive, my memories center around Sierra Madre Villa. It seemed to me that I had reached the gates of heaven, or at least "the land where it is always afternoon," when I passed under the arches of green into the garden of the Villa. To breathe the fragrance and be surrounded with the blossoms of my three favorite flowers at one time was more than I had ever expected on earth. The white jessamine, the honey-suckle and the orange flowers made every breath you drew a delight. Within perhaps twenty miles was the sea, a delicate horizon of shimmering silver. Perhaps all the



landscapes had attuned my soul to appreciation and opened my eyes to beauty, but I remember thinking that no ocean had ever seemed so blue, so sparkling, so beautiful, as the Pacific when I first saw it and afterwards stood on its sands.

The old missions of Southern California add immensely to the picturesque of the land. They are often the first ruins that an American has ever seen. The adobe softens to a beautiful gray with time, and lichen paints its tracery over an admirable background. The green mold and rust on the bells, which are hung one above another in three tiers in the little tower of these churches, and the arches of the cloisters are all beautiful to eyes that have seen only the stereotyped architecture of our land.

As I think over all the lovely features of that semi-tropical land, they all beckon to me to return. Whenever I am tired, it always seems to me that nothing would rest the body and soul like sitting in the sunshine and among the flowers of Southern California. But I try not to say too much to those who have not been there, for occasionally, you know, there comes a winter like one you had five or six years since. Two different parties of friends left the cold of the north for the glow of the Occident. One had been winter after winter to the Bermudas; he was frail and needed warmth, but did not find it that winter in California. He referred perpetually to winters in the South, and to winters he had spent in Southern lands, and made invidious comparisons. He spent his days wrapped in woolen rugs and furs, and his nights shivering with discomfort. He used to be so aggravated by what he considered the impertinent effrontery of the flowers going on blooming while every one of the party was chilled and miserable. Finally one morning his family said: "Where are you going, father?" "I am going out to kick the roses!"

So I do not dare express all the enthusiasm that I feel about California, for fear there may come an unprecedented winter again. But we must never count too fully on anything for, though it is a trite saying, it is true, that there are exceptions to every rule, and where there is one who would do violence to a blossoming flower in his spite at being cold, there are thousands who recall, as I do, in the odor of an orange as it is cut at breakfast, and in the bouquet of the Zinfandel and Angelica, a world of charming experience. And, fortunately, if we cannot go to California as often as we wish, it comes to us in its fruits and its vintage.

New York.



HEARING A SPANISH SONG.

BY J. C. DAVIS.

Pathos and pain of the soul of singing,
Melody mingled of love and tears ;
Sorrow's song, that for aye goes ringing
Down through the long and the lonely
years ;

My lips athirst and my heart that hungers,
My empty arms that are reached in vain,
Thrill responsive and throb and quiver
Unto the chords of thy weird refrain.



Carry me back, O waves of music —
Back to the palms where my lost hopes lie —
Dead Love out of the dead past calls me ;
Carry me back — and let me die !

Highland, Cal.

ON THE AMARGOSA.

BY CHARLES HOWARD SHINN.



PAP'S going away to find a job of work, Little Mischief. You'n Ma keep the cabin while I'm gone, an' don't forget yer old Pap."

It was in the shadow of a rude shack on Joe Delavan's desert claim. What he wanted it for, or how he ever got there with his wife and baby boy, or, having once seen the place, why he had staid till the baby was three years old, are questions that would take a superhuman intelligence to answer.

Desolate? The place was awful in its arid monotony. Sand, heaped up around the roots of sage bushes and cacti, swept to the very door of the shanty. A spring that just managed to keep a little grass alive, oozed forth from a low hill of rock. Beyond it was another desert. People said there was silver somewhere around ; my friend Delavan spent a good deal of his time looking for it. But now Joe's money was gone, and he was forced to strike out on a new line.

"Mary, ye stay with Little Mischief, an' there's enough to eat for the month. 'Tis easy to get a job on the A. and P. railroad, where me cousin's a section boss. When I get me pay I'll come back for you."

Long before sunrise Joe was off ; Mary and Little Mischief were left alone. There was a cow feeding on the small oasis by the spring ; there was flour, and a few other things were in the house—and the nearest neighbor only twelve miles away.

Dear, sturdy Little Mischief ! What wicked voices called thee out of

the desert to slip away from watchful mother-care, and creep into the sage bushes that April afternoon?

The next day a prospector with laden mule pushing slowly across the rim of the desert, met a wild, wandering woman circling desperately around high-heaped sands, too hoarse to speak above a whisper. Pretty soon he understood her story. There was a baby lost in the desert, and twenty hours had passed.

Slowly the prospector forced her back to the shanty, and began, with infinite patience and skill, to unravel the tangled skein of the baby's footsteps from the door. I wish I knew that prospector's real name, and history: "Old Nevada" was all I ever heard, and he, too, was looking for silver in the Amargosa country.

After a little, Old Nevada caught up the trail, and Mary walked behind him, leading the mule, with food and water. Little footsteps, wayward, and dim in the sand, led off into the desert. Then the baby had lain down, and started up in fright. A coyote was walking beside it, closer and closer, shoulder to shoulder—and then another, and another—and the baby's cries or motions had frightened them away, again and again, for hours.

"It is almost night," whispered the mother. "Let us go faster!"

"We cannot," said Old Nevada, and went on steadily, picking up the blurred trail in the desert. It wandered five miles away from the shanty to the edge of an old alkali flat, and still the coyotes accompanied it. Turning, it came wavering back, almost to the door of the cabin.

"Thar was the baby," said Old Nevada, "about the time you met me, ten miles the other way."

They made hasty torches, for the night was at hand. The prospector clung fast to the trail, while Mary explored the sage brush far ahead on the new line of search, swinging her light to frighten away the coyotes. Again Little Mischief's feet turned toward the old alkaline lake, in haphazard, wandering fashion; and again the coyotes drew closer, and disturbed his more frequent rests. Old Nevada noted signs of utter weariness and suffering that wrung his heart; but he could not hasten without losing the trail. Mary stumbled and fell, rising again without feeling any pain, and startled a thousand times to sudden hope by shadows that seemed like a sleeping child. And the night waned, and freshened to dawn, and the desert wind arose.

They were among sand dunes, by the barren alkali sink. Looking up, Old Nevada saw a gaunt coyote scurrying past, and a little fluttering garment far off in a hollow of the sands. He ran forward, crying out, and Mary rose from where she had fallen a moment before, and fell again, and, struggling as one who swims against a mighty river, reached his side. He lifted a little body from the sands. Torn it was by thorns and rocks, and almost naked, and scorched by the sun, but, as he pressed Mary's hand against the child's heart, she felt a quiver of life, and from the poor parched lips came a sigh more feeble than the flutter-

ing sound from the weakest of new-born babes, as Little Mischief was caught back from Death's threshold.

That was two years ago, and if you hunt up Joe Delavan's shanty in one of the frontier station towns you will know that this story is true the moment you look into Little Mischief's eyes, so deep and wonderful they have grown. Mary and Old Nevada say that the baby remembers all of it, and that he saw and heard things not to be told in words as he walked for hours with the hungry desert coyotes at his side, and some protecting spirit between. Perhaps they are right ; I cannot tell.

State University, Berkeley, Cal.

EL MOLINO VIEJO.

BY EMILY GRAY MAYBERRY.

EVEN in this realistic age, stabbed through with rationalism — an age whose crowning achievement is that perfection of unbearableness, the self-made man — the weather-gnawed walls of a gray ruin speak to the heart.

El Molino Viejo has lain Sphinx-like for nearly a century and a quarter, at the mouth of a miniature cañon — a very lover's paradise, thridded by a limpid stream whose rhythmic turbulence babbles under azure skies ; past Daphnean haunts of interwoven sun and shade, under self-centered oaks, gliding in and out its brackened ways, until at last its wilful beauty emerges to be harnessed to humdrum utility ; to gladden broad acres and the hearts of their owners, over this modern "Vale of Kashmir," the San Gabriel valley.

About one hundred and twenty-three years ago — long before the progressive and aggressive American came — the dripping wheels ground the corn whose planters and harvesters have long since ceased from their labors. Though the "mill-wheels have fallen to pieces, Ben Bolt," and the red roof-tiles have "tumbled in" (to the grips of the relic-hunting tourist), the walls and buttresses are proof against a century's storms.

Since the advent of the ubiquitous American, many enterprising individuals have spent much of time and patience to discover the secret of its materials ; but all alike have failed. As nothing like it is to be found in other ancient Spanish ruins in the State, it has been supposed that part of the ingredients might have been brought from Spain. Another theory is that the cement was made in the Arroyo Seco, and mixed with bullock's blood — which is known to render any cement almost adamantine.

The main building is two stories, 25x60 feet, with a wall five feet thick at the base, tapering to four feet at the top, on a foundation of stone and cement. The floor timbers under the first story are of live-oak, 8x10, and are laid ten inches apart — showing that the building was not State-contract work, but put there "for keeps." They are sound as when they were first rough-hewn. It is braced on the northeast and southeast

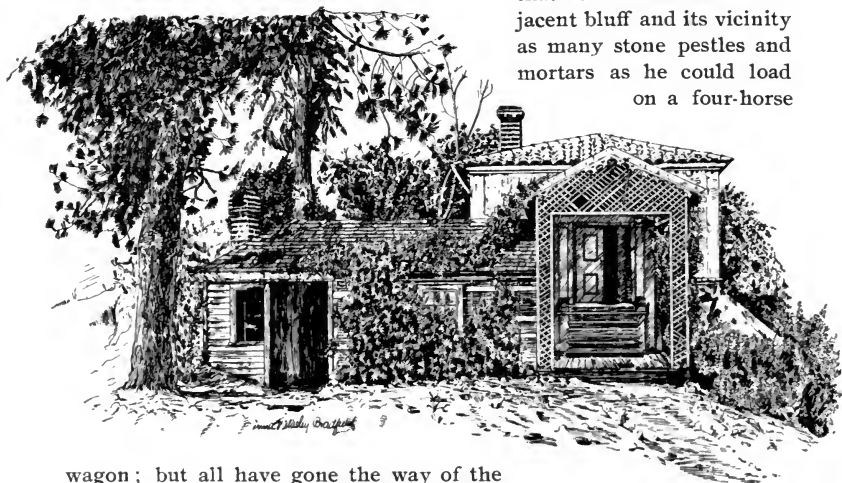
Illustrated by Anna W. Bradfield.

corners by conical abutments of solid masonry. There are three wheel-houses, and they, with the masonry for storing and conducting the water, are all as firm today as when constructed a hundred and twenty-three years ago—with the single exception of one wall, in which is a crack running its full depth, caused by the earthquake of 1884, and visibly widened by that of 1894. The old mill-stones, between which the corn was ground, are at San Marino, the ranch of Hon. J. de Barth Shorb.

In 1855 the mill was fitted up as a residence, and I have been told that the workmen employed to cut through the walls for two small windows were twenty days in doing it, and bankrupted themselves in tools. There was formerly a saw-mill, built somewhat later, to the east of El Molino and considerably nearer Lake Vineyard—a natural body of water containing about forty acres, with a central depth of twenty feet. This saw-mill was of live-oak, and evidently was removed, as there remain some of the oaken piles that supported it, sound as granite, and almost as hard to cut. They were slightly charred and wound with strips of rawhide.

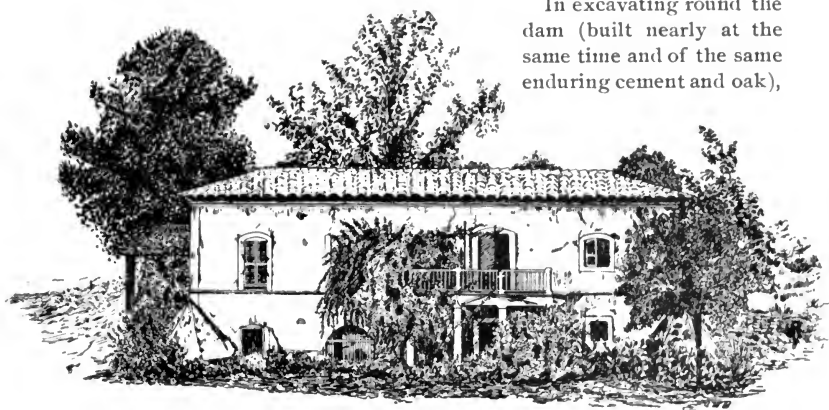
In these times of luxury, laziness, and labor-saving, when one pauses long enough to reflect on the many hindrances of unskilled Indian labor, remoteness from civilized materials and supplies, danger from treacherous savages—either one must believe that those ancient Padres were inspired by a faith that does not seem to uphold and guide anyone to a very alarming extent now-a-days, or one must acquire enduring admiration of their splendid human courage, brains and perseverance.

Mr. Gray, foreman on El Molino rancho for many years, informed me that he hauled from the adjacent bluff and its vicinity as many stone pestles and mortars as he could load on a four-horse



wagon; but all have gone the way of the roof-tiles, to the insatiate tourist. The large number of these crude domestic implements would indicate a large colony of Indians on the bluff, probably during the construction of the mills and dam.

In excavating round the dam (built nearly at the same time and of the same enduring cement and oak),



the foreman exhumed a hand-wrought hammer with iron flanges running up from the poll. The wooden handle had long since fretted to dust. Although of clumsy workmanship, and now honeycombed by the rust of years, it is, unlike the hands by which it was welded and wielded, still capable of good service.

Eight or nine years ago, an old negro showed a young man a time-worn parchment inscribed with unknown hieroglyphics. He declared an old Spaniard had given it to him on his deathbed, saying he had obtained it of an old comrade about to die, who told him it was "mucho dinero." The negro also said the Spaniard had told him that the padre who alone possessed the key to the parchment had died of small-pox on board ship and been buried at sea, taking his secrets with him. The young man, who had a sprinkling of text-book Greek, was able to decipher enough (aided by a diagram on one side) to see that it purported to indicate that treasure was buried somewhere in the neighborhood of El Molino. He did not enlighten the darkey, but took the son of the owner of the ranch into his confidence, and they essayed to do some digging. Surprised at their labor, by the foreman, they filled in the excavation and desisted rather than part with their secret. The mystery of the yellow parchment is still hidden under its century of secrecy and California soil.

I well remember my first view of El Molino, eighteen years ago. To one born and reared in Yankee-land, its picturesque loveliness burst upon the senses like a stray bit out of the *Arabian Nights*. It was during its occupancy as a residence by Col. E. J. C. Rewen, who added three or four rooms of wood, now fast falling to decay.

Entering a winding driveway shaded with the green and gold of fruiting orange trees, already odorous with thronging buds, we followed the gently-tilted way in and out under balsamic boughs of pine, cedar, pepper and eucalypti, whose emerald tints were sublimated and enriched by roses clustering at their feet, or emulating their ambition to reach the

scented sky, by climbing in delirious abandon from bough to bough. Clustering round a fountain—its masonry hidden by trailing myrtle, smilax, and blue-eyed periwinkle—were throngs of white lilies lifting faces of spotless purity to the spray. And throned on a vase of lilies in the center, that ostentatious bird of the Orient showily flaunted his three-eyed plumage in our unaccustomed faces.

On our right, glimpsing through interspaces of interwoven foliage, was Lake Vineyard; and darting from tree to tree with a flash of white wings, whistling derisively in hilarious braggadocio, that truly American bird, the mocker, seemed to be here, there, and everywhere at once. Swinging round the fairy fountain we came in view of El Molino from the south; glorified on each side the driveway by an oleander, gorgeous in fullness of bloom and perfume—a veritable breath from the Alhambra of Spain, their leafage still whispering of the dark-eyed, rich-cheeked maids of Andalusia. The modern wooden door and trellis were half-hidden by masses of *passiflora cærulea*, starred with its emblematic flowers, clambering all over the front, and gracefully vaulting to the roof.

On the east side, projecting from an arch in the second story, was a small wooden balcony festooned with drifting sprays of roses of every hue—no niggardly handfuls, but a generous abundance, and all growing from the same sturdy stem, twenty-three inches in circumference, on which they were grafted. Below it a spring mirrored other groups of lilies, like Sisters of Charity bending above the sacred font.

If anyone, however blasé, will pass the ghost-beleaguered hour of midnight under the stars that look down on the silence of the ruin, while Luna “drives together the airy crowd” of bygone years, I will promise him an experience as novel as it is eldritch and awesome.

Gray-hooded monks thridding their ways with muttered *preces emaces*, are fleetly etched on the pale moon; and low murmurings mingle with rising winds that die away in multitudinous sighs amid the sentinel pines. Invisible garments rustle, and stray whisperings half affright the ear sensitive to even the stir of the faint-footed mouse in the wainscot. Swarms of musky bats cut the moonlight, or hang motionless under the moldering eaves.

“O’er all there hung the shadow of a fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
That said as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is haunted.”

The present owner is not greatly “given to the melting mood;” so the old mill has leaped the chasm of fifty years of romance, and now serves as a “bunk-house” for the workmen of the rancho—



“Imperious Cæsar dead and turned to clay.”



• THE GRAND VERANDA.

BY CHAS. F. LUMMIS.



THAT we can keep a straight face when we go outside our own houses and look back at what we are pleased to term "porches," speaks either well for our self-control or ill for our vaunted American sense of humor. Such stingy, snippy, inconsequent, incompetent apologies for a usefulness outgrown! *Those* are not porches—they are merely reminders that the porch was borrowed by England from countries where it means something; and that it has come on down to this day and to our corner of the imitative footstool, as brilliant a testimonial to our inner thoughtfulness as the sword-button still on the back of our coats or the nick without which no man dare wear his lapel. If man progressed by no swifter strides in other directions than in his function of home-maker, we should still be homesteading in our ancestral caves; letterless, breech-

clouted and lighted to bed by the sole stars.

The porch—as we fetched it from northern Europe to America, and later from our Eastern States to God's country—is as purely a superstition as the sword-button. It records—in very much the fashion of a geologic stratum—the fact that Saxons once strayed into a livable country, saw a portico and brought home the shadow if not the substance of it. Naturally, in their bleak clime, it could not be much used; therefore it went into mere ornament; and the characteristic march of devolution—which works in architecture precisely as it has worked in five-toed horses—presently dwarfed it to a "stoop." What was learned as an out-door lounging-place came to be remembered merely as a shelter to keep the householder dry while he should exalt his umbrella to sally into the storm.

We have, it is true, done a little better out here in Southern California. It is possibly safe to say that on the average our porches here are twice as spacious as we respectively had "back East." Even more; there are comparatively few houses here choked off with mere "stoops." The majority have what are by courtesy called porches or piazzas—several times as long as the traditional "stoop," if not much wider. On some of them there is even room to swing a hammock—lengthwise.

Now there may be architects who shall persuade us that a piazza six or eight feet wide is good manners; but it most certainly is not good morals, in any country which God made to be sat out in. It is a flat slap in the face of providence; as imbecile a superstition as that other brilliant device of a window frame without any window in it—and far more pernicious, for people nowadays merely laugh at the one, and they have not all learned to smile at the other, because it is so much more deceptive a counterfeit.

Now whatever you may prefer to call that original invention of



Collier, Eng.

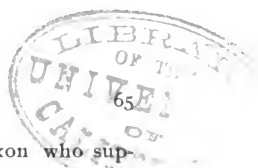
A PUEBLO INDIAN PORTAL.

sunny climes—whether piazza, from Italy, or veranda (or portico) from Spain—pray do not walk away with the notion that it was invented merely to enable the architect to tack on an extra \$200 to his bill. That is about all we get out of it, for we are easier meat to the contractor than he found when folk took more time to live and less to play social packbeast; but the veranda is not his. It belongs to some man—of whose very name, nation and date on the dial of time we are ignorant—that took more thought to add a cubit to his comfort than to his costliness. He was not a full-dress gentleman, nor probably even a scholar. It is highly reasonable to infer that he was lax in his grammar and had not yet got past an unconventional garb for the which he was much more indebted to the flaying-knife than to the tailor. But at any rate, what few brains he had were not boxed and stored in some aboriginal McAllister's warehouse. Probably he was a Moor—and a very superstitious one, for his invention runs a long way back—but he knew enough not to need any setter-of-the-pace to tell him when it rained. He did not chase someone to ask if he might turn up his G-string or turn down his calling-card. He wanted to be comfortable even if the incompetent next door preferred discomfort. This is a general trade-mark, indeed, of unprogressive races. The very Indians of our New World—or of so much of it as makes such things climatically possible—know enough to make “a porch as is a porch.”

A piazza less than ten feet wide is an abortion—simply because it is incompetent to perform the functions of a piazza. It ought to be at least twelve feet wide, and fourteen is still better. In a country like this Southwest, where a “porch” can really be something more than a “contractor's extra,” it is meant to be an out-door hall.

As in very many other things which pertain to home comfort, the Spanish-American is in this some thousand years and a whole multi-

THE GRAND VERANDA.



plication-table more civilized than the self-respected Saxon who supplants and looks down upon him. His *portal*—as the veranda is chiefly called in Spanish-America—is invariably a thing of beauty and of sense. It is put where it can be used; and it is meant to be used; and it is used. That it is incidentally an architectural nobility does not alter the fact—indeed Ruskin might claim was based on the fact—that its prime object is comfort. How comfortable it is, never can be guessed by those who have never sighed with very pleasure in its gracious, spacious, airy coolness.

If anyone cares to take a little primary lesson in the gentle art of living, one should go first on a warm summer day and try to fancy that one is happy on the porch of the average redwood box of those we are building here; and then go sit or lounge in a real *portal*—like that of the old de la Guerra homestead in Santa Barbara, for instance.

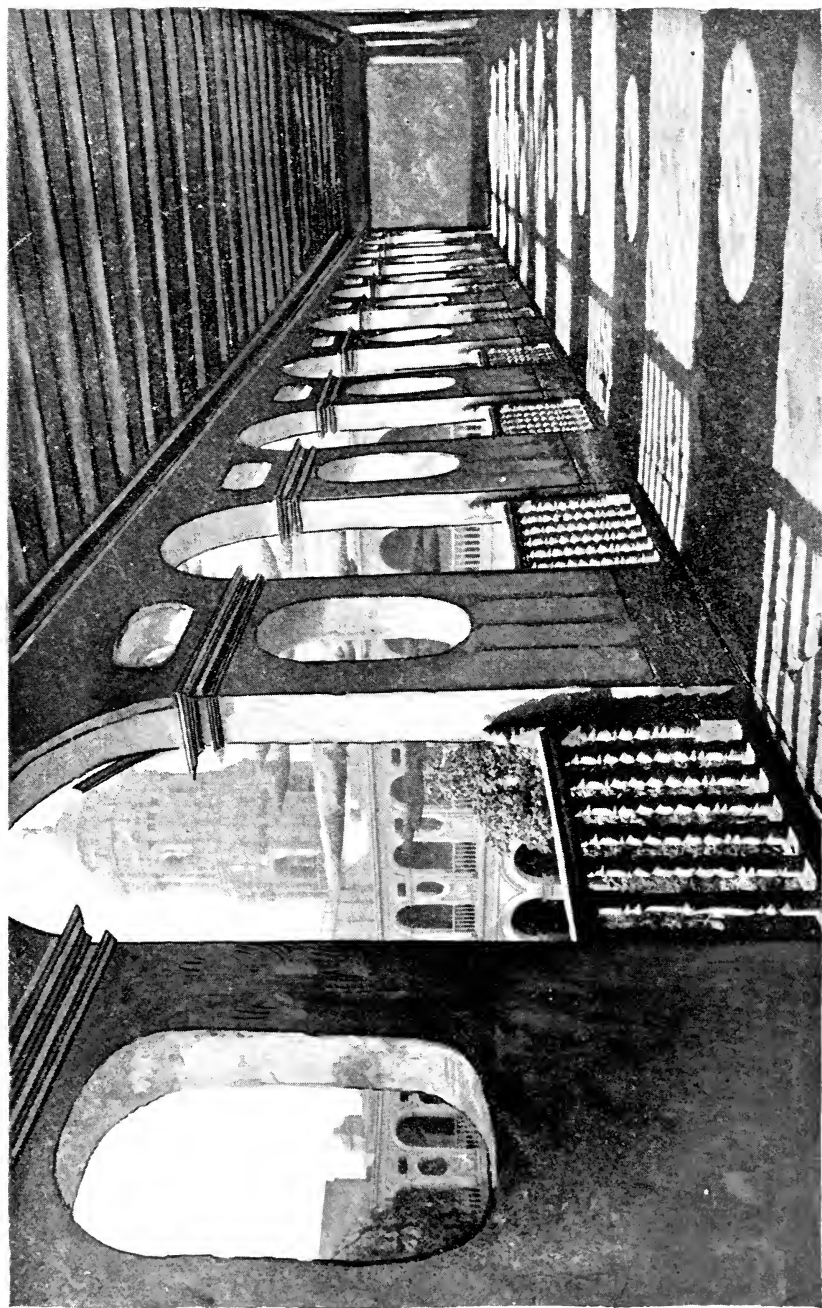
The verandas of the unmitigated tropics are not generally ideal, for easily comprehensible reasons; and narrow *balcones* of two stories take their place. In Mexico and Central America are some fine ones, however; and in Peru—a country many times nearer the equator than Southern California, but by reason of its sea-current much like this in climate, though not so good—are probably the noblest *portales* in the New World. The convent of Santo Domingo in Lima (where I have had the privilege of making the only photographs ever taken inside that venerable pile) has thousands of feet, around its patios, of ideal *portales*. On the ground floor, they are in Roman arches and walled with magnificent encaustic tiles of 290 years ago; in the second story the arches are Moresque, and opener to the light. Anyone who can look at the *portal* of Santo Domingo pictured on page 66



Herve Friend, Eng.

Photo. by Fletcher.

PORTAL OF THE DE LA GUERRA ADOBE, SANTA BARBARA.




(and another and no less charming one, from the central patio of the same building was shown in the June number) without wishing for a chair or a hammock in "the likes of it," is—well, is legitimate food for the contractor.

It is also a charming fashion in those Spanish-American cities to surround two or three sides of the *plaza mayor* or public square with *portales*, just as if it were a giant patio. One who has walked them will never forget the cool, marble-paved street-corridors of Lima, or those of Arequipa or Guayaquil or Guatemala. Even the old *palacio* of Santa Fé, N. M., has this saving grace; and its uneven but hospitable grand-veranda endears it above many a building of five hundred times its cost.

Even a *portal* should be built not only with generosity but with as much brains as the owner has to spare. In actual dividends of comfort it is, in this blest country, worth half the total value of the house; but it should not be permitted to cripple the rest. In this sunniest land in the civilized world we cannot get along without the sun. People who do not care can face to China if they prefer; but any other sort of a house will face the south. On a south front the veranda must be careful not to shut out the light from the inner rooms. The noble Roman arches are too massive and shadowy for that place; even the rectangular American porch is better there. And the high, light, graceful Alhambrian arch is best of all. When home-making comes to be half as scientific as sausage-making has become, houses generally will be built in the one possible shape which allows every room to have out-doors on both sides—namely, round about a patio. In such a plan the Roman arch can wisely be used inside—and there is no other home-architecture in all the world so gloriously comfortable if it be restrained from too much interference with the light. An ideal combination is the Moorish pattern for the front veranda, and the Roman for the verandas on the inner court.

OUR GAME FISHES.

BY CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER.

 WING to a peculiarity of the coast line of Los Angeles county, good smooth-water fishing is confined mainly to the off-shore islands of San Clemente and Santa Catalina, that, like great krakens, are the ocean vanguards of the land of the afternoon. From early times these have been famous fishing-grounds. The hooks taken from the island graves tell the story of prehistoric fishermen. Florida has its tarpon, Canada its salmon, but Southern California has a number of game fishes that in time will be equally famous. In the winter and summer the giant black sea-bass (*Stereolepis gigas*), ranging up to 600 pounds, the white fish and others can be caught; but in early spring there comes in from the unknown a horde of gamy fish—the yellowtail, from ten to sixty pounds; the sea-bass, from ten to seventy; the albi-

core, king of sulkers; the tuna, from fifty to 1000 pounds; the barracuda, ten or twelve; while the rock-bass of four to seven pounds is ever present. Throughout the long summer these fish—except the barracuda—fairly swarm, affording sport with a light rod and fine tackle equal to that found in any salmon river.

Any tyro can pull in a sea-bass with a rope or blow it up with dynamite, but the approved method today is to give the game a chance for its life and try conclusions with it with an 18-strand line and a light rod, eight to sixteen ounces. With such an equipment you row along the rocky shores of the island, looking down into the water fifty or sixty feet. You see the forest of kelp, the dark unfathomed caves, and are lost in the beauty of it all—when a shriek from your reel sounds the alarm. Away goes the line in twenty-foot sections, torn off in savage jerks; and the grand rush of two hundred feet of line is made before you touch the brake—a magnificent burst of speed that makes the slender rod bend while the light line cuts the water and vibrates like the string of some musical instrument. Now the fish turns and comes in like an arrow, and you reel for your life. Now he is away again, the line hissing, the steel throat of the reel screaming in high staccato notes. Now you turn him; then he turns you; is up near the surface, running like a shadow; then down two hundred feet, sulking like a salmon. What strength, what reserve force, what fertility in tricks—all designed to take you unaware and break the magic thread that would not stand one fair jerk! He is the king of fighters; but finally, when you are trembling with weariness and ready to surrender, he comes in—a glorious mass of color; gold, iridescent, blue and silver, flashing in the sunlight, even now tossing his yellow tail in defiance as the gaff lifts him before your admiring eyes and lands him in the boat as forty or more pounds of additional ballast.

There is a difference in individuals, but such a yellowtail fought me twenty-five minutes; while another, weighing sixty-two pounds, struggled with a fair fisherman and a light rod for two hours in the harbor of Avalon, towing the boat almost across the bay in its efforts to escape.

The yellowtail, amber fish or white salmon, is the *Seriola dorsalis* of science, and attains a length of five feet and a weight of seventy pounds. It is closely allied to the little pilot-fish *Naucrates*, and to one of the gamiest fish I have caught in the Gulf of Mexico—a yellowtail that is rarely found over eight pounds in weight, a dainty creature with soft eyes and rich tints.

Your next catch as you round the bend of the island near Church Rock may be the sea-bass. He strikes the bait in a desperate run, and the reel hoarsely protests as the line goes out in fierce jerks. Sometimes he does not stop. I have had 350 feet carried off, and half the rod, before I could recover; but this is rare. The first rush of the fish will often take 150 or 200 feet, and when his mad surprise is over the brake stops him and then it is human skill against that of a cunning fish. I have been told that the sea-bass is not so good a fighter as the yellowtail, and this may be true; but in the large specimens taken I have found worthy

foemen; and after nearly half an hour, reeling, fighting, lifting the sulker, have almost confessed myself beaten before I saw the fish. He is an adept in tricks, a sea lawyer. One moment he comes at you like a shot, and you despair of reeling in the line; then he will turn, hoping to take you unaware, and dart straight away, carrying the tip of your rod deep into the blue water. He tows the boat round and round, keeping the boatman busy. Now he is two hundred or more feet down, seeking kelp or weed as an ally; then he splashes in the sunlight at the surface; but finally he is reeled in, a blaze of golden bronze that hurls back the rays of the sun and at once dazzles and delights you. Up he comes on the gaff, and your man braces back proudly to show the four or five feet of activity that later tip the scales at perhaps sixty pounds.

The sea-bass represents one of the gamiest fish of the East—the weak-



fish, and is known as *Cynoncion nobile*, a regal fellow surely. The schools of these fish and yellowtail seen about Santa Catalina defy description. I have rowed through acres of them, the big fish dividing and passing around the boat, the color of the ocean being changed by their vast numbers.

Along shore an eight or ten pound barracuda on an 8-ounce split bamboo is not to be despised; while several varieties of rock bass, ranging up to six and even ten pounds, on the south shore, are keen fighters, a fair substitute for the black bass of the East.

The white-fish (*Caulolatilus princeps*) is another gamy catch; and what shall we say to the black sea-bass that averages 300 pounds and ranges up to 600? In Florida the capture of a hundred-pound tarpon is considered heroic; but at Santa Catalina I have seen a 138-pound black sea-bass taken on a tarpon rod in a battle of two hours and a half.

In this limited space our marine fishes can be but touched upon. If properly caught with light tackle they afford sport which should add a new attraction to Southern California and divert some of the anglers of the famous Eastern clubs to this region where piscatorial worlds unconquered await them.

Pasadena, Cal.

THE ROSES OF SANTA BARBARA.

BY JULIETTE ESTELLE MATHIS.



Southern California is the home of the rose, so may Santa Barbara and environments justly be called the rose's heaven, as here the queen of flowers finds a glorious immortality. None ever die a natural death; they blow on and grow on forever. The sun does not scorch nor the frost freeze them; and when day disappears the very skies reflect the roses on Santa Barbara's beautiful breast. From mountain to beach she is one great rose-garden. Her cañons are all ablaze with pink thickets of the wild bloom. Her parterres and enclosures are gorgeous with the countless tints of high-bred beauties, whose variety is infinite and whose name legion. Second-story windows are framed in these cups of color and incense, while cottage roofs are crowned with roses whose tireless vines, after reaching the chimney, go clambering down the other side. We have hedges of roses, our lawns are bordered and flower-beds filled with roses. We even make pillows of the petals.

Of the following families there are over two hundred and fifty varieties grown in Santa Barbara county. The ever-blooming trees; hybrids, with but one season of bloom of about three months' duration; Bourbons, always in bloom; Bengal, China, Provence, Japanese, Damask, Scotch, Noisette, Banksia and a hybrid tea, which blooms a little all the year. Some varieties of these families will grow almost anywhere if given only water. After getting started they live without irrigation and bloom profusely after the rains set in. Slips planted in April bloom in July, if well watered. For piazza and window-screens, the La Marque, a large pure white rose; the Cloth of Gold, a rich, creamy yellow, thick and satiny in texture; the Banksias, both white and yellow, with a fragile, fluttering, shaded pink, scentless rose, commonly called the Spanish, but by florists the Mousseline, are the most common.

In our famous Rose Carnivals the white and yellow Banksias and

the pink Duchess are the most used for decorative purposes, as they possess a staying quality quite necessary on those occasions. A dainty, deep cup-shaped rose of an exquisite shade, as delicately perfumed as an apple-blossom is this same Duchess. It is the most ubiquitous of all the cultivated varieties and is found in every garden. It blooms constantly and lavishly, repaying with compound interest any care given it. Although a bush by nature, it reaches the



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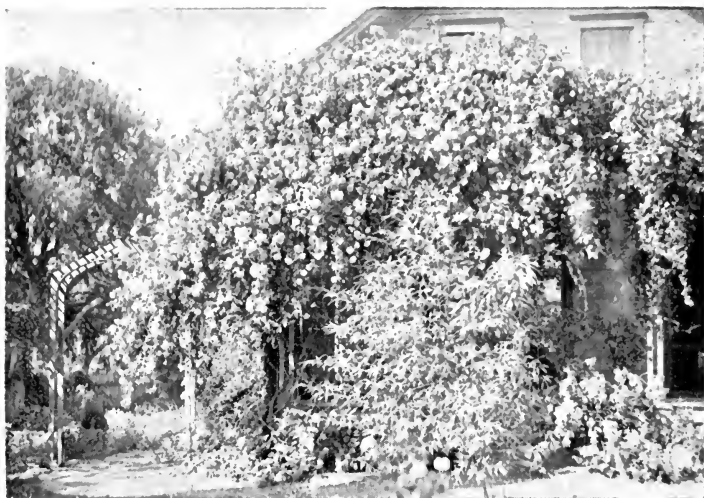
A SANTA BARBARA ROSEBUSH.

Photo. by Reed, Santa Barbara.

roofs of porches if supported and trained. The Beauty of Glazenwood is one of our showiest climbers. Its color (shading from deep pink and yellow out to the merest suggestion of either, all in one flower, and no two alike) make it a marvelous display of radiance.

For personal adornment the Duchess is the favorite, its tinted foliage adding to its charm. La France is the most effective for house decorating, possessing size, color, intense sweetness and durability. Its luscious pink blossoms are often fifteen inches in circumference and sometimes six inches in diameter. Cabbage roses are grown here in profusion and of immense size; they are appropriately christened, but the odor is in favor of the rose, which resembles the old-fashioned blush rose of our grandmothers. Moss-roses are cultivated to a very limited extent. The Marie Von Houte deserves special mention, the outer petals being pink and the inner ones cream white. It is a free bloomer and of heavy, rich texture. The Bride possesses the peculiar quality of masquerading as a white rose under a misty veil of pink, a sort of diaphanous illusion. The Gloria de Rosamonde is the sweetest of the red roses after the Jacqueminot and almost as common as the Duchess. It grows tall and straight, is self-supporting and a redundant bloomer, not very durable, but with petals of crimson velvet that fall widely apart, showing a golden heart when fully blown. In my own garden there is a Jacqueminot standing eight feet and three inches high, with blossoms from four and a half to five inches in breadth. The florist calls it a freak, as four feet is the usual height. The Maria Henrietta, a magnificent peony-red climber, bears blossoms as big as a berry-dish from the first season's slips, and the vine grows with the rankest luxuriance. The White Cherokee is used extensively to drape stone walls, country fences and city verandas. Its glossy foliage enhances its beauty wonderfully. The Papa Gontier is another exceedingly large red rose grown extensively, with blossoms often five inches and over in width. Tea roses are occasionally as large as this, and commonly four inches across. Among the fragrant climbers none are richer in perfume or more satisfactory to the senses than the Maréchal Niel. It grows to the greatest perfection in this favored region and its fruity fragrance seems a flavor more than a perfume, tempting to bite rather than smell. The Gold of Ophir is another yellow climber, more luxuriant of vine and the prize bloomer in size, being often over six inches across, but without fragrance.

Of all the roses, the Castilian carries the banner for the quintessence of sweetness. The ancient gardens of Persia, famed in song and story, held nothing to excel its pink perfection. If you desire a delirium of harmless intoxication, set a vase of them before you and shut out the world. If visions of the dark-eyed daughters of sunny Castile, or the sweet señoritas of Southern California, with witchery



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Photo. by Reed, Santa Barbara.

of glance and gliding grace of movement, do not dance before your enchanted fancy it will be because your imagination is already pledged to some other divinity or you are dead to floral influences.

Santa Barbara, Cal.

AT LONG BEACH.

I love the surf-beat down the shore,
The rhythmic, deep, recurrent roar
That lulls the weary evermore —
The echoing, cadent sea.

I love the tumbling breakers' play,
That leap and clap their hands alway
And laugh their joy as giants may —
The white-lipped, shouting sea.

I love the farther headland's light
That twinkles now, now fades from sight;
A memory in the heart of Night —
Of Night, that loves the sea.

I love the beckoning moon that paves
A path to heaven across its waves,
Of hope to bridge a million graves —
The moonlit, midnight sea.

I love the darkness on the deep;
For so, when I (and all) shall sleep,
That stout heart still its throb will keep —
The grave, eternal sea.

C. F. L.



OUT-OF-DOOR STUDIES.

SIXTH PAPER.

BY ESTELLE THOMSON.

one day I surprised a courtship. An orchard oriole had come up as a suitor, in an elegant orange coat with black trimmings, to enter into matrimonial negotiations; and he conducted his wooing in so resistless a fashion, singing such frequent and impassioned love-songs, that every quill in his little body shook.

His appearance was announced by a mellow call, and he commenced to parade before the female of his choice. She was a modest maiden, and she eyed him in a capricious manner, then flirted saucily and perked her head. The gallant swain wheeled, as if to salute her; but with a piquant toss she evaded him. The ladylove presumably knew that he wished to hurry up affairs; and while he poured a second amorous song straight out from his heart in impetuous crescendo, she plainly had no idea of making a union hastily. Tree life among the pepper-flowers was too sweet to abandon it without deliberation. Her only response was a critical stare. He paused to redress a feather, while she preened coquettishly. Then the hilarious courtier, his courage not a whit abated, began to puff out his plumage and waltz in wild abandon, ruffling his coat until it looked like a little brush, raising his aristocratic crest and anon cooing persuasively. His wings drooped, his tail was full spread; his small form was replete with eloquence. His song was a frenzied gush. How any damsel could resist such ecstatic overtures was a marvel. To all appearances he must have told her, then and there, once for all, that she must settle his fate. The coy sweetheart listened, with head cast down; and as the jubilant strain was finished with a romantic flourish, she suddenly dodged and turned as though making labored preparations to quit his presence—but she did not leave! And finally all was amicably settled, for at the parting glimpse I had of them together they were flying off on what seemed to be a wedding journey toward the orchard; and a few weeks later I am sure it was the same gay cavalier (looking somewhat subdued) whom I met one evening walking with his little son. Then I remembered a beautiful cup-shaped nest on a limb, observed shortly before, where a wee wife sat brooding a span-new egg.

In Pepper Lane many migratory birds pause to rest and replenish their stomachs, on their frequent journeys north and south. Great numbers of the feathered population also seek the pepper-trees solely for a night's lodging. In a single tree of gigantic spread several hundred titmice have for years come regularly at sundown, pouring into the branches and crowding to get bed-chambers. Such babel and calling! Such a fuss to become settled! One can hear it a long ways.





Once a pair of thrashers, probably a newly-wedded twain, came up in velvet coats and spent some time prospecting among the pepper-twigs. I thought they surely were about to set up housekeeping; but although they kept me in suspense for several weeks they eventually laid their new foundations and reared their family in an adjoining evergreen. Comparatively few birds make the pepper-boughs their home, however much they may like them for tarrying places.

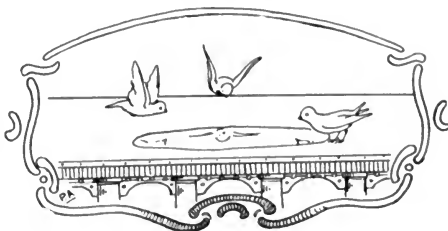
The pretty, spotted meadow lark drops her eggs among fine grasses in little hollows at the lane's edge. As I crossed a footway my steps startled a sitting bird from a tussock, and she flew up swiftly, disclosing four speckled eggs with only the flimsiest portiere of grass and stubble between her and my spying eyes. She lost one treasure by the disclosure; but the balance of her brood came out of their shells and no doubt are helping now to swell the musical performances of the world.

It is singular what telegraphic messages pass here between the blue-birds. Families and clans seem to arrange their arrival and departure by flashing of signals. The blackbirds, too, must have a complete aerial service. The entire ether might be "lined" for them. I look out from my window, and not a jet coat is visible anywhere; in another minute there is a gloss like a black cloud coming in from all quarters—a whirling, chattering mass descending upon the earth.

A mocking-bird sits up on my neighbor's chimney and pours forth such a flood of music that the air rings with melody, not only by day but through the moonlight nights. If all other birds were silent, that music-box in his wonderful throat would suffice to keep life merry.

At the far end of the lane, at certain seasons a diminutive lake bars the way—hardly more than a good sized rainwater pool. Here the birds hold high revel. At an early hour I am awakened by a rush of wings, and cries and calls. The lively fellows are taking a morning plunge, preparatory to duties of the day. At half-past four precisely, by their infallible watch and mine, the first bather dips into the pool. Then follow swift splashings. By six o'clock toilets are made and the birds in great numbers start out on their flights. I can see them against a background of blue eucalyptus trees, spinning through the air. Sometimes they fly straight up into the sky, as if on errands into heaven; or they set out singly, with a parting note; while still others wheel together in vast flocks, with a twittering medley of sounds. When the lake is dry they drink and bathe wherever they find moisture; and many a time I am amused to see finches flocking to the tin roof of my balcony, where fog has left pools which ripple as the sun strikes them, alighting to wash themselves or quench thirst, and fly up quickly as they meet their shadows. The shadow of a bird proves as formidable to a bird as the shadow of a man to a man.

Coronado, Cal.



THE ALMOND.

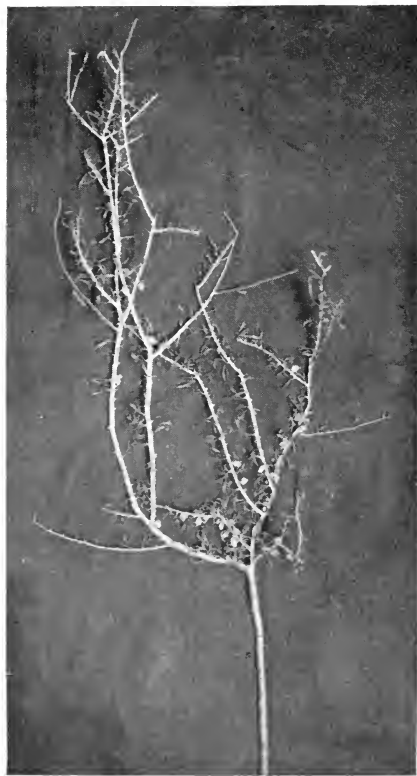
BY HORACE EDWARDS.

THE most precious as well as the most precocious of all nut-bearing trees known to commerce, the one most famous in song and legend and prophecy, from the time of Joseph and his coat of many colors down to the present, the select and dainty nut which refuses to grow anywhere in the United States except in California, is the almond. From the childhood of the race, it seems to have been invested with a certain sanctity; to have been deemed not only the most delicious of nuts, but the one fittest for a symbol of sacred things. Among the "best things of the land" which Jacob sent by his sons to Egypt were almonds. The golden candlestick of the Most Holy Place was wrought in form of the stem and singularly beautiful blossom of the almond. In the Tabernacle of Witness the divine favor was shown by causing that the rod of Aaron "budded, blossomed and yielded almonds."

Whether it be from the scriptural tradition, or from the poet's standpoint of beauty—for an almond tree in bloom is exquisitely lovely—or merely from the unquestioned fact of its daintier appearance and more delicate taste, the almond is today not only the highest priced but the most in demand of all nuts in the world's markets. In 1889-90 the United States imported \$813,278 worth of almonds, and \$800,367 worth of all other nuts. This is a startling comparison, particularly when we remember that these almonds cost (duty paid) 20½ cents, and other nuts an average of less than 9 cents.

The almond is evidently a discerning tree. The United States Agricultural Report, 1890, pp. 415 and 417, says: . . . "only mention this nut to state to all experimenters that it is useless to try to grow the almond of commerce this side of the Rocky Mountains, except possibly in New Mexico and Southwestern Texas. This is thoroughly established. . . It is too tender in the North, and does not bear in the South. In California it is an eminent success."

Not everywhere in California, however; for there are only certain localities where the almond attains full perfection. It seems to require freedom from fogs and



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Photo. by Maude.

WILD ALMOND, ANTELOPE VALLEY.

from the trade winds; and an altitude of 1000 to 2500 feet above the sea. It is being most successfully grown in the interior valleys, where all these conditions are most favorable; and these localities are producing the finest nuts in the market—nuts which the most competent judges believe are destined to drive foreign almonds from the American field.

The commercial test is the oil-producing quality of the nut in proportion to its weight (in the shell). The imported Tarragona and Languedoc almonds are used as the basis of measure. Rating these two varieties at 100 per cent., the best California varieties (Nonpareil, I X L, and Ne Plus Ultra) run 140 %. Not only in quality but in appearance, the new varieties propagated in California much surpass the imported varieties, and are much heavier bearers.

Aside from the fact that there is but a very limited area in North America where the almond can be successfully grown, so that its market will be sure and profitable, several other considerations make it a peculiarly desirable crop. It begins to bear at three years old—and some varieties yield three pounds to the tree at that age. It is one of the simplest of all our crops in the management, requiring less expert knowledge than most; it does not have to be harvested on just such a day for fear it will spoil, nor shipped the day it is picked. The grower can gather it at leisure and store it till he is ready to sell—two great advantages over fruit crops.

Webster Treat, an authority on almond culture in California, reports that from 190 five-year-old trees he gathered 3502 pounds of nuts which he sold in Chicago at 22 cents. This is \$316.82 to the acre. At eight years old, the trees will double this crop; and at twelve years multiply it by 4¾. A matter of \$1500 to the acre is rather startling to Eastern agricultural ideas.

The illustrations to this article are from photographs of the wild almond indigenous to the Antelope Valley, and a cultivated variety in the same peculiarly favorable location.



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Photo. by Maude.

ALMOND OF COMMERCE, ANTELOPE VALLEY.

*LA JOLLA.**

BY ROSE HARTWICK THORPE.

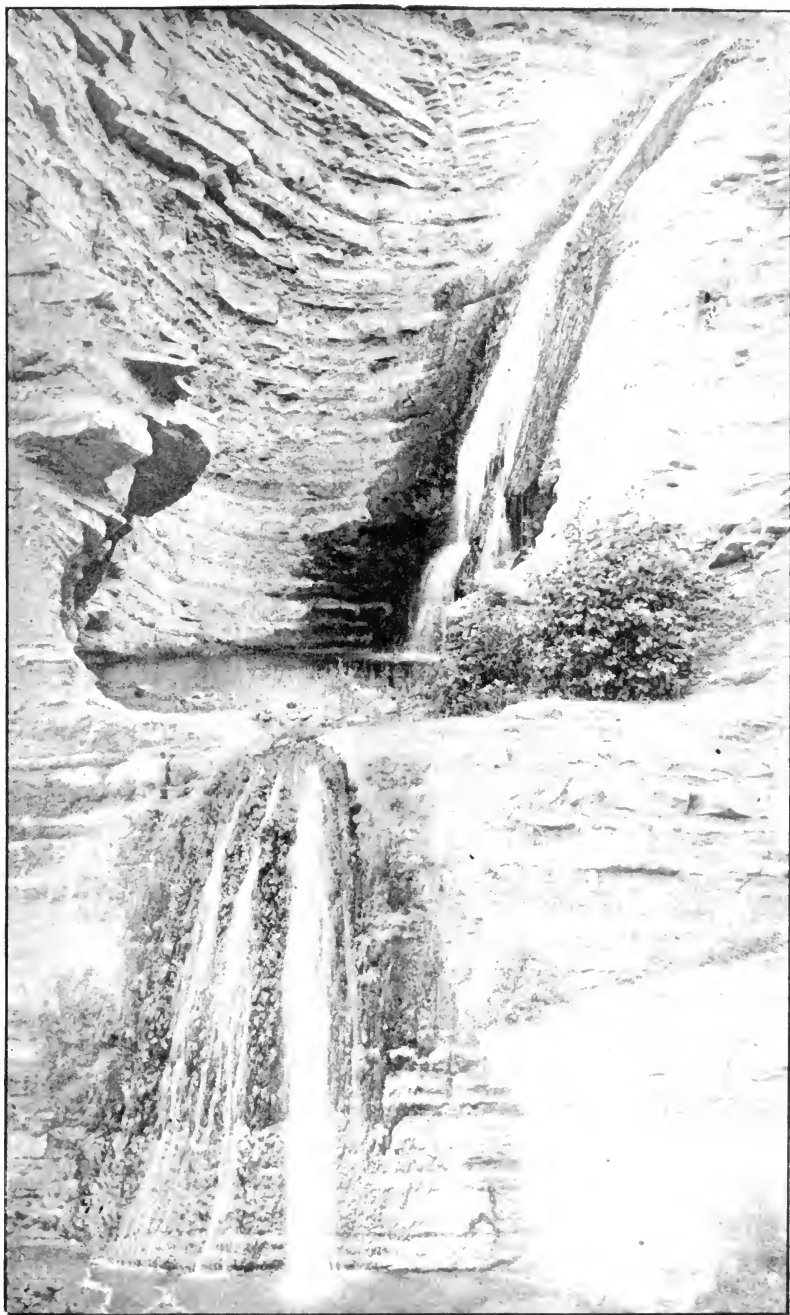
The land's-end here, of rugged mould,
 Fronts grim and grand the tossing sea.
 The rock-strewn ledges, fold on fold,
 Withstand the water's battery.
 The caverns where the waves make moan
 Are spiked with columns carved from stone.
 Those caves, dark-mouthed, mysterious,
 Ingulf the eddying, swirling tide,
 And beat their prey delirious,
 With dash and lash from side to side
 Through corridor and vaulted dome,
 Then hurl it forth in froth and foam.
 Behold this rock's storm-chiseled face :
 His giant arms that sea-ward reach
 To bar its progress. See the grace
 Of yonder crescent-curving beach
 Where bathers sport and children play
 From June to June the year's long day.

* "The Curio of the Sea."—(Charles Dudley Warner.)

PICTURESQUE BYWAYS.

BY R. GARNER CURRAN.

TWENTY miles above the far-famed Ojai valley, Ventura county, is the Matilija cañon ; rugged, rocky and romantic at every turn of the current. The path is narrow, but not straight, and few there are that find it. St. Peter does not have to stand guard at the entrance, and inquire, "Be ye mounted, or be ye on foot?" The last five miles have to be traversed by shank's ponies. You cross and recross the little brook which comes dancing down, whispering of the beauties of its mountain home. The stream is bordered with shady sycamores, alders, and even a few forlorn pine trees, which appear to have fallen from grace, as most of their species are at a higher altitude on the mountain side. You scramble over fallen trees, piles of drift, tangled underbrush, loose boulders, up, up, like a never-ending treadmill ; you are beginning to grow weary. Suddenly, when you least expect it, you find yourself in a natural amphitheater, surrounded with rock walls over a hundred feet in height. At your feet is a beautiful pool of clear mountain water. Before you a double waterfall nearly a hundred feet high. There is nothing of great magnitude to impress you — only the beauty of the scene. It is charming, exhilarating, unique. You can hardly tell how you got there. You were so unprepared. You seem all shut in — with yourself — and God.



CALIFORNIA CHILDREN.

BAYARD TAYLOR'S OPINION.

The June *LAND OF SUNSHINE* in an illustrated article entitled "The Children's Paradise," briefly outlined the heritage of health and happiness which life in this climate means to a child, and what it will mean for the race.

Bayard Taylor, the most famous of American travelers—and certainly not open to suspicion of being a "boomer"—wrote in 1860 these words:

"The children of California are certainly a great improvement upon those not born among us. Nowhere can more rosy specimens of health be found. Strong-limbed, red-blooded, graceful and as full of happy animal life as young fawns, they bid fair to develop into admirable types of manhood and womanhood. To them, loving their native soil with no acquired love, knowing no associations which are not linked with its blue skies and its yellow hills, we must look for its proper inhabitants, who will retain all that is vigorous, earnest and generous in the present race, rejecting all that is coarse and mean. For myself, in breathing an air sweeter than that which first caught the honeyed words of Plato—in looking upon lovelier vales than those of Tempe and Eurotas—in wandering through a land whose sentinel peak of Shasta far overtops the Olympian throne of Jupiter—I could not but feel that nature must be false to her promise, or man is not the splendid creature he once was, if the art, the literature, and philosophy of ancient Greece are not one day rivaled on this last of inhabited shores!"

A DISTINCT GAIN.

ITS promotion to octavo form has given this magazine a great impetus at home and abroad. Its thousands of old friends are pleased at the evidence of prosperity—not many Western yearlings can afford so expensive a dress as this—and all are charmed with the incomparable gain in artistic effect and dignity. The vocal dollars of new friends are making themselves heard from all sides. Even the few who feared for the result of *any* change are now frank to admit that the magazine was right in assuming that Southern California is not so ignorant that it does not know what the proper shape for a monthly is.

The old folio style was wiser and safer for the beginner, but the *LAND OF SUNSHINE* is no longer an experiment. It is now an institution; and the amateur form which was so generously forgiven in its apprenticeship would be no longer pardonable. A newspaper-shaped monthly, no matter how handsome or how bright—and we are led to believe that the *LAND OF SUNSHINE* showed something of both qualities—cannot get rid of the face suspicion that it is ephemeral and an advertising scheme. This magazine was never a fly-by-night nor an advertising dodge; and it is as glad as its readers are that it has risen above a form which discredited its earnestness, its value and its permanency. Today, no man can mistake its face. It is a magazine inside and out; and thereby not only more credit but more value to the land it loves and is here to serve.



It is sometimes useful to remember that the Garden of Eden had no other riches than those which primeval man drew straight from the generous breast of Mother Earth. Adam found no need to put his finger to the buzz-saw of commerce. If Eve had not been bitten with the voice of the serpent, and particularly if she had married less of a cad, there never would have been necessity to remedy the mistakes of the Creator. The first manufacturing came in with the primal curse, when our stark First Parents had to make tracks. And since then we have always had to make something.

We shall never hark back to all the pristine joy of the only thing God ever "saw, and it was good." In our frontal perspiration, more or less, we must still earn our bread—and it doubtless tastes much better now that we teach the Almighty a lesson in refinement and regret that He should ever have so far forgotten Himself as to mention sweat. Therein may lie one reason, by the way; for we can never again grow innocent enough to be naked nor get naked enough to be innocent. But if the Author's first edition is out of print, in the modern Eden, revised, improved and greatly enlarged, there will be enough of the original to take the edge off the curse. Here is where every prospect pleases and man is n't half so vile as he can be where there is any excuse.

One thing makes Southern California unique. Its wealth is intrinsic and not epiphytic. Its future rests upon the guarantee of the Almighty—not upon the activity of earthworms. In some lands a sufficiently determined footpad can make Nature stand and deliver her lean purse, whose contents may suffice to keep him alive until he shall again meet her coming down the lanes of spring; but here there is no need of a "hold-up." All are her children; and the queen-mother dowers them as befits princes and princesses.

Mines we have, and shall have far more (for, as every observer knows, the gold of California has not yet been so much as tithed); manufactures we shall pile upon the head of those we have already; for there are some articles which can and will be made here profitably. Probably no other equal population has today an equal commerce; and in this short decade we have not yet even grazed the skin of our commercial future. Everything, in fact, which makes other communities rich and prosperous we have in some measure—and will have in greater.

But these things are not what will map the future of California. They are not what shall make this the thing that half a century from now will see—a commonwealth unique in the whole world; of people decent,

intelligent, independent in circumstance; loving life and finding it; abolishers of failure; re-inventors of the lost art of content.

In all those other directions we shall still be surpassed by ten thousand other localities. Africa and South America will smile at our gold-mines; Pennsylvania and Russia and Peru at our oilfields; innumerable smoky burghs at our manufactures; a myriad of great centers at our commerce. But there is one peculiarity of this region which will more than balance the account. When all is said and done, California will be the happier home of a happier people than any of them — or all.

Money does not breed, it merely accretes. Wall-street might be shocked and pained to be reminded that it does not constitute wealth; but to the prosperity of the nation, or even of New York, it occupies very much the relation of the flea to the dog. It may somewhat accelerate circulation — chiefly by impelling the dog to scratch it — but it does not make blood. It never created one drop of the circulating medium in its life, and it never will.

The wheat-fields of Dakota, the mines of Pennsylvania, the forests of Michigan — these make blood. So do the very fisheries of Marblehead; and the tatterdemalionest maple-tapper in Vermont stands higher as a unit of value to the land he unpremeditatedly inhabits than all the millionaire mistletoes. This is nothing communistic. The millionaires are as necessary to human nature as the sap-boiler to political economy; but we are so sympathetic snobs as to have lost the true proportions. The one shifts wealth; the other creates it.

Every State in the Union makes blood. So, for that matter, does bran. But a man outwearies his mandible in consuming enough bran to maintain a fair circulation. California bears to the rest very much the relation of porterhouse steak to boiled sole-leather. In pleasure of mastication, in joy of digestion, in swiftness of assimilation and net gain in red corpuscles, the comparison is a fair one. A man may champ enough sole-leather to disconcert starvation; but he might be in better business. In California he will be.

That is the soul of the Golden State — and particularly of its golden-end. It produces the economic blood, which is wealth, as no other civilized or civilizable country can. More of it and faster. And that means far more than we sometimes stop to think. It stands for the Independence of Man, as distinguished from his dependence upon a chance to cut the Other Man's throat.

There is no other country in the world where so small a patch of land will uphold the unit of civilized life — a family. Do not misunderstand this. I know a hundred tropics where ten acres will produce thrice as much as ten acres here — and let it rot on the ground. They have not, and never will have, a market. We have. A family can live on one *anden* in Sicily — but not according to American (even Eastern American) standards of life. Our lexicon is a greedy definer. "A living" means meat for body and mind; it means the beautifying of the home, the education of the children.

In the section which far more than any other has dominated United

States history, whose stern, indomitable virus has "taken" from Maine to California, you may know what the life was of the man and his family whose horizon was 160 acres. We all respect the grim cleanliness of his life; but we cannot forget the pathos of his shoulders, the tragedy of the claws he called hands. Do you so despise the laws of the Universe as to presume that for ten generations you shall hate and fight the physical world which surrounds you and then stand as erect or see as far as if in all that time you had loved Nature and worked her will?

Ten acres here, as logically treated, means more than 300 acres in New England or 200 acres in the very garden of the Middle West. It means in money a livelihood for a family; it means in other things more than a million would buy in the East. Twenty acres, properly administered, means not only that but gradual accumulation of a competence. It means not only comfort and happiness for the present generation; but that you leave to your heirs and assigns forever one sure fence against want, for so long as they shall care to hold it. Gould's millions may be dissipated—and will be, when a bigger flea comes along—but that patch of ground will create every year, so long as it shall remain dirt, enough wealth to support a family in refinement.

If this does not interest you, you may take a sight draft on us for the time you shall have wasted in reading it. It was not written for those who dare not stoop to pick up a new idea for fear of rush of brains to the head.

So the leading daily of the Pacific Coast finds the LAND OF "UNIQUE IN PERIODICAL LITERATURE;" and the verdict seems to accord with the evidence.

This is, so far as known, the only actual "magazine of locality" published anywhere in the world; the only one wholly and consistently devoted to the intellectual and material development of a specific area; the only one which studies from every angle, mental and physical, romantic and historic, legendary, actual and potential, a definite field. To the historian and scientist, such study, consistent, persistent and expert, of any locality whatsoever, cannot fail to be of genuine value; but to the general reader there are few localities which could sustain interest in such treatment. The LAND OF SUNSHINE is so fortunate as to possess the most variedly interesting field in the civilized world, and to have no competitors therein. It has a million square miles, a thousand years of legend, three hundred and fifty years of history, God's own sample-case of physical geography and scenery, the cream of modern intelligence and progress, as a few of the features of the domain that logically belongs to it. That does not threaten imminent danger of monotony. It is the one field which appeals to every side of human nature; which draws as with a magnet the plain man who has no other ambition than to be well and happy and give his wife and babies a chance; to the man whose whole self has run to business acumen, and whose only concern is the harvesting of dollars; to the student and the philosopher; to the poet and the artist and the romancer. It is a little world of its own; so blest and so many-sided a world as we nor our fathers dreamed of before we discovered it.

A MATTER OF
PREFERENCE.

"Dropped dead on the street." In New York, in Boston, in Philadelphia, in Chicago. Apoplexy? Oh, no—merely the season of the year. A couple of weeks before, the genial climate in which 80 % of American enlightenment prefers to dwell had a chill that ruined the fruit crops and damaged the rest. Then on the 3rd of June the summer fashion came in, and christians began to fall along the curbstones. And sunstroke is such a pleasant death to die! It is so fit ending to a well-spent life! The field of glory isn't a marker. Upright aborigine, now, doesn't it make you proud of your intelligence that you elect to live where you are apt to die just because you meet your own weather on the street?

Meantime, we who have graduated to this wild and woolly frontier—where, by the by, are more schoolhouses and more churches per thousand population than in any corner of New England—never see a day too hot to trot around in, nor a night wherein we need less than a warm cover between us and the temper of the air. This one who here feebly voices the mind of quarter of a million has taught his hide under every inclement sky, from the snows of Maine to the altitude-bleakness of Bolivia. He is not over-tender; and yet while New York is sunstriking itself he is daily pattering city pavements and nightlong sleeping under two Navajo blankets and a rug of vicuña fur. That is the difference between wet air and dry air.

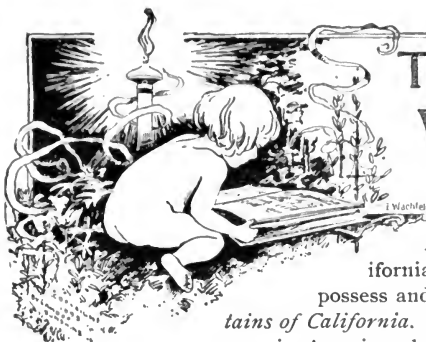
Californians feel sorry for the East in winter, when we are picking oranges and they are freezing their ears, while they are taking pneumonia and we are taking comfort. But in summer this Happy Land, fresh with the breath of the sea, sometimes hot in the sun, always cool in the shade, fairly feels its heartstrings twinge, as if it ought to send missionaries with a club to persuade the sweltering States that summer is not necessarily fatal; that God meant it to be on the contrary a pleasure to those who know enough to go where they can get it "straight."

THIS, THAT AND
T' OTHER.

It is pleasant for so young a magazine to be able to promise for near numbers contributions by John Muir, Joaquin Miller, Flora Haines Loughead, Charles Warren Stoddard, Charles Nordhoff, Ad. F. Bandelier, Charles Howard Shinn, Charles Frederick Holder, T. S. VanDyke, and Charlotte Perkins Stetson, besides the staunch little band of competent writers whose work in these pages has been so widely enjoyed.

Rose Hartwick Thorpe, who contributes a poem to this number, is the author of *Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight*, without which the general march of civilization and the specific gravity of high-school oratory must have "ceased continuing" some time ago. She is now a resident of Pacific Beach, San Diego county.

Mrs. J. C. Davis, of Highlands, a clever contributor to *Puck* and other periodicals, begins in this issue a series of poems, charmingly illustrated by herself. Her verse is full of music and of feeling.



THAT WHICH IS WRITTEN

A BOOK which any educated Californian should be ashamed not to possess and to *know* is John Muir's *Mountains of California*. Except one, there has been no man in American letters by whom to measure our real seer of the sierra; and even so tall a yardstick as Thoreau does not quite reach. Thoreau himself could not have written this noble book. Even in charm of interpretation he was less by so much as the conventional Nature he knew is short of Nature's tallest stature; and in scientific horizon he stands still shorter of Muir.

This is about as much as may be said of any man who turns paper to immortality in direct behalf of Nature; but it will stand true. People everywhere of brains and heart will read this book and love its author; and Californians with an added glow that such a man belongs to one of the few countries about which he could have written such a book. The presswork is De Vinne's own; but such a volume has a right to perfect illustration. The Century Co., N. Y. \$1.50.

AGE BEFORE
BEAUTY

The *Overland*, under Rounseville Wildman — while no longer "the Only Magazine in California," nor in modern times "Edited By Bret Harte" — is firing up in worthy ambition to thaw the indifference with which Coast and East alike have frosted it lo, these many years. We hope it will succeed. To have been a Coast magazine of any sort for twenty-seven years is considerable record; and both the *Overland* and its subscribers have fairly earned by their patience some fruit to the old boughs.

Millicent Shinn edited the magazine with much pluck, tact, skill and modesty, but it has needed cold cash and a spread of "patriotism." Somehow it has never taken hold upon the southern half of the State; and the northern half seems not to have "gone much on magazines." It may be that Mr. Wildman will prove the needed "digger-up." He is young, ambitious and hopeful; and has moved the sanctum out upon the front doorstep to be sure that no passer escapes the editorial eye.

Its phenomenal "plainness" (to use a New England euphemism) has perhaps done more than any other one thing to inhibit the *Overland* as a factor in the gaiety of nations; and its habit of paying contributors in glory and a complimentary copy has not tended to give it the inner grace which often redeems a homely countenance. Let us trust that Mr. Wildman shall find the cosmetics and the hypophosphates to give his mature inamorata a little less reliance in pride of ancestry and a little more hope of posterity. It is pleasant to be able to say that at any

rate the *Overland's* June poster is the best conceived and most effective that has been seen in magazinedom in several moons.

And, by the way. The *Overland* chopping-block bear — which has been headed to the left since the memory of man runneth not to the contrary — is observed suddenly to have taken a right-about face. In May he was still paddling westward, as per tradition. With June he is chasing himself toward the effete East. What mean these symbols? Is Bruin starting back after our own and only Bret? Or does he think to "take a sneak" past the sanctum to the quiet of the back rooms? Or is he merely turning tail at the advent of the California Lion?

It is comforting that in this newest and remotest of American communities there are people sufficiently abreast with modern research to be aware of the greatest historian of Spanish America — and the greatest American historical student. In Southern California is a scholarly and growing band of them that not only recognize the significance of Ad. F. Bandelier, but have patiently followed him through his crowded monographs. No other historian whatever, except the peerless Parkman, ever so logically and heroically piled upon documentary research the saving field-knowledge; and while Parkman stands far foremost in the ability of expression, his physical infirmities fenced him in and his hardships in the field and the scope of his bibliographic exploration were child's play to Bandelier's. A Livingston in devotion to his field, a Humboldt in grasp (and Humboldt's own disciple), a student who has seen more of the countries he studied than any other historian living or dead, a bibliognost whose one peer in the United States went with the death of Dr. Moore of the Lenox library — Bandelier at 52 has little more to ask of fame, except that he be permitted to correlate and carry out to their logical conclusion his published works, and add to them the fruits of his latter labors. Of the class of fame, that is, which the historian values. It will largely come after his death; but it will outlast a few thousand newspaper reputations.

THE GREAT
MYTH-KILLER

His latest book — and the one which probably comes nearest to being "popular" — is *The Gilded Man* (D. Appleton & Co., N. Y., \$1.50). Bandelier was the first to give the world an intelligent account of El Dorado; and that most wondrous of all stories of a Golden Fleece is fully drawn in this volume. Equally important, and even more interesting to western students are the six chapters relating to the Seven Cities of Cibola, and his romantic "find" concerning one of the murderers of La Salle. There are errors of typography due to the author's absence in Peru, — like "Primua Relacion," and the like — but they do not detract from the value of this extraordinary book, which cannot be omitted from any library that pretends to represent American history. It is one more monolith piled upon the grave of the Romantic School of history — that silly closet fable-mill whose race this scientist-scout has dried up forever. It was Lewis H. Morgan, the father of American archæology, who sounded the death-knell of the romancers that call themselves historians; and it is almost quarter of a century since he did it. Since then Parkman and John Fiske (and in less degree Justin

Winsor) have laid their clubs to the tottering giant; but it was reserved for Bandelier's unique knowledge of the field and of documentary evidence to make a definite funeral. His first explorations in South America (where he is still at work) drove the last nail in the coffin of the Romantic School; and here is a sufficient gravestone.

LARKS AND
JAYS.

The latest in the literary firmament is a bird. Namely, *The Lark*, by Bruce Porter and Gelett Burgess, San Francisco. These two young men put out, as nothing *but* a lark, an alleged "No. 1," with no notion of going beyond; but their venture has so possessed the East that there is vociferous call for more—and the larkers have been rather forced to continue, willy-nilly, the rather able take-off on modern *décadent* illiterature. The monthly is printed on fire-cracker paper with delicious abandon. An idea of its build may be had from the tail-piece to this page, which is ensmallled from a full-page "illustration."

The Lark is very funny. But not half so funny as the New York *Tribune*, which takes it in defunct earnest. Maybe the Fijians would kindly worry along on plain rats for awhile, to enable the Bible Societies to concentrate their missionaries upon the American metropolis.

MINOR
NOTES.

The handsomest weekly-shaped monthly now in California is *The Traveler*, San Francisco. Devoted largely to the hotel interests, it is worth while for its fine half-tones and its ambition. It has the folio shape—somewhat larger than that from which the LAND OF SUNSHINE has graduated; and mechanically is the most attractive publication of its class in the country. And it is so far superior, both in looks and in brains, to any of its imitators in the State that comparison would be impossible.

Edgar S. Maclay, whose *History of the United States Navy* is attracting the warm commendation of critics throughout the country, is a son of Rev. R. S. Maclay, sometime dean of the Maclay College at San Fernando.

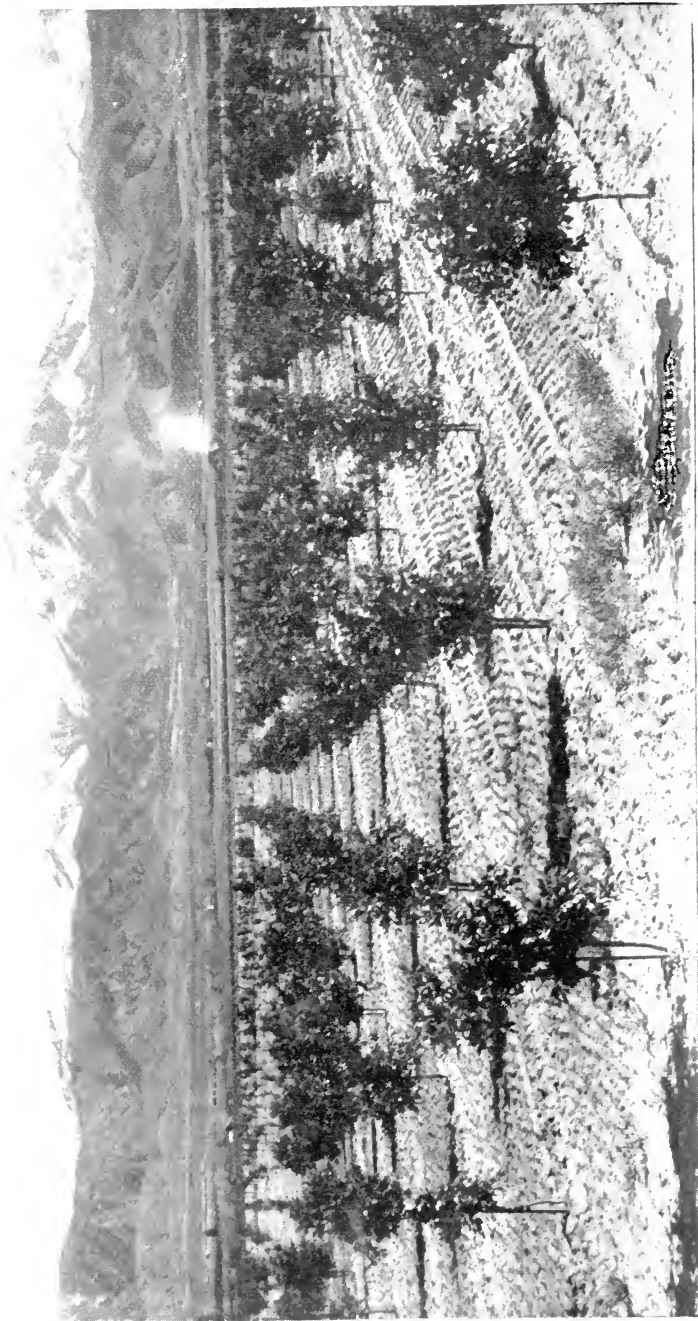
The *May Century* has an interesting and valuable article on the arid lands by Wm. E. Smythe, editor of the *Irrigation Age*.

The *Illustrated American*, New York, published in its issue of May 18 an article, with illustrations, on the Fiesta de Los Angeles.

I NEVER SAW A PURPLE COW I NEVER HOPE TO SEE ONE



BUT I CAN TELL YOU ANYHOW I'D RATHER SEE THAN BE ONE.



Herve Friend, Eng.

"THE HIGHLAND CHIEF"—MT. SAN BERNARDINO.

Photo. by Phillips, San Bernardino.



HIGHLANDS.

THE BUCKLE OF THE CITRUS BELT.

BY WILLIAM MARION.

DURING my first sojourn in the land of sunshine I heard an ancient resident say: "Californy's as spotted as a coach-dog." Had his manner of speech been that of the Hebrew poet, he might have added, "Yea, verily, a land where diversity doth prevail," for diversity is everywhere apparent. The forces of Nature have graven it upon the landscape, and the Author of Life has written it across the earth in the indigenous vegetation.

Southern California is an aggregation of valleys—natural subdivisions—political geography being subservient to topography. The conditions of soil and climate, like the coast of Maine, are regular only in their irregularity.

Altitude and distance from the coast govern the temperature, subject to the configuration of the country across which the ocean breezes must travel. These causes, however, are not wholly competent to mark the confines of the acres adapted to orange and lemon culture. The final question is that of relative elevation, for the climatic differences within each valley are greater, perhaps, than those between any two valleys considered as units.

Following this explanation, an analysis of the location of Highlands will show why it has come to be known as the "buckle of the citrus belt."

The San Bernardino valley is farther from the coast *without an intervening range of mountains* than any other spot in California. This means that here prevails a combination of the advantages of the coast and inland climates peculiarly favorable to the production of citrus fruits. Highlands and Redlands respectively, separated only by the Santa Ana river, occupy the north and south sides of this valley. Neck and neck in the race for prestige, Highlands claims the buckle by one point only—that of presenting a southerly slope to the midwinter sun.

A decade ago it was not clearly understood that this locality was any better adapted to orange-growing than the other foothill sections. The Highlander then apportioned his land to three distinct ventures—citrus fruits, raisins and peaches, or apricots. Survival of the fittest, however is a cardinal law of nature, and today scarcely a raisin vineyard remains; they were simply incidental to the demonstration of the theorem and have been wiped off the board to make room for the orange.

A decade hence the problem, "What to plant?" will have been solved in each climatic segregation of California by the discovery that the conditions there existing are especially suited to the production of certain things. The San Joaquin valley will send forth its raisins, the moist lands wherever situated will be given over to sugar beets, alfalfa and kindred crops; and Highlands will continue to grow oranges.

Five years ago the bulk of the Highland crop—and the crop was not then very bulky—was sold to middlemen who justified themselves in

branding the boxes "Riverside" by the plea that it was necessary to make them sell. At present, however, the product is nearly all packed by the growers themselves, and the Highland label is the best possible assurance of a market.

A few months ago the press chronicled the shipment by the president of Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express of a large number of boxes of Highland oranges to prominent people at home and abroad. Among the number were President Cleveland and ex-Premier Gladstone. Speaking of the matter, Mr. R. T. Blow, the company's representative at San Bernardino, said: "For the past two or three years it has been the custom of our president, Mr. John J. Valentine, to send a small box of choice fruit from Southern California to his numerous friends in different parts of this country and Europe, comprising prominent railroad, steamship and express officials; and heretofore the selection has been



L. A. Eng. Co.

ACROSS THE FOOTHILLS.

Photo. by Flower, San Bernardino.

made from other sections. Believing the Highland oranges to be superior to any others grown in this country or elsewhere, I submitted a sample of them in comparison, with the result that Mr. Valentine, through Mr. William Pridham, Superintendent at Los Angeles, gave the order for Highland fruit. Our first shipment was 175 boxes to different addresses. Another shipment of 99 boxes was made on March 20th. Result, I am daily in receipt of orders and inquiries about the Highland fruit from all parts of the country."

This is competent evidence as to the quality of Highland oranges, and should be marked "Exhibit A 1."

Furthermore, at the Southern California Citrus Fair, held at Los Angeles in March last, the \$50 gold medal for the best box of oranges was awarded to G. W. Prescott, for a box of Washington Navels from his Highland orchard — corresponding to the medal won by E. F. Pierce of East Highlands two years ago. We rest.



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Photo. by Flower, San Bernardino.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA INSANE ASYLUM.

The Highlands are on the small loop of the Southern California Railway's "Kite-shaped" track. From any foothill, one's eye may follow, a dozen times a day, the course of the trains as they leave San Bernardino, threading their way through twenty-seven miles of orchard and meadow; and, returning to San Bernardino, pull out at a Gilpin gait along the main track.

The term Highlands is used collectively, to designate the three contiguous districts known as Highland, East Highlands and West Highlands, their respective post-offices being Messina, East Highlands and



L. A. Eng. Co.

Photo. by Flower, San Bernardino

A COMFORTABLE FARM-HOUSE.

Del Rosa. The total area, which is defined by natural limitations (mountains, river and lowlands), is about 10 square miles. The altitude is 1200 to 1800 feet, and distance from the Pacific about 50 miles.

Water for irrigation is obtained from Twin creek, City creek, Plunge creek, Santa Ana river and Bear Valley reservoir. The supply is abundant and is delivered in cemented ditches.

Last year's orange crop amounted to 125 carloads. That for the season just ended will be over 200.

There is comparatively little unplanted orange land in Highlands. The real-estate broker, with his dulcet and harmonious voice, is not here. The burden of search is on the would-be purchaser of a grove, who does wisely in taking an option at first figures lest the owner on reflection go higher.

Possession of an orange orchard is not necessarily synonymous with immunity from toil, neither with countless riches; for industry and tact have been inevitable to the successful husbandman in all ages and lands. But the man of average ability and ducats, wishing to escape from the ice-bound north and dwell in a realm whose beauties of climate and scenery cannot be pictured, whose fruits and flowers are constantly in season to please the palate and delight the eye, may find in Highlands a home surrounded by all that tends to make life enjoyable — including a comfortable income.

A COUNTRY OF OUTINGS.

I—THE SEASIDE.*

BY AN OUTER.

EVER since Vasco Nuñez de Balboa in 1513 discovered the blue South Sea, which later (and perhaps more appropriately) became the Pacific, the consensus of mankind has ranked it as not only the greatest and the noblest but the most romantic and most amiable ocean. Its colors, its disposition, its very shores, are matchlessly lovable and peerlessly lovely. That sometimes magnificent beast the Atlantic has admirable moods; but its childish fretfulness, its maniac rages, rob it of full dignity. To its vast brother on the west it is as a bellowing mad bull. The giant Pacific is never flurried, never crazy. It knows its power; but its long, mighty roll is eloquent of calm reserve. And to the fair shores that neighbor it, it comes as a tender father, not as a rabid bully.

Southern California, incomparably more than any other country peopled by English-speaking bloods, is the land of outings. Winter and summer we clamber up its tall peaks and souse in its rippling sea. The writer has bathed in the Pacific here on the coldest and hottest days in ten years—in January a swift, exhilarant plunge, in July a long wallow in the glorious breakers. But of course the bulk of outing is done by summer, when the glowing sky invites to the mountains or the coast, and when one is secure that no rain will mar the picnicking.

* To be followed in the August number by an article on the mountain outings.



Herve Friend, Eng.

AT SANTA BARBARA.

Photo by Maude.

The Southern California coast-line of 275 miles is not only as long as from Bar Harbor to Long Branch, but fully as varied. It has all the attractions of all the Eastern watering-places together—except the gambling, the fakirs and the occasionally impossible weather—and many beauties which they can never possess. The summer here is so incomparably pleasanter and more comfortable and safer than summer was ever known anywhere east of the Rockies, that one who for the first time passes that season here half believes himself translated. There are no sunstrokes, no wilting with heat, no sweltering discomfort.

There is a host of seaside resorts in this comfortable summer country; all charming, each with its own special advantages. The person who cannot fit his or her specific taste in resorts must be curiously constituted.

Lovely, quiet, cultured Santa Barbara is northernmost of our chief sea-



Collier, Eng.

VENTURA-BY-THE-SEA

Photo. by Morrill, Ventura.

side gems. The only drawback to it is that the beauty of valley and mountains is so close to that enchanting Channel that it is apt to distract one from undeviating devotion to the beach. A similar division of interest characterizes Ventura-by-the-Sea. Its inland charms are so great that the most determined sea-goer is apt to stray at times. Some of the most exquisite mountain by-ways of all Southern California are hidden in the ranges of Santa Barbara and Ventura.

Santa Monica, the oldest and most populous of our seaside resorts, was noticed and pictured at length in the June number. Every Sunday in summer train after train, loaded to the guards, conveys its crowds from Los Angeles and interior towns to this popular beach; and thousands of lodgers and campers fill the town and dot the shore with their tents. Its social attractions in the season, its bathing, fishing, and other advantages, together with the great convenience of reaching it from the city, conspire to make it the summer rallying-point of many thousands.



SANTA MONICA.

Redondo, one of the comparatively new resorts, but one of the most charming, is already secure in the front rank. It is 17 miles from Los Angeles, and reached by two lines of railroad; and is making a bid for high-class patronage by offering every comfort and refinement to cultured visitors. Its famous baths, its pebble beach and bathing beach, its matchless acres of carnation pinks, its Rebagliati Spanish Quintet—the finest in California—and many other attractions have fixed the “Redondo habit” so firmly on a great many people that they would not think of any other resort.

Thousands also visit Terminal Island and the vicinity of San Pedro—the best shell-gathering point on our whole coast. It is a class by itself, less a great resort than a beautiful beach—but with all needful accessories for a day’s “seasiding.”

The little town of Long Beach, next south, is peculiarly fortunate; and though various circumstances have denied it the rapid growth of some

resorts, it has the inalienable birthright which will insure it a brilliant future. To the writer's knowledge there is not in North America another so noble beach as this seven miles of gently-sloping, firm, white sand. It is the ideal bathing spot. Long Beach is also the home of the Southern California Chautauqua Assembly.

Catalina Island, 30 miles off the coast, is making phenomenal strides in vogue as a place of summer recreation, and in the season becomes populous with campers. The almost incredible clearness of its deep waters, the rugged mountain scenery, the fine wild-goat hunting, the matchless fishing, the superb yachting grounds and still coves for rowing, have brought it up to the front rank of popularity in spite of its distance from "town."



Herve Friend, Eng.

REDONDO.

Photo. by Hill, Pasadena.

Passing the beach resorts of Orange county, which are treated by themselves in a following article, we come to the southerly beaches of the California coast-line, which, while less "run to town," are not a whit behind their northern neighbors in natural advantages.

The village of Oceanside, on its fine bluff, has a delightful beach "downstairs," and must one day be not only a handsome town but a favorite seaside Mecca. So also of Carlsbad and other minor points along the southern coast.

La Jolla (named in blissful ignorance of the Spanish it aimed at, which was *La Joya*) is unique. Its low, abrupt cliffs, fantastically carved and fluted by the patient sea, its weird caves, hollowed by the same tidal action, its limpid waters alive with goldfish—a wonderful natural aquarium—all give it a charming character of its own.

San Diego on its beautiful bay, and Coronado, just across on the enchanted peninsula—with open-sea breakers on one side, bay bathing



Herve Friend. Eng.

LONG BEACH.

Photo. by Maude.

on the other side not two hundred feet away, and magnificent tank-bathing between, and the luxuries of the finest hotel in America to boot — are the last word of our Southern California outings, and in some ways the most delightful. The boating and fishing and bathing are equal to any in the world; and within stone's throw, so to speak, are many other diversions, making a range of amusements which probably no other one resort commands.



BATHING AT OCEANSIDE.



YACHTING OFF CATALINA.

All these resorts are easily reached by rail (except Catalina island, by steamer from San Pedro); all have adequate accommodations for the visitor, and some of them extraordinary artificial attractions, besides the characteristic natural charms of which each has its own.



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AT THE CORONADO.

Photo. by Maude.

THREE ORANGE COUNTY BEACHES.

BY AUGUSTA E. TOWNER.

BY May the school children of Orange county begin wearying papas and mammas with "O dear! how soon can we go to Newport?" For this is *the* place for the school-child's vacation. It is so accessible, safe, roomy, with chance for the rough and tumble of camp life, yet with the conveniences of civilization in sight.

It was after the "boom" that the Newport Wharf and Lumber Company was formed, railroad and wharf built—and Santa Ana gloried in a seaport. Before this there was an apology for one on New Port bay, a narrow body of water winding for miles between low, bare hills to the tule swamps at its head. But the bar was shifty and dangerous, and crossed by only a few small vessels.

Now, with its wharf over 1200 feet long, and railroad connection with the Santa Fé, all kinds of vessels, sail and steam, freight and passenger, plying between Puget Sound and San Diego stop here. Lumber comes in in vast quantities. Grain goes out by carloads, and produce from live stock to eggs; indeed, most of the traffic of the fertile Santa Ana valley is "yo-hoed" in and out here by brawny wharf hands and nimble sailors.

There are two hotels; the largest kept open during "the season," the other all the year. There are dozens of cottages to rent, any amount of



Collier, Eng.

BEACH AND WHARF AT NEWPORT.

tenting room, very many private cottages, restaurants, and a store. During "the season" the baker, butcher, milk man, fruit and vegetable peddler make regular trips. There is good water; also telephone connection with town, and passenger trains two or three times a day.

The bathing facilities are excellent and perfectly safe. There is pleasant boating on the bay. Clams of several varieties are gathered, both on the bay and ocean sides. And then there is fishing. When the fish are biting, the wharf bristles with poles like a giant porcupine. Many a thrifty workingman catches his year's supply of fish here, salting and smoking it himself—halibut, yellow-tail, mackerel and tom-cod. Out a few miles are fishing banks where the professional fishermen work. The industry has grown enormously since the wharf was built. Seining is carried on regularly; and sometimes three tons of fish are shipped at



Collier, Eng.

BATHING AT LAGUNA.

once. The variety of fish caught off the wharf is very great—from the dainty pompano and silvery smelt, to the gamy yellow-tail and that big black pig of the ocean, the "jew fish." Some claim the genuine Bay of Biscay sardine is found here, and prophesy California sardines, packed in California olive oil, as one of the industries of the future.

Laguna and Arch Beach, also popular, are not reached by rail. From El Toro (a station on the Santa Fé line to San Diego) a stage takes passengers over a most picturesque road to both these places—which are within about a mile of each other.

Arch Beach is a most romantic spot; set like an amphitheater amidst hills, its oceanward frontage precipitous, with fanciful arches at base of the cliff, against which the breakers fling high their spray. A curious natural rock-arch gives name to the beach. There is a small hotel, and good water is piped to the cottages. Arch Beach is exceedingly attrac-



Collier, Eng.

THE ARCH, ARCH BEACH.

tive, too, out of season, when wild flowers cover the hills, or winter storms roll in a thunderous surf.

Laguna—18 miles from Santa Ana by carriage, a lovely drive through the Laguna cañon, which is named from the two little lakes therein—is one of the oldest resorts in the county, and most patronized now by "fashionables." The cañon's mouth opens wide and level, with rising land on either side, and cottages scattered all the way to Arch Beach. Families in Riverside, San Bernardino, Los Angeles, and even out of the State, own cottages here, as well as Orange county people. Here society functions alternate with the frolic of the daily "dip." The hotel is comfortable; and there are fine opportunities among rocks and caves to study and collect marine forms.

Some one has said the people who can take inexpensive pleasures in a simple, healthful way are blest; and with such a trio of watering-places Orange county is thrice happy.

TIP TOP COUGH SYRUP

The California Wonder
For all COUGHS and COLDS

If your druggist doesn't keep it, send us 50c. in stamps and we will forward prepaid one bottle. WE WILL GIVE with each bottle so ordered an absolute guarantee to return the money if you are not satisfied with the results.

Price 50c. All Druggists.
Tip Top Medicine Co., San Diego.

2,500

Carloads of Oranges
From Riverside this
Season

Orange Groves Orange Lands

WITH BEST WATER
SUPPLY IN THE STATE

LANDS FOR COLONIZATION

JARVIS & BUSH

WRITE FOR
INFORMATION

Riverside, Cal.

WHEN YOU VISIT
SAN DIEGO
REMEMBER . . .



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Hotel Brewster

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\$2 50 PER DAY
AND UP

American Plan Only. Centrally located. Elevators and fire escapes. Baths, hot and cold water in all suites. Modern conveniences. Fine large sample rooms for commercial travelers.

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ART STAINED GLASS
GRILL WORK
PARQUET FLOORING
MARBLE WORK
GRATES, TILES

Every Mantel Newness and every Mantel Elegance—a stock of which Chicago might be proud—We are going to sell very low—That's the way we expect to get *you* to know *us*—We are willing to show you all about Mantels—If you will only come and look—*That's fair.*

TUTTLE MERCANTILE CO.,
Bradbury Bldg. 308-310 South Broadway.

Please mention that you "saw it in the LAND OF SUNSHINE."

The Land of Sunshine

THE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA
MAGAZINE

Published monthly by
The Land of Sunshine Publishing Co.
501, 502, 503 STIMSON BUILDING
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

F. A. PATTEE, BUSINESS MANAGER

\$1.00 A YEAR. 10 CENTS A COPY.

Entered at the Los Angeles Postoffice as second-class matter.

For advertising rates, etc., address the Business Manager.

All MSS. should be addressed to the Editor. No MSS. preserved unless accompanied by return postage.

Questions Answered.—Specific information about Southern California desired by tourists, health seekers or intending settlers will be furnished free of charge by the LAND OF SUNSHINE. Enclose stamp with letter.

FIGURES TALK.

Those who prefer the unsupported word of irresponsible solicitors—so long as circulation is set high and prices low—to a certified statement of reasonable circulation, with prices corresponding to it and to the custom of all responsible publications of the same class, can only be taught better by experience. Circulation and effectiveness, or the lack of these essentials, soon become as apparent as the rates charged generally indicate. No publication will knowingly render the advertiser service at less than cost, and it stands to reason that 8,000 copies of a high-class publication cost more than 1,300 shoddy imitations of it. The publisher of the 1,300 imitations will undoubtedly talk 15,000, but his rates will invariably certify 1,300—so will results.

A GROWER.

From its inception the LAND OF SUNSHINE has enjoyed a steady and natural growth. Affidavits published from time to time during the past year show an average monthly increase of 700 per month. Not so phenomenal a growth as some Eastern monthlies have enjoyed—after they were well established—but certainly a more rapid growth and larger circulation than any Eastern magazine enjoys in Southern California.



AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY
PUBLISHED BY
F. A. PATTEE & CO.
501, 502, 503 STIMSON BUILDING
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.
Subscription price, \$1.00 per annum in advance.
Single copies, 10 cents.
Entered as second-class matter, Jan. 3, 1895.
Postpaid.

We hereby certify that we have printed, bound, and delivered to F. A. Pattee & Co. seven thousand (7000) copies of the January "Land of Sunshine"

King & Barnes & Munster Co.
By Thomas F. Barneal

State of California }
County of Los Angeles } ss

Subscribed and sworn to before me
this third day of January, 1895



W. H. Parsons
Notary Public and Co.
Los Angeles, State of California

WHAT IT MEANS.

The affidavits reproduced on this page mean:

1st. The largest monthly circulation in the West.

2d. The largest sworn circulation of any kind on the Pacific Coast outside of San Francisco and with the exception of one Los Angeles daily.

3d. With the exception of the latter, the only certified regular circulation in Southern California.

4th. Above all to the advertiser they mean proof positive of the most attractive, the most lasting and therefore the most effective way of reaching those in this section who are of use to him—with the added satisfaction that the character of the publication is such as to impel every local reader to eventually send copies East where they win to Southern California future customers.

June 1st, 1895
We hereby certify that we have printed, bound, and delivered to the Land of Sunshine Publishing Co. eight thousand (8000) copies of the June "Land of Sunshine"

King & Barnes & Munster Co.
By Thomas F. Barneal

Subscribed and sworn to
before me this 12th day of June A.D. 1895

W. H. Parsons
Notary Public
Los Angeles, State of California



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GRIDER & DOW'S



ADAMS STREET TRACT

THE TRACT OF HOMES

Don't fail to see this beautiful tract, the finest in the city, four 80-foot streets, one street 100 feet wide; all the streets graded, graveled, cement walks and curbs; streets sprinkled; shade trees on all streets; lots 50 and 60 feet front; city water piped on all streets; rich sandy loam soil. Tract is fifteen to eighteen feet higher than Grand avenue and Figueroa street. 2 electric cars; 15 minutes' ride to the business center; one block nearer than Adams and Figueroa streets; building clause in each deed, no cheap houses allowed; buy and build your home where you will have all modern improvements and be assured that the class of homes will cause the value to double inside of 12 months; 5000 feet on Adams street. We ask you to see this tract now; if out for a drive, go through this tract; go out Adams street to Central avenue; or take the Central or Maple avenue cars to Adams street, and see the class of improvements; lots offered for sale for a short time for \$200, \$250, \$300 to \$600 on the most favorable terms. Office corner of Central avenue and Adams street. Free carriages from our office at all times.

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Headquarters for Lemon and Orange Groves and Farming Lands.

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HOPE
STRS.LOS ANGELES,
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Select Tourist and Family Hotel. American Plan. All new, with refined appointments. Electric Bells, Incandescent Light and Steam Radiator in every room. Capacity, 200 guests.

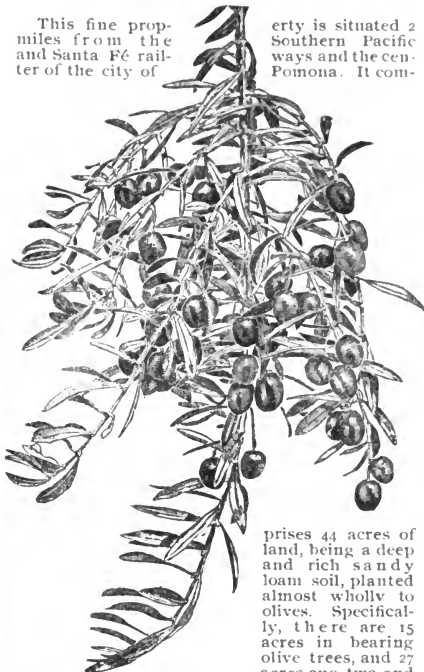
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This fine prop-
miles from the
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ter of the city of

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Southern Pacific
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prises 44 acres of
land, being a deep
and rich sandy
loam soil, planted
almost wholly to
olives. Specifical-
ly, there are 15
acres in bearing
olive trees, and 27
acres one, two and

three years old; two acres in family orchard, comprising all the better varieties of citrus and deciduous fruits and nuts in bearing.

An abundant supply of water for irrigation and domestic purposes is obtained by pumping, the motive being a five horse-power gasoline engine, furnishing a never-failing flow of water.

This fine property, including the fixed improvements, for \$12,000; two-thirds cash, balance on time at 8 per cent net.

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\$10 PER ACRE FOR FINE LANDS \$10
IN THE

FANITA RANCHO

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1669 Acres for - - \$18,000

1420 Acres for - - \$12,000

Smaller Tracts for \$30 to \$80 per acre.

WILL GROW ANYTHING.

This property is twelve miles from the city of San Diego and two miles from Cuyamaca Railroad. It belongs to the estate of Hosmer P. McKoon, and will be sold at the appraised value.

For further information address

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Santee, San Diego Co., Cal.

Please mention that you "saw" in the LAND OF SUNSHINE."

ITEMS OF INTEREST.



Photo. by Tresslar.

Collier, Eng.

THE LAND OF SUNSHINE AT YOUR OWN DOOR
FOR 10 CENTS A COPY.

Beginning with the June issue, the LAND OF SUNSHINE Publishing Company adopted a carrier system of its own by which Los Angeles readers receive their magazines in the best possible condition and time.

The above cut represents its bicycle corps, with Pacific Cycle Co. wheels, loaded and ready for the route. The carriers of this portion of the system are Masters Fay Cole, Frank Hutton, Harry Fish and Reg. Baumar — all bright trustworthy lads, who wear badges of identification.

Current numbers should reach subscribers by the first of every month. Oversights should therefore be promptly reported.

Those desiring to purchase the LAND OF SUNSHINE from month to month at their homes or offices should send their addresses to the publishers, 501-503 Stimson Building, Los Angeles.

A complete illustrated history and hand-book of Catalina Island can now be secured for 25 cents from news dealers or the Wilmington Transportation Co.

Like the Beautiful Vestibule to a Lovely Home.

The LAND OF SUNSHINE with the June number appears in regular magazine form, in beautiful and dainty dress, fully illustrated, and with the fragrant breath of this blossoming Southland all about it. It is distinctively a Southern California magazine, filled with the story of our industrial resources, the rare charms of our climate and "out-of-door studies." It is like the beautiful vestibule to a lovely home, through which you can catch glimpses of all that lies beyond and within. We bespeak a prosperous future for this child of Los Angeles, "The Land of Sunshine."—*Los Angeles Times*.

The coming to Los Angeles of the Tuttle Mercantile Co. during the last month has been an event of more than ordinary commercial importance. They have opened in the Bradbury Building what is beyond a doubt the largest and finest stock of mantels, grates, marble work, and grill work west of Chicago. The store has been fitted up with a lavish hand, making it by far the most magnificent establishment of its kind on the coast. There is no home-builder in Southern California but will find a visit to their store a matter of profit as well as of pleasure.

F. W. King, one of the foremost of Southern Californians in all that pertains to its welfare, left for Honolulu June 24th for a much needed rest.

Visitors who have seen the mountain railways of the world continue to be astonished and delighted by their first trip to Echo Mountain. There are plenty of higher peaks, but there is no other place on earth where one can ride by rail to a mountain-top and see just such a view.

Electropoise

The Modern Oxygen Cure for Disease.

SEND FOR BOOK.

WATSON & CO.,

Pacific Coast Agents,
124 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

The graduating exercises of the Los Angeles Business College took place at the Los Angeles Theatre, Monday evening, June 24. The stage was beautifully and artistically decorated, and the large graduating class arranged on raised seats made a fine and striking appearance. Hon. James McLachlan delivered a stirring address, and the musical part of the program was rendered by such talent as Mr. and Mrs. Modini-Wood, the Rebagliati Quartette and Edwin H. Clark, who all sustained their enviable reputation as artists. The readings by Miss Addie L. Murphy were highly enjoyed by all. The conferring and distribution of diplomas by President Shrader, assisted by two little girls dressed in pink, was pretty and appropriate. The salutatory by Miss Dook, and valedictory by Mr. Casson were brief and full of good thoughts.

In the preparation of the article on the almond in this number, aside from government reports, valuable assistance has been given by Palmer & Chapin and Rev. T. W. Haskins, D. D., experts.

The Pacific Cycle Co., manufacturers of the only wheel made on the Pacific coast. Factory and salesroom, 618-624 S. Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal. Buy a home-made wheel.

L. L. NEWERF—REAL ESTATE.
226 S. Spring. Mngr. Southern California Land and Nursery Co. Special attention invited to the culture of the olive.

Write for information.

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Steamers leave Port Los Angeles and Redondo every four days for Santa Barbara, Port Harford and San Francisco.

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Accommodations first-class in every respect.

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Finest Turnouts. Popular Prices. Reliable Teams. Courteous Drivers. Location the Best.

'Bus to all trains and free to Passengers for the Hotel Petrolia.

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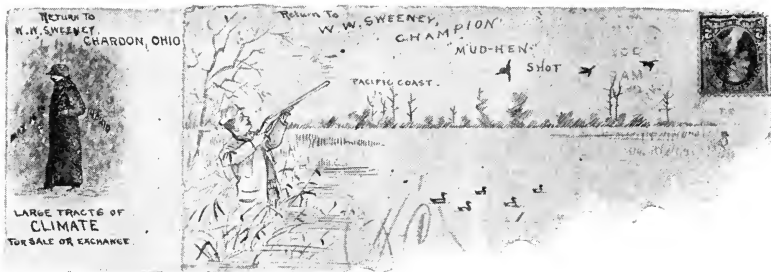
NEUNER

Co.



Printers and Binders to
"LAND OF SUNSHINE" 123 SOUTH BROADWAY

Please mention that you "saw it in the LAND OF SUNSHINE."



Union Eng. Co.

A CONTRAST.

The above representation of two envelopes, addressed to Messrs. Moore & Parsons of Los Angeles, illustrates the climatic experience of an Eastern friend of theirs during the month of May, 1895. In one instance the writer wades, while duck hunting, with comfort through Southern California waters. A week later he pictures his experience on his return to Ohio. At the latter date the press of the country contained such sad head lines as "A quarter of an inch of ice at exposed places in Ohio, Virginia and Pennsylvania;" "Two million dollars damage to New York vineyards;" "Peach and other fruit trees levelled to the ground by the weight of snow, and ground frozen hard enough to bear weight of heavy teams in Wisconsin;" "Killing frosts in Nebraska and West Virginia;" "25 degrees in Allegheny Co., Pa.;" "Snow falling in Minnesota, and grain and small fruits damaged."

Two weeks later readers were startled by the following press dispatches: "Hot winds blowing over portions of Kansas, Missouri and Nebraska, completely de-

stroy crops;" "Water in some localities shut off for all purposes except for fighting fire;" "Sand blown over the corn in Nebraska;" "Withered vegetation in Iowa;" "Suffering from drouth near Bloomington, Ill.;" "Cyclones create havoc in Missouri," etc.; while many cases of sunstroke occurred throughout the East.

During the period covered by these reports California was also having some characteristic weather which Director Barwick of the California Weather Service summarizes as follows:

"The average temperature for Fresno, 72; Independence, 68; Los Angeles, 66; Sacramento, 70; San Francisco, 68; San Luis Obispo, 68, and San Diego, 62. As compared with the normal temperature there was an excess of heat as follows for the Weather Bureau stations named: Fresno, 5 deg.; Los Angeles, 3 deg.; Sacramento, 5 deg.; San Francisco, 8 deg., and San Diego, 12 deg. The total precipitation was nothing; this excess of heat and sunshine with deficiency of moisture has been extremely beneficial to all crops."

MINNEAPOLIS BEACH COLONY

1,500 ACRES LAND WITH WATER

At low prices, on very reasonable terms. Located 35 miles north of San Diego, on Santa Fé R'y. Soil is of the richest, well adapted to fruits and nuts. The fine ocean beach, surf bathing, fishing and sailing, extended views of mountain ranges, make the location unsurpassed.

SILK CULTURE

Offers special employment, in which free instructions are given by an expert.

Address: **MINNEAPOLIS BEACH COLONY CO.,**

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BEYOND DOUBT the most charming Hotel of Southern California is the

Redondo Hotel

OPEN WINTER AND SUMMER

17 Miles from Los Angeles.

16 DAILY TRAINS via Southern California and Redondo Rys. Permanent guests furnished transportation free over either line.

RATES \$2.50 PER DAY AND UP. NO INSIDE ROOMS

Has incandescent lights, gas, hot and cold water, grates and commodious closets in every room. Fine mountain view. Acres of Carnations. Beautiful lawn extending to the ocean. One of the best Hot Salt Water Natatoriums on the coast.

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Cahuenga and Santa Monica Property
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Has Never Missed an Issue. Always Reliable. Subscription \$2 per year, with clubbing arrangements by which home subscribers may get another valuable journal for half publisher's rates: \$1.00 for six months. Local subscribers who pay full price are given lower rates on subscriptions for parties in other States. Sample Copies Free.

CAREFUL ATTENTION TO LOCAL INDUSTRIES.

WASSON & GOODWIN, Proprietors
POMONA, CALIFORNIA

C. F. A. Last



CALIFORNIA WINE MERCHANT

We will ship two sample cases assorted wines (one dozen quarts each) to any part of the United States, FREIGHT PREPAID, upon the receipt of \$9.00. Pints (24 in case), 50 cents per case additional. We will mail full list and prices upon application.

Respectfully,

C. F. A. LAST,

131 N. Main St.,

Los Angeles, Cal.



A PROSPEROUS CITY.

There is probably no section of the United States where business is in a more solid and flourishing condition than it is in Los Angeles to-day. The real estate sales for the past year amounted to \$15,000,000, and most of this property was sold for the purpose of improvement. Buildings have been going up for months past at the rate of five and six a day.

The solid character of the Los Angeles banks was well shown during the recent financial panic, which had such disastrous results in some sections of the country. Only one bank succumbed to the flurry, and this was a bank of minor importance which had been known to be shaky for some time past.

The bank clearances have for a year past shown an improvement almost every week, while the figures from a majority of other cities in the United States have frequently shown a decrease.

Oldest and Largest Bank in Southern California

Farmers and Merchants Bank Of Los Angeles, Cal.

Capital (Paid up)	- - -	\$500,000.00
Surplus and Reserve	- - -	820,000.00
Total	- - -	\$1,320,000.00

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Special Collection Department.
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CHOICE GUARANTEED MORTGAGES for sale. Safe, clean, strong, simple, and in every way extremely desirable and satisfactory. Interest collectible at your own bank the day due.

We offer nothing but what we have invested our own money in and are willing to guarantee. Sent anywhere in the United States, Send for pamphlet.

First National Bank

OF LOS ANGELES.

Capital Stock - - - \$400,000
Surplus and Undivided Profits over - - - 230,000

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No public funds or other preferred deposits received by this bank.

Main Street Savings Bank and Trust Company.

Junction of Main, Spring and Temple Sts.
(Temple Block.)

Capital Stock \$200,000 Surplus and profits \$11,000

Five per cent. interest paid on term deposits.
Money loaned on real estate only.

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Please mention that you "saw it in the LAND OF SUNSHINE."

"Attracting Attention Over the Country."

"Californians will have reason to rejoice if the LAND OF SUNSHINE, edited by that brilliant word painter, Charles F. Lummis, develops into an other "California Magazine," as it promises to do. Under the guidance of such an editor anything is possible, for the man who wrote 'The Land of Poco Tiempo' should be competent to guide to success any descriptive or imaginative magazine in the land. The number for June is profuse in illustrations, equal to the best in the New York magazines, and with such writers as T. S. Van Dyke as contributors, it is no wonder that the LAND OF SUNSHINE is attracting attention over the country."—San Francisco News Letter, June 15.

WHY YOU SHOULD USE OUR GAS STOVES

1st. Because they are much cheaper than coal stoves.

2nd. Because they cost less to keep in repair.

3rd. Because they save enormously in "time and temper," require no attention and can be lighted and extinguished in a minute.

4th. Because they make neither dirt, smoke nor ashes.

5th. Because they take up very little space, and for this reason are especially desirable for those who have small kitchens or who reside in flats.

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Agents wanted in every town in Southern California, Arizona and New Mexico.

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Almonds! Olives! Prunes!

Would you like an Almond, Prune or Olive Orchard in California? I make a business of selling lands for the special production of the above, cheap, on long time, and will plant and care for same until in bearing, if desired. For full particulars address

R. C. SHAW, Colonization Agent,
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Burdick Block, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

\$1.25 Per Acre



\$1.25 Per Acre

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THIS IS
THE LAND OF SUNSHINE.

Not only is this so, but it is a land of great promise, where you may secure a home on the most favorable terms now offered in the United States.

Choice Government Lands at

\$1.25 per Acre.

25 cents cash, balance 25 years at 6 per cent per annum. No requirements as to improving or living upon the land. For climate, healthfulness and fertility of soil it is unsurpassed; where you can raise nearly anything grown in America, north or south.

We also have choice improved farms and fruit lands near Los Angeles, at \$30.00 and upward per acre. Southern California property to exchange for Eastern property. For information and printed matter address **LOY & HURIN**, 338 South Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.



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GRILL ROOM
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Finest Cuisine. Service Unexcelled.



M. L. POLASKI CO. (Inc.) Proprietors

215 S. SPRING STREET
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

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CONDENSED INFORMATION.

UNIQUE SECTION



The section generally known as Southern California comprises the seven counties of Los Angeles, San Bernardino,

Orange, Riverside, San Diego, Ventura and Santa Barbara. The total area of these counties is 44,901 square miles. The coast line extends northwest and southeast a distance of about 275 miles.

The population in 1890 was 201,352.

LOS ANGELES, the leading county of Southern California, has an area of about 4,000 square miles, some four-fifths of which is capable of cultivation, with water supplied. The shore line is about 85 miles in length. The population increased from 33,881 in 1880 to 101,454 in 1890. Horticulture is the principal industry. There are over 1,500,000 fruit trees growing in the county. Los Angeles city, the commercial metropolis of Southern California, 15 miles from the coast, has a population to-day of about 85,000. Eleven railroads center here. There are about 100 miles of graded and graveled streets, and 11 miles of paved streets. The city is entirely lighted by electricity. There is a \$500,000 court house, a \$200,000 city hall, and many great and costly business blocks.

The other principal cities are Pasadena, Pomona, Whittier, Azusa, Downey, Santa Monica, Redondo and San Pedro.

SAN BERNARDINO COUNTY is the largest county in the State, is rich in minerals, has fertile valleys, and considerable desert, much of which can be reclaimed with water from the mountains. Population about 30,000. The county is traversed by two railroads. Fine oranges and other fruits are raised.

San Bernardino city, the county seat, is a railroad center, with about 8,000 people. The other principal places are Redlands, Ontario, Colton and Chino.

ORANGE COUNTY was segregated from Los Angeles county in 1889. Area 671 square miles; population, in 1890, 13,589. Much fruit and grain are raised. Most of the land is arable, and there is a good supply of water.

Santa Ana, the county seat, is an attractive place, with a population of 5,000. Other cities are Orange, Tustin, Anaheim and Fullerton.

RIVERSIDE COUNTY was created in 1893 from portions of San Bernardino and San Diego counties. Area 7,000 square miles; population about 14,000. It is an inland county.

Riverside, the county seat, is noted for its extensive orange groves and beautiful homes.

Other places are South Riverside, Perris and San Jacinto.

SAN DIEGO COUNTY is a large county, the most southerly in the State, adjoining Mexico. Population about 40,000. The climate of the coast region is remarkably mild and equable. Irrigation is being rapidly extended. Fine lemons are raised near the coast, and all other fruits flourish.

San Diego city, on the bay of that name, is the terminus of the Santa Fé railway system, with a population of about 21,000.

Across the bay is Coronado Beach with its mammoth hotel. Other cities are National City, Escondido, Julian and Oceanside.

VENTURA COUNTY adjoins Los Angeles county on the north. It is very mountainous. There are many profitable petroleum wells. Apricots and other fruits are raised, also many beans. Population in 1870, 10,071.

San Buenaventura, the county seat, is pleasantly situated on the coast. Population 2,500. Other cities are Santa Paula, Hueneme and Fillmore.

SANTA BARBARA is the most northern of the seven counties, with a long shore line. There are many rugged mountains in the interior. Semi-tropic fruits are largely raised, and beans in the northern part of the county.

Santa Barbara, the county seat, is noted for its mild climate and rare vegetation. Population about 6,000. Other cities are Lompoc, Carpinteria and Santa Maria.



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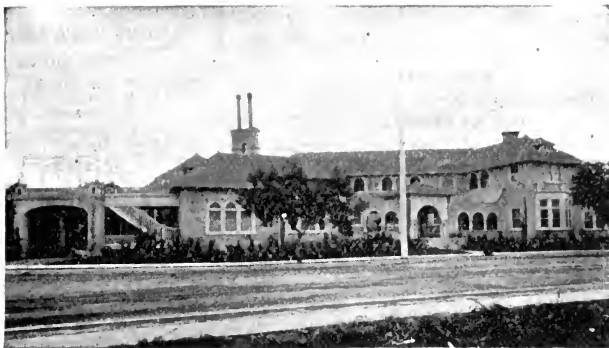
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Hence we say the undertaking of the publishers of the LAND OF SUNSHINE is heroic. Their work thus far has been highly creditable to themselves and to California, and it is to be hoped that their magazine will be a financial success from the start. If it is, it will be a grand thing for this land of sunshine as well as for its publishers. It is worthy of success and should have generous support, for as indicated above the success of a magazine has not been of late so much of a question of the survival of the fittest as the survival of the largest capital.—*Pomona (Cal.) Progress*.

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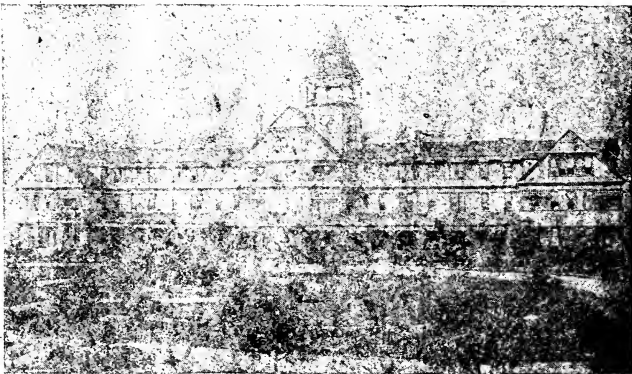
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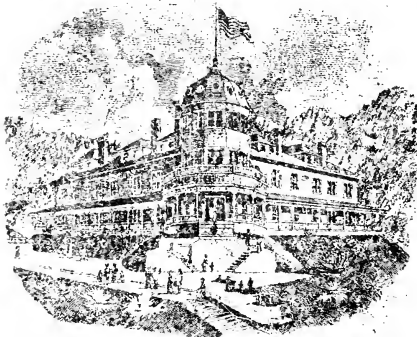
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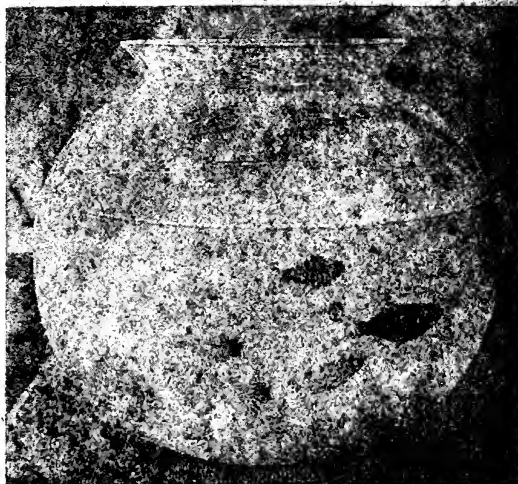
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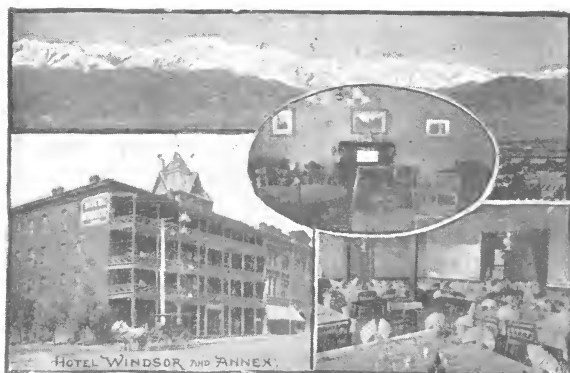


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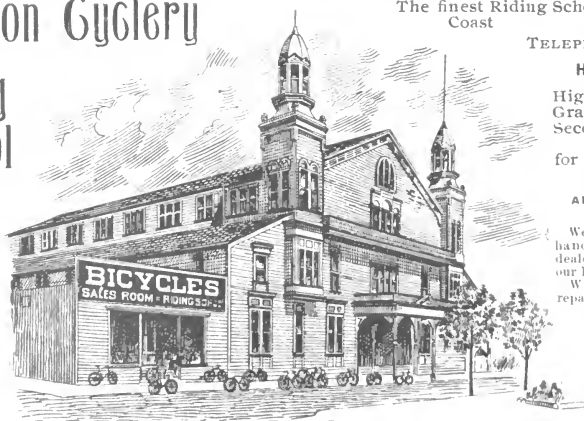
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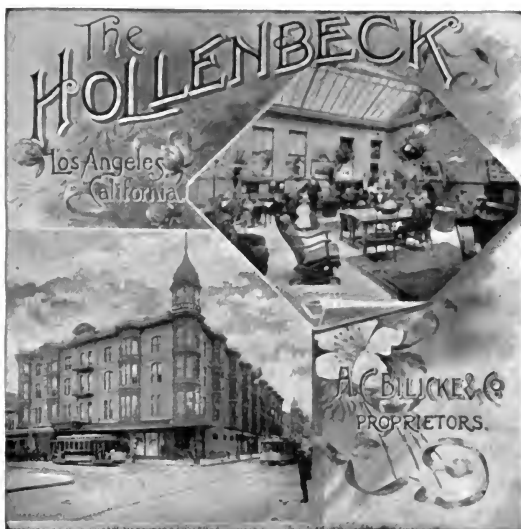
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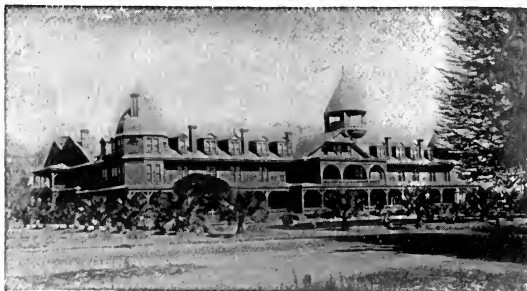
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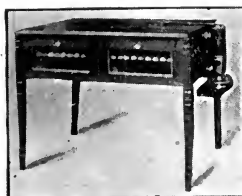
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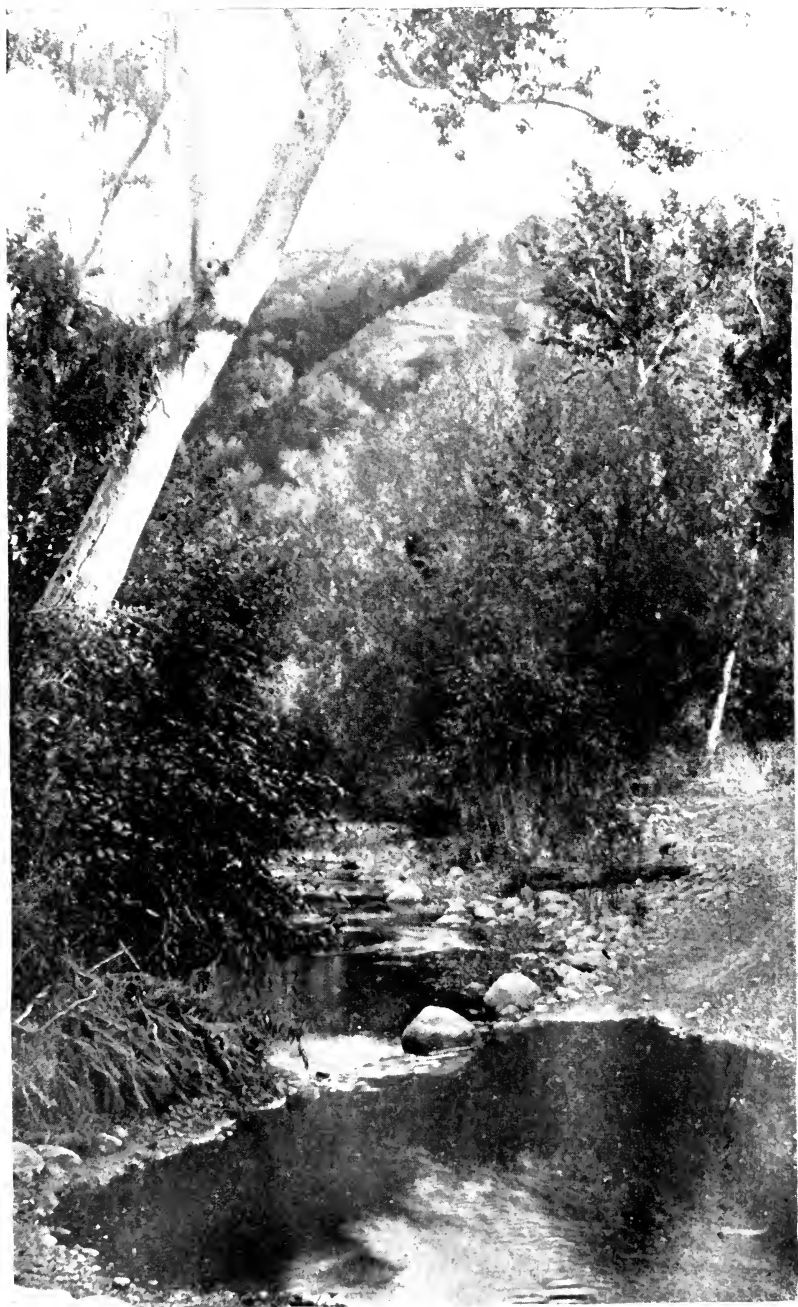


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"THE LANDS OF THE SUN EXPAND THE SOUL."



VOL. 3, No. 3.

LOS ANGELES

AUGUST, 1895

GIVE ME THE DESERT.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

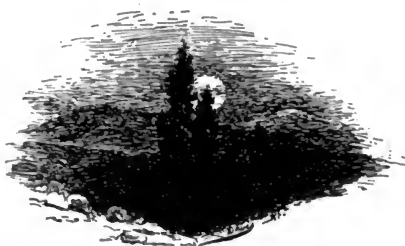
AND oh, the music of this world—
That sweetest music, of mute lips:
White ships with canvas ever furled;
Proud, silent, stately, peopled ships
That wait, wait winds that never come—
Forever breathless, ever dumb!

And oh, the pathos of the path
By hermit hut on mountain chine!
The drama of that hermit hath
Such music as the mountain pine.
But where the master, minstrel where
To strike the hermit's harp of air?

Give me the desert! I should trust
Nor sea nor ship nor mountain chine.
Nude nature, ashen, prone in dust;
So like this bittered life of mine.
Give me the desert, emptied quite
Of all that maketh man's delight.

The desert! dust, bone, stone for me,
And there, companioned but by Him
Behold my faith shall grow a tree
So bright all others shall grow dim;
So tall no serpent eye can sight;
So green no slander tongue can blight.

The Hights, Oakland, June 3, '95.



THE INTERPRETER.

BY CHARLES DWIGHT WILLARD.

"I am all the daughters of my father's house—
And all the brothers, too."

—Twelfth Night.

SCENE: Home place of the Iberrolas, a long, irregular adobe with tile roof partly fallen in. The walls are crumbled and in places show zigzag openings. A broad, roofless veranda runs along the side wing, now the only habitable portion of the house. On this veranda in the shade of the overhanging pepper trees are several rawhide chairs, and a ragged hammock.

Enter Hugh Rodman and John Daniels. They stop before the veranda and look about.

RODMAN: The original Iberrola—whoever he was—certainly understood how to select a good location for his house.

DANIELS: It commands a beautiful view.

RODMAN: Here, on this very spot, I mean to build a residence worthy of my family and name—something in the Mission style, that the form may be in keeping with its environment.

DANIELS: An admirable plan. I hope that nothing may prevent its fulfillment.

RODMAN: You see how the case stands. (*Points with his riding whip.*) My property begins yonder with the olive grove and extends back to the foothills, a magnificent estate—one of the finest in all Southern California—but ruined for my use by the lack of this wretched little piece, half covered with the crumbling adobe.

DANIELS: And you say you have tendered him—

RODMAN: Two or three times its value in money, or ten acres of land with a comfortable house thrown in.

DANIELS: What beastly avarice!

RODMAN: No. Let us do him justice. I believe he is influenced entirely by sentiment. His ancestors were born in this house, and he will not leave it.

DANIELS (*With a glance at the ruins*): It appears to be leaving him pretty fast. Well, the law does not recognize sentiment, and I think we shall have no difficulty in working up a case; that is, if you are determined to proceed.

RODMAN: I mean to be just to the old man. He shall be none the poorer on my account. But this piece of property I must have: if not by fair means—then through the law.

DANIELS: Thank you, kindly.

RODMAN: Today for the last time I will make him and his daughter a reasonable tender. If he refuses, then set your moles at work to burrow under his title.

DANIELS: His daughter?

RODMAN: She acts as interpreter, for he speaks no English.

DANIELS: Then your recent acquirements in the Spanish language—

RODMAN: Would hardly carry me through an interview of such importance. I understand it well enough, but am painfully conscious of my short-comings in speech. The girl should be present in any event, as she is the old man's only surviving relative.

DANIELS: Does she speak good English?

RODMAN: Miss Beatriz was educated in one of the best schools in San Francisco, and is a cultivated, well-bred young woman.

DANIELS: Indeed? Good-looking?

RODMAN: She is the most beautiful woman I ever saw.

DANIELS: You are not serious.

RODMAN: I was never more so.

DANIELS (*After a short pause, during which he again surveys the ruin*): Well, if a good-looking and cultivated young woman is living in this place, rest assured she is dying to get away, and it is with her, not the father, that we should be doing business. Just offer her a couple of new gowns and some spending money, and see how quickly she will fetch the old man around.

RODMAN (*Slowly shaking his head*): Ah, but you have not seen her. She is an enigma, a sphinx.

Beatriz enters the veranda from the house.

DANIELS: I have known a number of these Mexican girls— (*turns toward the house*) But who is this lady?

RODMAN (*removing his hat and approaching the veranda*): Miss Beatriz, I salute you.

BEATRIZ (*with cold politeness*): You are welcome. (*She glances at his companion.*)

RODMAN: My friend, Mr. Daniels.

Daniels bows with great deference.

BEATRIZ: You are welcome, sir. (*To Rodman.*) Do you wish to talk with my father, the Señor Iberrola?

RODMAN: With your father and yourself.

BEATRIZ: I will interpret, if you wish.

Enter Iberrola. He bows to the visitors and smiles cordially as he takes them each by the hand.

IBERROLA (*In Spanish*): Friends, I bid you welcome. Your presence gives me great pleasure. Daughter, will you thank the gentlemen for the honor they do us in this visit?

BEATRIZ (*coldly*): My father bids you welcome. (*Aside to IBERROLA in Spanish.*) They have come again, my father, to talk about the land. I think the older man is the Señor Rodman's steward, or perhaps his lawyer.

IBERROLA (*In Spanish*): Ah! I knew he would return. Now, if you manage wisely, my daughter, he will pay well for the land.

DANIELS (*aside to Rodman*): The old man looks so good-natured and easy-going that I should think—

BEATRIZ: Will you be seated, gentlemen. My father will talk with you.

RODMAN (*after a pause*): Miss Beatriz, I come to renew the offer I have heretofore made your father for his land, and to take his final answer. I offer him a thousand dollars for these two acres; and for the house whatever valuation may be placed upon it by fair-minded arbitrators. That is twice what the land is worth, but I wish to deal liberally with him.

BEATRIZ (*in Spanish*): The gentleman says he thinks one hundred dollars is enough for such a miserable piece of land, and the adobe is of no value whatever.

RODMAN (*in astonishment*): Oh, excuse me, I—

DANIELS (*catching his arm*): I read it all in your face. Hush! Be careful.

BEATRIZ (*in Spanish*): He talks just as he did before. He means to cheat us, my father. These Americans are all rogues.

IBERROLA (*in Spanish*): I do not understand, for by his face he should be generous. Try again and see if he will not give more. Tell him that all the land hereabout is worth two hundred dollars an acre.

RODMAN: What does your father say, Miss Beatriz?

BEATRIZ: He says: 'I thank the gentleman for his offer, but I cannot accept it. This piece of property is all that now remains from my father's estate, and you have not enough riches—all the Americans in California have not enough riches—to buy it from me.'

RODMAN: Then he speaks just as he did the last time?

BEATRIZ: Yes, Señor. Every time he has spoken the same.

RODMAN: Ah, I understand. Well, we are fortunate to have your services as an interpreter, Miss Beatrice; but I am disposed to ask of you something more. Can you not use your influence with Señor Iberrola in my behalf? He must sell the property sometime; why not now when a fair price is offered?

BEATRIZ: I must tell you, sir, that I have no influence with my father. I am only a woman, and to him little more than a child. When he sold the rest of his land I strove to—to—advise him, but he would not listen to me.

IBERROLA (*in Spanish*): What are you saying to one another, my daughter?

BEATRIZ (*in Spanish*): He says that much of the surrounding land has sold at fifty dollars an acre, but I answered him that it was long ago. Now it will bring more.

IBERROLA (*in Spanish*): That is right, my daughter.

BEATRIZ (*to Rodman*): I have spoken to him, Señor, but he will not heed me.

RODMAN: Tell me, Miss Beatriz, how it happened that your father sold the remainder of his estate. Ten thousand acres he has parted with for trifling sums, yet he refuses now to sell me this fragment at a fair price.

BEATRIZ: Shall I interpret to him?

RODMAN: No, no. Answer me yourself.

BEATRIZ: My father parted with some of the land before he understood its true value—and the rest was stolen from him.

RODMAN: Stolen from him!

BEATRIZ: Yes. In your American law courts. There are lawyers that know how to steal land, just as horse-thieves know how to run off stock.

Converses in a low tone with her father.

RODMAN: I say, Daniels, now is the proper time for you to bring forward the lawsuit suggestion.

DANIELS: Excuse me; I am merely a listener at this interview and decline to take a hand. But tell me; is my guess correct? Does the interpreter hold the key to the situation?

RODMAN: Yes; that is it exactly.

DANIELS (*chuckling*): And you have picked the lock and gotten inside?

RODMAN: Where I feel more like a thief than a gentleman. I should have told her at the outset—(*he pauses to listen.*)

IBERROLA (*in Spanish*): Speak not with such harshness, nor so proudly to the Americans. I am told that the young man has inherited great wealth and is well disposed toward his neighbors. Tell him frankly of our distress, of the many hours, day and night, you spend over your needle work, by which alone we are saved from hunger. Appeal to him, in the name of his family, for the honor of his country, not to defraud an old man and his helpless daughter.

RODMAN (*aside to Daniels*): My conscience is easier for having deceived this young woman, when I think how villainously she has wronged me to her father.

BEATRIZ: Gentlemen, my father wishes to give you his final answer.

RODMAN: Let us hear it.

BEATRIZ: I will repeat his words as he spoke them: 'For many generations my ancestors have held these lands, ten thousand acres in extent, from the mountains down to the sea. Here in this house were born my grandfather, my father and myself. Years ago when I was but young, the Americans came to this country and with honeyed words of friendship persuaded me to sell part of the estate to them. Gentlemen, the man who sells his land is by so much false to his ancestors and a traitor to his country. I was ignorant then, but now I understand. When I would sell no more, they incited my neighbors to go to law with me over the place of the boundary line. As the costs of the suit increased, my lands disappeared, until today, gentlemen, you see me living like an Indian on a mere chile-patch, in a house fast crumbling to dust. My peons are scattered and lost, and of my own blood none survive save my daughter. And you ask me, for a miserable handful of gold, to leave the one piece of earth that still remains, and go forth among strangers landless as a beggar. Ah, that I had a son, gentlemen, to give you my answer, that being a man and the inheritor of the name and the estate, he might share with me in this refusal! I shall never sell this land. Mine it is now and mine it shall remain to the day of my death. Let this answer be for once and for all.'

IBERROLA (*in Spanish*): You have spoken well, my daughter. I see in the young man's face that he is moved.

BEATRIZ (*in an undertone*): The Virgin forgive me!

She converses aside with her father.

RODMAN: Daniels, I have changed my mind. My happiness no longer depends upon the possession of this piece of property.

DANIELS: She is magnificent. What eyes, eh! But remember, if the old man is disposed to sell, some one may buy and hold for blackmail.

RODMAN: I have a plan to cover that.

He turns to the old man and addresses him in Spanish. At the first words Beatriz starts forward and looks wildly about her.

RODMAN (*in Spanish*): Since my last visit here, Señor Iberrola, I have acquired some knowledge of your idiom, and if you will bear with my errors I will speak in it.

IBERROLA (*in Spanish*): Your speech is clear, Señor Rodman. I am pleased to hear you.

BEATRIZ (*in English*): You have deceived me!

RODMAN: Or was it you that sought to deceive me, yes, and your father as well!

BEATRIZ: You will not betray me?

RODMAN: That rests with yourself.

BEATRIZ: And has it all been in vain; must we give up the land?

RODMAN: That also rests with yourself.

BEATRIZ: With myself, Señor? I will do anything that I may in honor—

IBERROLA (*in Spanish*): Will you not speak in Spanish, that I may understand you?

RODMAN (*in Spanish*): As regards the property, Señor Iberrola, you say you will sell. Good; I will give you two thousand dollars for it.

BEATRIZ: Oh, Señor!

RODMAN (*in English*): Hush! If I do not buy it, some one else will.

BEATRIZ: But you said—

IBERROLA (*in Spanish*): The price is munificent. My answer is brief. I accept.

Beatriz clasps her hands and sinks back in her chair.

RODMAN (*in Spanish*): And now that the place is mine, to do with as I please, I will ask Miss Beatriz to accept it as a present from me.

BEATRIZ: I cannot accept such a gift from you, Señor.

RODMAN: One moment; wait till you hear the conditions that are attached.

IBERROLA: Speak not rashly, my daughter. What are the conditions?

RODMAN: If at any time Miss Beatriz chooses to part with the land, let me be the purchaser.

BEATRIZ: If I should accept it, Señor, I would do as you wished in such a matter. But it is too valuable a gift and I—

RODMAN: I told you it rested with yourself.

BEATRIZ (*after a pause*): And what other condition, Señor?

RODMAN: A little one, yet it may mean much. It is right that people whose lands adjoin should know one another well and be good friends, is it not?

IBERROLA: Verily, Señor, you will always find a warm welcome in this house. Henceforth you shall be to me as my own son.

RODMAN: And you, Beatriz?

BEATRIZ (*putting forward her hand*): We shall be good friends, Señor Rodman.

They stand for a moment looking one another in the face.

DANIELS (*interrupting*): I say, Rodman, the next time we come I shall bring an interpreter of my own; for me, this is just a trifle dull!

A COW-BOY RACE.

BY J. C. DAVIS.

A pattering rush like the rattle of
hail
When the storm king's wild coursers
are out on the trail,
A long-roll of hoofs—and the earth
is a drum !
The Centaurs ! See ! Over the prai-
rie they come !



A rollicking, clattering, battering beat ;
A rythmical thunder of galloping feet ;
A swift swirling dust-cloud—a mad hurricane
Of swarthy grim faces and tossing black mane.

Hurrah ! In the face of the steeds of the sun
The gauntlet is flung and the race is begun !

* Highland, Cal.

THE MISSION SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO.*

BY ADELINE STEARNS WING.



HEN, alighting from the prose of a railway carriage, we come upon this picturesque ruin of semi-Moorish architecture, set in opalescent landscape of green hills and purple mountains, we feel that we have wandered into another century, or become part of an old-time poem. There seems to be a peculiar, dreamy atmosphere about the place, shared even by the small village—which is a sort of Sleepy Hollow, and the most conservative place in America.

We remember that there were days when California was an almost fabulous country, called "Las Californias," and supposed to consist of a series of islands inhabited by griffins and by black and warlike amazons, whose armor was of gold and silver. We do not wonder that Spaniards galore flocked in search of the land of "The Seven Cities," whose roofs were said to be of gold and whose portals studded with turquoises.

They were all disappointed in their search for wealth ; but a strange, prosaic people came later, who, digging in the earth, found the gold.

Strange things were always happeniug in connection with this coast. It was on the island of San Fernandez that Captain Woodes Rogers found Alexander Selkirk ; and in consequence *Robinson Crusoe* has delighted generations of children far more than could any amount of gold.

Simon Hatley, of the "Gentlemen Adventurers," while on a piratical

* St. John the Beheaded.



journeys to this coast, just before doubling the Cape, shot the albatross which suggested Coleridge's immortal *Rime of the Ancient Mariner*.

When we remember how this mission itself sprang up in the midst of a wilderness, and blossomed so quickly into all that it was of good and rich and beautiful, it seems like a tale from the *Arabian Nights*, and this a bit of old Spain, transported here on a Magic Carpet, and then turning to ruin and decay, like most fairy gifts. And still the place has an



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Photo. by Maude.

THE OLD FONT.

atmosphere of its own that holds for you a forgetfulness of the present and compels you to its mood. You see this lovely country and the mission buildings with the eyes of the devoted priests who gave up all of love and fame to bring the savage heart to God.

The Padres chose not only the most fertile spots but those best adapted to their half-Moorish architecture. We constantly see its Roman tower and rounded arches. San Juan Capistrano was founded in 1776. The main buildings, constructed of adobe, were originally in the form of a square enclosing a court-yard, the first church being part of this square.

Covered brick corridors whose roofs were supported on one side by pillars twenty-three inches square, and arches with spans of twenty feet, and on the other by the walls of the buildings, ran along the four sides of the court. There was another covered corridor in front of the buildings and (for the garrison and their families) houses whose main line ran at right angles to the front corridor. They also had a corridor.

The church built in 1806 was the grandest ever reared by the Franciscans in California. It was almost exactly like that of San Francisco Antigua, in Guatemala, also an earthquake ruin, though not so large.

The roof, of stone and cement, was a series of domes, surmounted by a bell-tower 125 feet high. We can still see the niches in which statues once stood behind the high altar, bits of carving in the stone capitals of pilasters, and traces of a delicate greenish blue frescoing. In the center of the dome-shaped ceiling of the sacristy is a curious head of Indian workmanship. Four bells hang on the northeast corner of the present church.

In the first church are the graves of Father Vicente Oliva and some of the Forster family; and the open grave whence the remains of Padre Vicente Fuster were removed.

The roofs are of tiles, and their red, over the cream color of the old walls and against the blue sky, makes a series of exquisite pictures, especially when seen through one of the arches, with the red brick

showing through the plaster of the pillars. No photograph can do justice to this scene. Its color and its atmosphere are to it what perfume is to a flower—its very soul.

We watch misguided persons sitting about and perpetrating horrors in red and nightmares in green under the name of water-colors, and lament that the mission should be thus caricatured. Would that one of our great artists would come and do justice to the most picturesque ruins in the United States!

Everywhere are indications of the labor of the savage, who seldom has an idea of symmetry. The rooms are not perfect parallelograms; pillars are irregular; and the span of the arches is not always the same.

In the vestry of the church now used for service are some interesting relics. There is a wheel with bells fastened to its rim and turned by a crank. This has been used in the service, at the Elevation of the Host, since the founding of the mission. A very old silver dish, whose curves are enough to turn a curio-hunter a bright emerald green, contains



Herve Friend, Eng.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE MISSION

Photo. by Maude.

something shaped much like a pestle, but with holes in the larger end, for sprinkling holy water. There are a curious old chest of drawers, a hair trunk, and some fine old vestments. A short time ago the twenty-two carat gold pedestal and crown belonging to the statuette of the Virgin were stolen.

This mission used to have barrels of gold and silver service, but it has disappeared—some of it was taken back to the College of San Fernando, and after the secularization some of the administrators melted it or took it away to be used in their families.

In a sort of cupboard in one of the rooms are some excellent wooden statuettes of saints, of Indian workmanship. The draperies are well rendered, the faces good, and the glass eyes gaze through and beyond you in a way which suggests unchanging sainthood, no matter to what indignities they may be subjected.

In another closet is a board studded with handle-like irons; and, when you twist it rapidly from side to side, it makes a tremendous noise. Then there is a three-cornered box, studded with similar irons, and in this a

loose stone was rattled—the whole noise being something appalling and indescribable. Both these contrivances were used in the Good Friday processions.*

In the old baptistry is a fine stone font with a curious division, which separates the basin for holy water from the place over which the child's head was held during the sprinkling. The cover is of Spanish cedar, handsomely carved by some long-dead Indian.

In the first church is a worm-eaten old confessional, full of secrets. The stately Bishop's chair, in which the first Bishop of California was consecrated, is at the house of Judge Egan, a stone's throw away.

Over the rooms now used by the priest are some of modern construction. To reach them you must climb from his Reverence's sitting room up an incredibly steep stair-case, with impossibly short steps, which

*To simulate, in the service called "*las tinieblas*," the clanking of chains in Purgatory.—Ed.



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CORRIDORS ON THE PATIO.

Photo. by Maude.

slant in so that you shall not fall. You are rewarded by finding in one the remains of what was once the finest library in the State. The books are in odd leather and sheepskin bindings, and of all conceivable shapes. Some of them have a portly dignity quite beyond that of our common books of the present day. The quaintest is a little, much-thumbed daily prayerservice, printed in red and black. It is thicker than long or wide, and once had metal clasps.

There is not an English book in the collection, and nothing printed so late as the Nineteenth century. Most of them are in Latin or Spanish, many in manuscript written with a quill. The first page of the record of marriages is written and signed by Junipero Serra, the saint and pioneer of California.



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Photo. by Bertrand.

Within the last ten years many of the arches have fallen; and within twenty-five the buildings have been barbarously treated. There is scarcely a trace left of the 'dobe wall which once enclosed the eighty acres of orchard, vineyards and gardens.

Belonging to the mission were once aqueducts, reservoirs, cisterns and zanjias, of brick, stone and cement. In the village are still many covered masonry aqueducts. Across neighboring ravines were extensive flumes, supported on brick piers, in a style now unused; but they have been ruthlessly used as quarries, and scarcely a vestige of them remains.

Near where a trail once used by the padres comes from the hills into the valley is a sycamore, which must have been old when San Juan was founded. At noon the shade measures a hundred and fifty feet.

Near Capistrano is a clump of trees under which the celebrated bandit,

Flores (who, with his men, plundered and terrorized the pueblo for days), ambushed and killed the Sheriff of Los Angeles county and all but one of his posse. The last arms of the Californians were hidden in the mission of Capistrano and captured by Frémont.

We wander back through the quaint little village, with everywhere its adobe ruins, and revel in the calm content of the placid inhabitants. They sit in bright-colored clothes under the brush roofs of their piazzas, and obligingly make water-color pictures of themselves.

In the rush of our century Capistrano stands calm and still. Kind Nature goes on draping the sad old ruins of the mission with bewildering lines and colors—or does she wave, in each tiny grass and flower on the crumbling walls, a flag of triumph over those who invaded her unbroken privacy?

Glendale, Cal.

A BALLADE OF CALIFORNIA.

BY EDWARD W. BARNARD.

Cythera desolated overseas

Lies, all her storied charms afar dispread

On torrid winds and reeking in the lees

Of Neptune's salt sea-wine. Her lovers dead

'Tombed in the jagged reef, their vows unsaid

For everness of eons. There is moan

In ev'ry surge that tumbles o'er her throne

Once set on hills that bathed in airs divine.

But better things than she e'er shewed are shown

On this thrice happy strand of song and shine.

The golden fruit of the Hesperides

From reach of mortal ken is faded, fled :

The blossoms that made drunken Hybla's bees

With surfeit sweet of sweets, long since are shed.

Arcadian wines and ways are soured or sped ;

But here are groves of gold bound in a zone

Of bloom as honey-sweet as Hybla's own !

The deep delights of Cypris' kingdoms nine

Are Sodom-apples by the pleasures known

On this thrice happy strand of song and shine.

My strong, young mariner, ship an ye please

To unsunned, blustrous bays where sails are shred ;

Or summer, if ye list, in Arctic *bise*,

Or draw equatorwards the journey's thread.

When grog is plenty and the mate's abed

No shrieking gales ye mind from east'ard blown.

But strength will fail, and hours grow lorn and lone.

Then, make the last port on this shore of mine !

Here's Youth's Renaissance—care forever flown,

On this thrice happy strand of song and shine.

Prince, leave the Orient's ashes and atone
For misspent years. The East is haughty grown !
We lack her tumult, tinsel, manners fine ;
But Beauty speaks from peak, from tree, from stone,
On this thrice happy strand of song and shine.

Fall River, Mass.

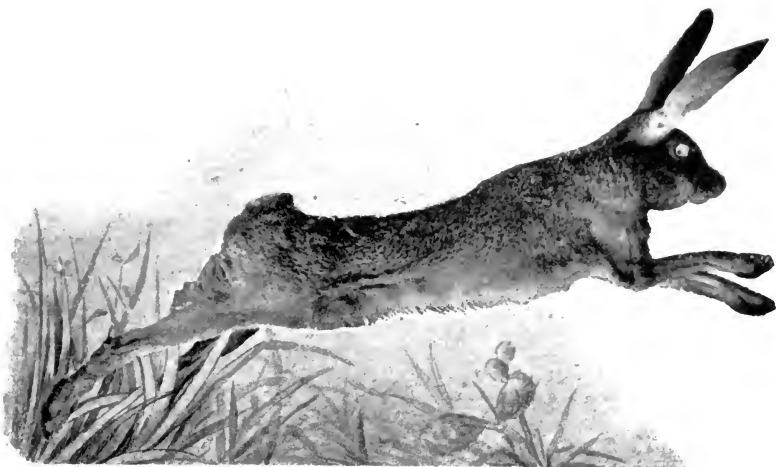
A CHEERFUL SOUL.

BY T. S. VAN DYKE.

THE large hare of California, or "Jack-rabbit," is the embodiment of happiness and contentment. Adversity seems to develop rather than repress his love of life. No one who has not seen him run his morning race with the sunlight as it streams blazing over the desert, skimming miles of the fiery plain like a bird, all alone, too, and for the mere fun of running ; no one who has not seen him spend the day beneath an artemisia whose sickly shade but intensifies the heat, and come forth smiling at evening to run the sun a race to bed, can appreciate his happy nature. How he lives for years (as in the desert) where there is no green feed for miles, never touching water even with plenty of it at hand, running leagues every day at full speed in a fiery furnace with but five per cent. of moisture in the air ; how he keeps the water in his blood without evaporating it through his lungs even if his skin were waterproof ; and how, during years of this kind of life, he keeps cheerful and fat on ground that even the lizard has to vacate, are problems I leave to others. That he should be content on this side of the mountains, is not remarkable.

Plant an alfalfa field near by and he soon gets lazy. Prosperity overcomes him and he falls an easy prey to dogs that he could laugh at when he raced the plains. But when in good running order the hare can lead the best hounds the merriest chase of any animal that lives. When grey tints creep over the wild oats that have so long robed the rolling hills in a carpet of gold, and the goldenrod reverses these colors in the meadow, before the winter rains have so softened the ground that it is unsafe for fast or rough riding, a dash after the hare on a good horse and behind good dogs is one of the most charming of outings.

The horse enjoys the sport as well as the dogs do ; and tries his best to outrun the procession. The ground flies beneath you, the surrounding mountains swim in a haze, the whole amphitheater seems to turn around while you are standing still. Vainly the hare twists and sends the dogs spinning ahead in confusion, while he scuds away on his new tack without the loss of an instant, so far as you can see. All ordinary dogs fall out of the race. Even the wiry and swift coyote, though he loves hare more than anything else, rarely if ever feels hungry enough for a stern chase. But if the greyhounds are good and the brush not too near, the hare's doubling only postpones his end, however untiring his foot, or frequent his twists. Vainly he lays his ears flatter upon his neck and lets out another link of his reserve speed. Before he has made many



L. A. Eng. Co.

Photo. by Stiffler.

turns he is caught — perhaps in mid air — and dogs and hare go rolling over in a heap together.

And yet there is more satisfaction in seeing the smooth scamp shake another reef out of his sail as he nears some haven of cover and vanish in it, just as you think he has made his last tack.

For the rifle the hare makes the finest of all running targets. He seems fully aware of it, and gives you all the sport there is in it. Now he makes a sudden burst of speed just as you think you have held far enough ahead of him, and the dry earth flies just behind his flickering tail. He has been running so swift and so low that you have figured only on his forward motion. He seems aware of it; and as the next shot flies from your repeater he skips high in air and goes gaily on, with the dust flying beneath. Then as you again hold far ahead of the line of brown, now vanishing more swiftly than ever, it executes as fancy a twist as you ever saw before the hounds, and a puff of dust flies from one side of it. Before the empty shell has reached the top of the arch in which it leaps whizzing above your head with your haste to reload, you are alone with the reflection that you shot "mighty close, anyhow!"

IT IS GOOD TO BE ALIVE.

BY CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON.

It is good to be alive when the trees shine green
And the steep red hills stand up against the sky;
Big sky, blue sky, with flying clouds between—
It is good to be alive and see the clouds drive by.

It is good to be alive when the strong winds blow,
The strong sweet winds blowing straight off the sea,
Great sea, green sea, with swinging ebb and flow—
It is good to be alive and see the waves roll free.



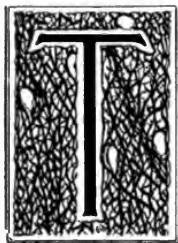
Herb Friend, Eng.

A HERMIT'S CABIN IN THE TEJUNGA.

Photo. by Randall.

THE MOTHER MOUNTAINS.

BY CHAS. F. LUMMIS



HERE is wonderful significance in the name Sierra Madre ; a poetry which the self-satisfied race would be none the worse for capacity to feel ; an aptness upon which science at a latter century's end cannot improve. It means more than the shaping of an infinite brood of foothills ; more than a synonym for "the tallest range." It is not Mother of Mountains, but Mother Mountains ; whose offspring is — Southern California.

Into the mysteries along whose rim we crawl, the child-heart sees often deeper than do the brains of maturity. So it is, perhaps, nothing strange that a simple people of the childhood of the race, feeling dimly but truly toward wisdom yet to dawn, "put names" beyond which the author of *Cosmos* could not have gone.

For in all lands and in all times the mountains have been the mothers. Upreared from the driveling chaos that was without form and void, redeemed from the curse of barrenness that lay upon all the flat-breasted earth in the Beginning, they grew up to be mates of the sea. To him they have borne all that is. Every landscape that man looks or has ever looked upon was begotten of the ocean vapors upon the mellowing peaks. Every grain of sand of those that make the globe was conceived in that womb of rock and brought forth in piecemeal labors. Every tree and grass-blade, every throb of animate life, traces descent to the mountains at last. They are the geographic Eve.

There is no longer the stature of their youth, nor its fire. They are bent with ages, wrinkled and gray with infinite motherhood ; but in their heart is still the life of the world. Still the sea reaches up to them by sun and winds, still they quicken with his vapors to bear the germs of earth-life ; still they suckle the thirsty land, and cover its rock-bones with plumpness from their own emaciation.

So the Sierra Madre has been the geologic mother of Southern California. There can be no erosion on a dead level ; and without erosion there never would have been soil. It is the Mother Range whose up-



Collier, Eng.

Photo. by A. W. de la Cour Carroll.

MT. WHITNEY, THE HIGHEST PEAK IN THE UNITED STATES.



L. A. Eng. Co.

GETTING INTO THE FOOTHILLS.

Photo. by Fletcher.

rising caught the clouds and frosts which else would have passed by ; that armed water with the alternate weapons of gravity and cold (the only agents by which it could ever conquer rock on an earth-building scale); that has given of her ripening granites to be carried down to fill this once vast lap of primary rock with soil, upon which an Eden blooms today. And it is still going on. Every day by infinitesimals the maternal transfer of tissues proceeds. The peaks grow gaunter, the valleys wax fat. Beyond them the Pacific, ever changing but never changed, unaged by the ages, mumbles lazily to the shore or blinks approvingly to that patient, wrinkled, snow-crowned face up yonder — what is left of the stark young range he took to wife when Time was new.

There are many higher mountain chains, and many of more promising exterior ; yet world-wide travelers who peer inside this vast brown barrier between God's country and the desert are invariably charmed. The Sierra Madre has a character of its own. It is unlike any other range easily accessible to civilized man ; and by its setting is peerless. Helen Hunt Jackson, before she had seen California, wrote of Cheyenne mountain, Colorado, as "the only mountain in the world without a base ;" but here are some hundreds of miles of peaks far higher than Cheyenne and fully as abrupt from the plain. The greatest of American mountaineers, John Muir, calls them "more rigidly inaccessible, in the ordinary meaning of the word, than any other range I ever attempted to penetrate." Mr. Muir's notions of penetrating, however, are special-istic. The hunter will think with him ; but the fisherman, camper or general mountain "outer" will hardly think of the thing at all. The angles of the range are all astoundingly swift. The peaks of the entire Southwest are almost invariably abrupt ; but another great chain of mountains of anything like such precipitousness is not in all North America. Indeed, there is only one comparison in the whole New World —

the giant Cordillera of Peru and upper Chile. That far exceeds the Sierra Madre in length and altitude, and is about as sheer; but lacks the unique beauties of the Southern California cordillera.

There is, probably, no other place on the globe where so much geography is crowded into so few miles. The 22,000-foot peaks of Peru rise above a country of the tropics; but, though nearer the equator, Peru is less fertile than Southern California, and has no spot where the tourist may rise in two hours from palm and banana to the snow-bred conifers — nor could, even if there were air-line railroads. Probably Popocatepetl — highest peak north of Panamá — is nearest rival; but it does not match the graphic contrasts of California.



Collier, Eng.

FALLS IN RUBIO GLEN.

To look up from the aisles of an orchard heavy with orange-blossoms and golden with fruit to snowpeaks whose summits are not ten miles away in an air-line is an experience not to be had outside of the New Garden of Eden ; and is a hint of the surprises in store for the traveler. There is no other place known of man where half an hour's ride will carry one from Florida to Maine, as it will at one point of the Mother Mountains — and would at all points if each peak had its mountain railroad. I believe there is no other spot where the dweller in a city of 80,000 can leave a home among bananas and oranges and within 25 miles find the northern trout, deer, bear, bighorn, and other game ; or ride from his door on electric cars to the heart of a wilderness of great peaks, gashed with vast cañons.

Los Angeles is less than 500 feet above the sea—and no Southern California town of any size is 1500 feet. The Sierra Madre, not a dozen miles



Herve Friend, Eng.

MT. SAN ANTONIO, FROM THE HOGBACK.

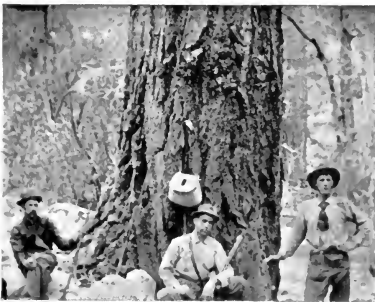
away as the crow flies, has an average altitude higher than any mountain in the East, and peaks towering twice as tall. Their snows endure far into the summer, on the northern slope, and sometimes on the southern—the magnificent reservoir which gives to drink to all this thirsty land. The streams are invariably small but surpassingly beautiful—signed “perfect” with heaven’s own autograph of trout. There are dizzy cañons, exquisite waterfalls, ferny dells, great forests of giant pines and firs, hidden cañadas shady with enormous sycamores—and on the last peaks the bald domes of colossal granite. You will hardly clamber to these beauties up the face of the wall, precipitous and chaparrumatted ; but at every few miles Nature’s self has opened the door for you by some half-hidden cleft. There you shall find that what looked from outside a simple brown wall of 6000 to 11,000 feet high, upheaved in a single ridge, is in fact a very wilderness of peaks, where you might

wander for years and still not ferret out the last cañon nor make conquest of the ultimate summit. When you consider that the White Mountains—which, though only toys in comparison with grown-up mountains, are still among the most attractive of spots—could be pitched over the Sierra Madre, anywhere, and forever lost, their wild heads not even peeping over the “hog-backs,” their biggest trees looking like saplings among their new neighbors, their noblest gorges unidentified among a thousand as wild and deep; and that ten White Mountain ranges strung end to end would make but a small part of the Sierra Madre, superficially, and in height and savagery would still less match it—why, then you may come at some notion of the mountaineering pleasures that are practically at the door of all Southern California.



L. A. Eng Co. Photo. by Miss Elise Clemmons.
A HIGHLAND TROUT-BROOK.

Peaks loftier than Mont Cenis or the Simplon, peaks twice as tall as Mt. Washington, here look down not on the timorous valleys of Switzerland nor the winter-slaved intervalles of New Hampshire, but upon a land of eternal summer, whose semi-tropic fruits and flowers climb to their very feet. Here the palm and the chirimoya wave; yonder five miles the same stream which irrigates them swarms with the trout of Maine. Here is the perennial humming-bird; and ten miles up there the haunt of the glacial cimarron. In the same half day you may pluck roses from a bush that has clambered to your ridgeline in three years, and the alpine vegetation of Labrador. In “winter” you can snowball at 9 a. m., and at 11 be bathing in a summer sea. It makes a radical difference whether geography be stretched out flat or stood up on end; and that is why you can here travel several thousand miles north in the course of two or three hours.



Collier, Eng. Photo. by B. C. Hinman.
AMONG THE PINES.

Another curious fact is that every town in Southern California—an area, you remember, larger than New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island, with an extra Massachusetts and two more Rhode Islands thrown in for luck—is “handier” to such mountains than Concord is to the White range or Boston to the Berkshire hills. That is to say,



Herve Frouin, Eng.

IN THE SIERRA MADRE—THE NORTH SIDE OF THE RANGE.

Photo. by Fierce.

New England might have an equal chance for mountain outings if a procession of double-decked Mt. Washingtons stretched from Bangor to Philadelphia, with spurs abutting upon Montpelier, Concord, Boston, Holyoke, Providence, Hartford and Albany.

This vast huddle of granite giants is worthy to be better known than it is. Whether you take it in little or in large; whether you dip into one or many of the "raging Sespe" or the noble recesses from Antelope Valley, or the handier cañons within easy reach from Los Angeles — Millard's Cañon, Arroyo Seco, Rubio Cañon, Eaton Cañon, San Gabriel Cañon, San Antonio Cañon — or Mt. Lowe, Wilson's Peak, "Old Baldy," Mt. San Bernardino, Mt. San Jacinto, or any other of the host of peaks and gorges, it repays you as few mountain regions do. You can hardly find a valid excuse for ignoring it; since no other great mountain range in the world can be explored so cheaply, so handily, with so many "modern conveniences." Nature—who knows, quite as well as the philosophers, that mountains have as much to say in the development of human character as in the modeling of continents—has seen to it that here no thing shall be lacking that can aid her experiment in the evolution of a new race.

The highest peaks in California are bunched at the southern end of the Sierra Nevada, culminating in Mt. Whitney (nearly 15,000 feet) the loftiest mountain in the United States. In the Sierra Madre itself the tallest peaks are Mt. San Bernardino (see page 88, July number) 11,800 feet; Mt. San Jacinto and Mt. San Antonio.

THE PAMPAS INDUSTRY.

BY CLARA SPALDING BROWN.

AMONG the many characteristic industries of Southern California is the unique one of cultivating for decorative purposes the beautiful, feathery fronds known as pampas grass. It is not many years since specimens of this ornamental grass sold in Eastern cities for one dollar each. They were placed in vases on parlor mantels, or adorned a corner with their crossed stems tied with ribbon, attracting wondering admiration wherever they were seen.

Southern California is the only part of the United States where the *Gynerium argenteum*, as it is known in botanies, is grown for sale. The extent of the industry may be realized from the fact that about 2,000,000 plumes are now harvested in this section each year, which are marketed in Europe, as well as in the Eastern States.

Pampas grass originally came from South America, the seed being first cultivated in England in 1843. Plants were brought to this country in 1848, and for years thereafter were used in Eastern lawns during the summer, and kept in cellars while there was danger from frost, no particular attention being paid to the plumes. In 1872 Mr. Joseph Sexton, of Santa Barbara, planted pampas seed and started a new industry on the Pacific Coast. He soon discovered that if the plumes were cut from the plant before they had burst entirely from the sheaths which cover them,

exposure to the sun would cause them to become fluffy. Samples treated in this way were sent to Peter Henderson, New York, and orders for more were at once received from that eminent florist. Mr. Sexton now has 5,000 hills of the grass, which yield about 250,000 plumes a year, and several other persons in Santa Barbara county are largely engaged in the business.

Los Angeles county produces about half the pampas crop of Southern California. The pioneer of this county in the industry is Mr. J. M. Stewart, of this city. His plantation was very profitable, but is now a thickly settled part of the city, having been divided into residence lots at the time of the "boom."

Mr. W. C. Holman, of Downey, has been growing pampas grass on a large scale for more than ten years, and is perfectly satisfied with the results. Mrs. Harriet W. R. Strong, of Whittier, planted this graceful grass between her young walnut trees six years ago, and has marketed 300,000 plumes in one year, employing a harvesting force of over sixty hands.

There are male and female plants, but, as the plumes of the male are not ornamental, only the roots of the best female plants are used for propagation. They are divided, one hill making six good plants, and are set 10x16 feet apart in soil which has been plowed deep and cultivated. Each hill will produce a few small plumes the first year, and from 75 to 150 plumes the second and third years. The plants sometimes grow twenty feet tall and measure sixteen feet across. After the fifth year the old ones are cut or burned down. In valleys no irrigation is required; on high ground the plants are watered once a month during the summer. Early in September the sharp-edged grass is trimmed, and the plumes are cut as soon as their tips emerge from the coverings. The sheaths are then pulled off by hand; usually women do this work, skillful hands earning \$1.50 a day. Boys lay the plumes in an open, sunny spot upon the ground, and gather them in after they have dried sufficiently. This takes two or three days in some localities, while in others, where there is no fog or dampness, one day suffices. Next, they are packed away in a curing-house for a few weeks, then arranged in three grades for shipment. The first grade plumes are three feet long, or more. If they are to go by express, they are packed in bales of 2000 plumes, covered with burlap. Boxes holding about 3000 plumes are used for freight. Prices have ranged from \$200 a thousand in the beginning of the industry down to \$30 in times of poor sale. At present the plumes bring from \$40 to \$60 a thousand.

Their availability for decoration has not been fully realized until quite recently. Mrs. Strong did much to show the public the possibilities of pampas when she created her beautiful palace in the California building at the World's Fair. She utilized the grass for the outer covering of the walls, for friezes, dados, fringes, tapestry hangings, rugs, and many artistic designs, within. Wanamaker's great store in Philadelphia has been strikingly adorned with plumes furnished by Mrs. Strong. Through her efforts the pampas, or Columbian plume, as she termed it, became



Collier, Eng.

DRYING PAMPAS PLUMES.

known as a national emblem. During the last Presidential campaign, both Republicans and Democrats throughout the country carried in their conventions and ratification processions devices invented of pampas by this energetic lady. A year or two ago it was the fashion in England to use pampas plumes to simulate the coat-of-arms of Prince Albert. Half a million of them were sent from California for this purpose.

They are very effective on such occasions as weddings, balls, and entertainments public or private. They may be dyed any color and used, as flowers are, to give each room distinctive features. In their natural color of rich, creamy white, light as a puff and graceful beyond description, they are always admirable. A pleasanter occupation could scarcely be found than the cultivation of pampas grass.

Los Angeles, Cal.

A PIONEER OF '31.

BY H. D. BARROWS.

BY the death recently of Jonathan J. Warner, there disappeared the last but one of that notable band of American pioneers who settled on this far-distant and almost unknown shore of the South Seas some sixty-odd years ago. The men who could in those days traverse a continent and face all the hardships and dangers incident to such a journey, the greater portion of which was through a hostile Indian country; or who could travel 15,000 or 20,000 miles by water around the great antarctic capes, that they might find a new and better land where they could establish for themselves homes, must have possessed unusual force of character. Effeminate men did not then, nor do they in any age, undertake such journeys.

It was the good fortune of the writer of these lines to know personally nearly all of that early group of Argonauts, who were born mostly about the beginning of this century, and who arrived in California a little before or a little after 1830; and he can truly say that their portraits



as they hang in the chambers of his memory, have such a clear-cut and characteristic individuality that, by some subtle alchemy of the imagination, they seem to become more picturesque and interesting as they recede further and further into the dim past.

I believe Alfred Robinson, who came in 1829, is still living in San Francisco; all the rest have set out—some of them a generation ago—on that longer journey to a farther and fairer land.

Col. Warner was born in Lyme, Conn., November 20, 1807. He was named Jonathan after several of his ancestors, and Jonathan Trumbull after Governor Jonathan Trumbull of Connecticut; but when, in after years, he was rechristened in Catholic California (then a province of Mexico), inasmuch as Trumbull had no equivalent in Spanish, and was not easily pronounced by Spanish-speaking people, he was named Juan José; and he has ever been known since as John J., or J. J. Warner.

He went west to St. Louis, an invalid, in 1830, in search of a milder climate than that of his native State. There he joined a trading party bound for Santa Fé. From that point he set out with ten other men for California, in September, 1831. The object of the expedition was to buy mules and horses for the Louisiana market, and they took along with them five pack animals laden with Mexican silver dollars. The party traveled by way of Albuquerque, San Xavier de Tubac and Tucson, reaching Los Angeles December 5, 1831. In 1837 Col. Warner was married to Anita Gale at San Luis Rey. Miss Gale had been brought up in the family of Don Pio Pico's mother, and Don Pio stood as sponsor at Mr. Warner's marriage, thereby becoming, according to the beautiful custom of all Spanish countries, the *padrino* or god-father of the married couple. Both of them thereafter, to the end of their lives, without exception, addressed Don Pio by the endearing title of "*padrino*;"

and he as uniformly addressed them as "*ahijados*," or god-children.

In 1840-41, Col. Warner visited the Atlantic States, going and returning by way of Mexico. While on this visit he delivered a public address in Rochester, N. Y., in which he urged the building of a Pacific railroad. Afterwards Stephen Whitney achieved a national reputation by taking up and elaborating Col. Warner's suggestion. Thirty or forty years later Col. Warner's dream was realized, and he had the pleasure of riding across the continent over such a road, as a guest of its builders. In 1844, having been naturalized as a citizen of Mexico, he received a grant of the rancho Agua Caliente, since widely known as "Warner's ranch," where many a foot-sore



Union Eng. Co.

COL. WARNER IN 1879.

traveler emerging from the great Colorado desert has found a hospitable haven of rest. In 1857, having been compelled by hostile Indians to abandon with his family his ranch, he moved to Los Angeles. The following year he commenced the publication of the *Southern Vineyard* newspaper, first as a weekly, and afterward as a semi-weekly. While a resident of San Diego county, and after the admission of California into the Union, he represented that county in the State Senate; and in 1860 was elected to the Assembly from Los Angeles county.

Col. Warner was a clear thinker and a man of much intellectual ability. He has long been recognized as an authority in matters relating to early California (American) history. He came of good stock, of English extraction. His father, Selden Warner, was a graduate of Yale college in 1782; his eldest brother was the father of Mrs. Waite, widow of Chief Justice Morrison R. Waite of the U. S. Supreme Court; his maternal grandfather, Samuel Selden, was a colonel in the revolutionary army, and was the great-grandfather of Chief Justice Waite.

He always took an interest in the political, social and industrial life of our country; and watched somewhat closely the trend of the world's thought. He was an omnivorous reader. When Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson was here studying the Mission Indian question, she gained much valuable information concerning them and their ways from Col. Warner. She also obtained from him historical and other data relating to the pastoral life of the Californians, both before and after the close of the Mission era, which she with consummate art wove into the story of *Ramona*.

Col. Warner was one of the founders and was the first president of the Historical Society of Southern California. He left an unfinished manuscript of reminiscences of early California, which also includes a somewhat detailed account of the various trading and trapping expeditions which reached California in the early decades of this century. His intimate acquaintance with the *personnel* of those adventurous companies who "blazed the way" for the march of American civilization across the continent, makes these reminiscences very valuable.

He was joint author with Judge Benjamin Hayes and Dr. J.



L. A. Eng. Co.

Photo. by Schumacher.

COL. WARNER JUST BEFORE HIS DEATH.

P. Widney of the (1876) Centennial *Historical Sketch of Los Angeles County*, a valuable publication, now out of print. His contribution covered the period from 1776 to 1847.

During the latter years of his life, as he neared the age of eighty, his eyesight failed him, and he finally became totally blind; but his intellectual faculties remained clear to the last. He died April 11, 1895, in his eighty-eighth year, at his home just southwest of this city. He left three living children and several grandchildren. And so passed away one of the notable American founders of this commonwealth.

Los Angeles.

SOME LEMONS.

BY M. Y. BEACH.

THE largest lemon ranch in this country, if not in the world, is at Chula Vista, a suburb of San Diego; its present 1,000 acres soon to be increased by 500 acres of young trees. This large lemon grove is all in one patch, level as a barn floor; one side bounded by San Diego bay. When it comes into full bearing it will yield 1,200,000 to 2,000,000 boxes of marketable lemons every year. The present Eastern price of cured lemons is \$3.50 to \$4.50 per box. If these prices are maintained, the lemon industry will be of much importance to California. San Diego county excels as a lemon district. Proximity to the coast seems necessary for growing the best lemons. There are hundreds of thousands of acres of mesa land adjacent to San Diego on which lemons can be grown. North of the city boundary the Linda Vista district of 43,000 acres of rolling mesa is about to be put under irrigation. Lemon ranches now established there yield abundant crops. All around San Diego bay lemon ranches have been started during the last three years, the combined product of which may soon exclude foreign lemons from the home market. In fact San Diego county might supply the markets of the world with lemons, so favorable are the climatic and soil conditions.

Lemon growing requires care and skill. It was not until recently that Californians followed the best methods for securing the largest results from their orchards. Experience proves that Lisbon, Sicily and Eureka lemons are the varieties for cultivation in this district. The trees are planted eighty to the acre. Each acre needs one foot of water annually, or from 350,000 to 400,000 gallons, costing about \$35 per acre annually. A tree is strictly in full bearing when eight to ten years old. As yet, there are not many full-bearing trees in this county. In 1893 there were 8,000; there are nearly 16,000 this year. There were 162,000 non-bearing trees in 1893; the number this year is 283,000.

Immunity from frost gives San Diego an advantage over other lemon-growing sections. The temperature, while never too low, is sufficiently cool to prevent too much sugar forming in the fruit. Consequently the acid test of the lemons is about 92 per cent. The acid test of lemons grown elsewhere is about 85 per cent., according to published reports.

The principal harvesting time is from November to February. Lemons are picked by hand, placed in trays in the curing house and allowed to cure for about two months, in a temperature as nearly 60 degrees as possible. Packers sort them, wrap in tissue papers and box for shipment. The most desirable lemons measure $2\frac{1}{4}$ to $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter, are thin-skinned and full of acid. When properly cared for, California lemons keep perfectly for six to eight months. In keeping qualities they excel any other lemons in the world, and have thus far won all honors in competition with lemons from other districts.

A properly cared-for ranch should be cultivated semi-monthly. Once in several years the trees are enveloped in a canvas covering and thoroughly fumed with chemicals. A white and a black scale once injured the trees, but these pests are now fought successfully and inexpensively. Ranchers who do not neglect their trees, have very little bother from scale. To keep trees healthy, fertilizer is used occasionally. This, with constant cultivation and judicious irrigation, is all that is needed.

Profits from lemon culture vary (according to the skill of the rancher and his ability to market his fruit at the best paying moment) from \$50 to \$250 per acre, average. A lemon tree should yield five boxes annually. Exceptional trees have yielded forty. It costs 75 cents a box to pick and pack the fruit. Some San Diego ranchers have actually shown net profit of one dollar per box, or \$400 per acre. Good lemon lands (with water) set with three-year-old trees costs \$250 to \$500 an acre, though much higher prices have been recorded.

San Diego, Cal.

THE COMING OF THE FATHER.*

"Within two miles of the house he struck off from the highway into a narrow path . . . overgrown with the wild mustard.

"The wild mustard in Southern California is like that spoken of in the New Testament, in the branches of which the birds of the air may rest. Coming up so slender . . . that dozens can find starting-point in an inch, it darts up . . . five, ten, twenty feet . . . interlocking with all the other hundreds around it, till it is an inextricable network like lace. Then it bursts into yellow bloom still finer, more feathery and lace-like. . . . The cloud of blossom seems floating in the air. . . . With a clear blue sky behind it . . . it looks like a golden snowstorm . . .

"Father Salvierderra soon found himself in a veritable thicket of these delicate branches, high above his head, and so interlaced that he could make headway only by slowly and patiently disentangling them, as one would disentangle a skein of silk."

And thus, coming through the mustard, he meets "Ramona." [See next page.]

* *Ramona*, by Helen Hunt Jackson : pp. 50, 51.





The N. Y. *Independent*, one of the oldest and most powerful of the religious papers of the United States, in a very kind notice of the LAND OF SUNSHINE (June 13) says :

"The expert study of an interesting locality under all its aspects, with lavish illustration, will not be worthless to the historian ; and a magazine that does this cannot fail to interest the general reader as well. We cannot help regretting however that the editors have been so stirred up by Mr. Eugene Field's visit as to have saluted him with such a roaring all around the ring in their 'Lion's Den.'"

Bless your heart, dear *Independent*, this comes of not getting enough into God's open to know the voice of the beasts. *That* was no roar—and you ought to be aware that none of the American *felidae* ever roar anyhow. We are no Hottentot lion, but the straight California article. That was merely the robust purr of the puma when he befalls predestined prey. If ever in your gunless walks abroad you shall experience a mountain lion emerging from the bush, rubbing his head against your leg and purring up to you with a reassuring smile of two-inch ivories—then you will understand all about it.

But we appreciate the delicate compliment which lurks in these regrets. Though not expert in woodcraft, the *Independent* is high-minded and clear-minded. Another journal might leap before it looked—but not the *Independent*. It deemed regrets worth while for what it mistook for a "roar" on the Lion's part. But it wasted no sorrow on the prior and provocative vocalist from out a lion's skin.

With a sworn circulation of 8,000 at one year old, the LAND OF SUNSHINE has no cause to complain of the ingratitude of republics. That means, in this case, at least 50,000 readers—for, being a special magazine, and the only one of its class in existence, it has an attention per copy which no general periodical can expect. Conducted with self-respect ; earnest and untrammelled in its beliefs ; in its mechanics tolerably near perfection ; printed upon the same paper as *Scribner's*, and more lavishly illustrated in proportion to its pages than any other magazine in the United States—it believes itself safe in saying that its field is coming to be rather proud of it, just as the East is becoming interested.

The LAND OF SUNSHINE on its side is too proud of Southern California to think the leavings of other people's waste-baskets "good enough for out here." If it did not believe its field to be the best in America, it would not be here itself, and certainly would not be holding up a finger for other people to come. It wants no other class here than the best ;

A CONGENIAL
CLIENTAGE.

and to that class is not ashamed to say : " Yes, we would like such people as you to share God's country with us. There is room for people who wish to learn the real way to spell l-i-f-e, people whose heads are not merely vehicles for a nose to be led around by. But do not hurry about it, and do not take anyone's word. Look at everything else you can—the more the better. Then look at this. If you do not recognize it as superior, by all means do not stay. But if you do find it just a little ahead of anything you can discover elsewhere, and out of comparison with what you were born to—as we have found it—why, then we 'll be glad to have you help us work out the new problem of what Saxon energy shall do for the world and for itself where it does not lose half its steam in friction against the weather."

WHAT
IT ALL
MEANS. And have you by now run down the last logical thought of what it all means—this every ten acres a family livelihood, this every twenty acres a family competence? It is about as tall a problem as the Saxon mind ever gave itself to wrestle withal.

The Lion, not having brains to burn, cannot pretend to overtake the whole herd of ideas in this field; but there are a few lagging thoughts upon which he feels competent to pounce.

Southern California is not altogether farmed by farmers—even of the godfearing and intelligent class which once possessed New England. Where sky and soil are thus sympathetic—where the sheep's noses no longer go to the grindstone that they may nibble between the rocks, and the blunderbuss is not in vogue to persuade corn into a flinty earth, and there is no devouring agent to put up lightning-rods and jobs—here is an astonishing amount of cultivation of the soil by cultivated people. Professors, clergymen, lawyers, doctors, men of education, no matter what their previous condition of professional servitude, find here a peculiar charm in "gentleman farming"—or whatever else you may prefer to term it. No longer scared "off the earth" by the mean tyrannies of agriculture as it stands in the East, they begin to realize what was meant by the myth of Antæus—and to joy in doubling their strength, as he did, every time they touch Mother Earth. They find it not only the most independent but the most fascinating home-life in the world; and every year more and more of them go back to this sanity of first principles. Doubly aware that "man made the town," they are glad to have discovered a spot where they shall not feel disrespectful in believing that "God made the country."

In theory, a man's own house is his castle, though civilization has removed the drawbridge and gates. But in undiminished fulness a man's own plot of land in this country is his kingdom. Probably that is one of the charms of the thing—the fascination of living *en Grand Seigneur*, in an independence which hardly need care whether the rest of the world wags or no. Every man likes that; every man would like to have it. It has something of kingship—and the most virulent republican approves of a monarchy when he can be the monarch. It has also something of conquest and discovery. But it takes acres to frame either

feeling. No one has quite enough imagination to feel lordly in a domain squeezed between the back porch and the sidewalk. Columbus himself could have discovered little more, in such space, than some new curstness of the plumber. But where there is room to plant and to harvest—there it is different.

No man can turn a dull hide to the thrill of playing the conjuror. To make something of nothing—who does not stir at that? Here he can. He sticks a row of switches into the ground, and almost “while you wait”—lo, they are fruited trees. He buys a thousand feet square of dust and squirrel-holes, and transforms it, in the twinkling of an almanac, into a combined garden and bank. He pays his little compliment of water and the plow; and grateful earth answers with an emerald eloquence that fairly bewilders him.

But this is another trail. What we are to bethink us now is not how and why these things delight here a class of people never before attracted to the soil, but what the condensed fertility of these lands means for the economics of the community. Not what it might possibly be imagined to be capable of causing; but what it inevitably must cause, under every law of the laws by which we shape our life.

That ten acres will support, and twenty acres slowly enrich, a family in Southern California, will have several sure results.

In place of congested cities and abandoned farms (the logical condition where climate is a curse and farming a slavery) the tide here will set the other way, and population will be so balanced as never in any other English-speaking community of modern times. Cities will accrete—though never vast and feverish ones—but the wonder of the commonwealth will be outside them. They will be “just cities”—only prettier; as a flower-garden is prettier than a stone-heap. But the “rural districts” will be and look unlike any other where man ever turned a furrow. Not lonely reaches of dreary fields, with here and far yonder a sad little farmhouse. Nay, the traveler by these roads will skirt continuous hedges under arching trees; with something like ten “farms” to the mile on either side; with “farmhouses” as unlike the Eastern variety as is the typical one pictured on page 136; with homes that testify to culture and comfort; with fields bearing unmistakable witness that they are never drowned out nor burned out nor frozen out. In a word, the country will be one long village, a little “spaced;” with its schools, churches, libraries, stores repeated at every two or three miles; and its length and breadth gridironed with electric roads.

It will have a population ruddy with out-of-doors, with not one day in a lifetime behind shut windows; ungnarled by desperate labor; generous because happy, genial because unworried, tolerant because unprovincial, intellectual because with means, leisure and incentive for culture. There will be no “Shanty-towns” and no “North Ends”—for a very simple reason. Barbed wire would not keep out undesirable classes, but the price of land will—\$300 an acre is as tall a fence as is needed around any community. That the acre pays from 50% to 200% interest on that figure is an added attraction to provident people; but it does not let in



Union Eng. Co.

A SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA COUNTRY HOME.

Photo by Stiffler.

those who have never saved a cent. Such things have been heard of as rascals with money ; but on the average any community feels safer in the hands of men who have something to show for the years they have been at work. This value of the acre means also the ultimate impossibility of great holdings—the curse of any country.

Human nature is never to be perfect ; but unless history and science are alike a fool, such a community means a new race. It will be little burdened for prisons and asylums, and not at all for poorhouses. It will have no tenements, no slums—and sanitariums only for the newcomer. It will still be human. It will still be socially and meteorologically short of heaven. Rain will continue to be moist, and some minds to be dry. But by-and-large it will be a community whose units shall live easier, live better, live longer ; shall be more alive, and more glad to be alive, and more fit to be alive, than the units of any other population this side that 2x6 which is all of earth the Creator gave any man in fee simple.

A special courtesy of the State Board of Education enables this magazine to present in advance a photo-engraving of the original drawing by Harmer which (smaller) will grace a page of the *California Fourth Reader*, soon to issue from the press. Not only is this fine illustration to an extract from *Ramona* eminently desirable as art, but still more as an earnest of the progressive and modern spirit which is stirring the educational systems of the State. It will not injure even a school-child to read home classics in place of the stereotyped mediocrities which have long passed current as “good enough” for anything so unimportant as young minds.

A WISE
DEPARTURE.

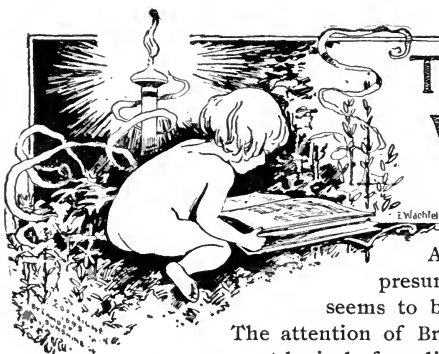
The *Lion* is glad to find himself mistaken in his one criticism of the *Argonaut*. He cheerfully conceded that admirable journal the brainiest literary weekly in the West, but had misgivings that it was “partisan and bigoted.” He is pleased to learn that this is not so. The *Argonaut* says it is neither ; and the *Argonaut* ought to know. Furthermore, it says so in such cordial and unbigoted wise and with such generous compliments, that the *Lion* is almost persuaded that his ingrowing claw is directly chargeable to the Cleveland administration : and that there is only one church in the world that ever did toast heretics a delicate brown—or ever would if it had a chance.

A WILLING
CONVERT.

Ward-heeling in the Public Library was bad enough ; ward-heeling in the schools is worse. It looks to be near time to keep boards of education out of the mouths of persons who would not know education from a porous plaster if you held the two under their nostrils, and who care less than they know.

TURN THEM
OUT.

On page 109 for San Fernandez read Juan Fernandez. It escaped the proofreader till too late.



THAT WHICH IS WRITTEN

AS THE evolutionist would have presumed, anglomania in New York seems to be passing the cutaneous stage. The attention of Brander Matthews, cleverest and most logical of our lion-twisters, is respectfully called to this question: "How many years of sartorial and literary imitation before the victim acquires so truly British a mind as to be impermeable to jokes?"

Really, now, the San Francisco *Lark* should either suppress itself or provide a diagram and a trepanning outfit with each copy that goes to New York. *The Critic* is its latest victim. That amiable censor looks upon the *Lark's* "monthly, 5 cents a copy; \$1 a year" as "a curious mistake"—even while recording the fact that the *Lark's* first number was meant to be its last. And yet there are confidence-men who will waste their time in the West, while the walking is good between here and New York.

"AUNQUE SE
VISTE DE SEDA."

If the fine paper, lavish margins and first-class typography which are coming to be expected of Wm. Doxey, the San Francisco bookman and publisher, could give a book its place in California literature, there would be no question about the rank of *Roses and Thistles*, a fat volume of verses by Rufus C. Hopkins. Its general "dress" compares handsomely with the best work of the big Eastern publishers.

Mr. Hopkins is seen to be an aged gentleman of amiable instincts, thoughtful bent, some travel—and a totally deficient ear. Also some lack of humor. Two random verses almost anywhere may define the whole book. For instance (p. 310):

"Uncle Samuel was a farmer, sir;
A worthy man was he,
And true and honest was he, too,
As any man could be.

But bade them well to watch the farm
And see the gates were shut,
And that the neighbors' pigs did not
Into the garden get."

As Mr. Hopkins confesses to 70-odd years it would be hardly fair to judge his uncertain feet by prosodic laws; nor to marvel at the soldier of Cortez who was exhibiting his sweetheart's photograph in 1518; nor to ask that in Spanish dramas there be at least a drop of Spanish thought; nor to object to pages peppered with didactic and irresponsible italics. Mr. Hopkins seems to have had his pleasure out of the

book ; and so far as Mr. Doxey's part is concerned, nothing remains to ask. 631 Market street, San Francisco. \$2.

The New York *Critic* of June 15, in a two-column review, praises *Tales from the Foothills* as we do not remember to have seen it praise any other Californian book of recent years. It is praise not only generous but enthusiastic ; and — what is much more to the point — just. A hint of its tone may be taken from this :

"Literature does not consist so much in saying things as in not needing to say them, and for the most part the distinguishing feature of Mrs. Graham's art is that it is so much like life that it uses silence somewhat the way God does. Comparisons are invidious, of course, but inasmuch as the First Author has from the beginning left His best things unsaid, it is not a little strange that we have been so long in realizing the inspiration of inference. Mrs. Graham's reserve seems like the reserve of things themselves. . . . Mrs. Graham's work is idealism realized."

Santa Barbara at a Glance, by Frank Sands, is one of the most attractive brochures that has been sent out from California.

MINOR
NOTES.

The half-tones are particularly fine, the information is well presented, and the only grief to the judicious is a Weggish propensity to "drop into poetry" of an irrigated sort. As to the mechanical beauty of the booklet it is enough to say that it is by the printers of the LAND OF SUNSHINE. Published for the author, Santa Barbara, 35 cents.

The San Francisco *News Letter* fills its field peculiarly well and is now in its 50th volume. Spicy in local topics, it is not behind on broader questions. Few truer truths have been written of our mission-arying than are in its issue of June 29. Its remarks about "the black-smith's art" as exemplified by a mis-spelled and wild-grammared Los Angeles monthly are also eminently "pat."

F. W. Hodge, one of the best equipped specialists of the Bureau of Ethnology, has put out a valuable pamphlet on *The Early Navajo and Apache*. He establishes several important deductions concerning these two chief tribes of the Southwest, though one might wish that he had made rather clearer the fact that the Apaches descend from the Navajos and the Navajos from the Pueblos ; and that he were not uncertain about Tsé-gihi, which is merely the well-known "Cañon du Chelly." But these are minor omissions, and he has no sins of commission. Apply to the author, Washington, D. C.

Chips takes after the *Chap Book* — as is the fashion since that brilliant Chicago fortnightly set the pace. It is no trick to be small and archaic ; and many young men seem to fancy that is all they need attain to rival its success. *Chips* has its own gait to discover ; but meantime is worth while if only for its irreverent department "the Cynic." 407 Nassau Chambers, New York. 50 cents a year.

Cosmos Mindeleff, Bureau of Ethnology, Washington, has republished his interesting paper, *Cliff Ruins of the Canyon de Chelly*, in pamphlet shape. He is a field student and an effective one ; and the result of his explorations is always of value. Apply to the author.

The Outlook, N. Y., founded and still conducted by Lyman Abbott, is everywhere recognized as able and admirable. Its "Recreation Number" (June 15) is probably the handsomest edition ever issued by a religious weekly.



SANTA PAULA.*

BY MARY M. BOWMAN.

THE Santa Clara valley of the South holds the thriving little town of Santa Paula on its heart, the central setting in its chain of possessions. Extending southwest from the San Fernando mountains to the sea, the valley is forty-five miles long and averages two to three miles wide, with a funnel-shaped flare at the end. On the north it is rimmed by a broken range of mountains and foothills, that hide in their depths smaller valleys and cañons, the paradise of the sportsman, and in beauty of scenery unsurpassed. The clear streams tumbling noisily down cañons, breaking into cascades over rocks, loitering in still pools, rushing on through ferns and brakes and wooded hills, under branching sycamores and clean-limbed alders, lure the lover of trout fishing till the very abundance of the catch impels him to desist.



Herve Friend, Eng.

GENERAL VIEW OF SANTA PAULA.

On the south, a lower spur of the Coast range stands sentinel until midway between the town and the ocean it ends abruptly at Punta de Loma. From here there is a wide, open stretch of country skirting the sea, to where the blue Conejos bound the horizon and Point Magu rears an impregnable bastion against the restless, dashing waves.

There is no district in the county so remote that it has not a handsome school-house of modern architecture and ample accommodations; and the sponsors at christening displayed rare good taste in perpetuating the musical names of the country.

Santa Paula is situated at the confluence of Santa Paula, or Mupu creek and the Santa Clara river. The town-site is the east end of the grant described in the records as the Rancho Santa Paula y Saticoy. An abundant supply of water is obtained from the creek, a mountain stream, and is piped five miles down the valley. Like all streams in California, it varies with the rainfall; but if by any freak of nature it

Photos. by King Bros., Santa Paula.



Herve Friend, Eng.

THE UNIVERSALIST CHURCH.

should fail, the river, winding round the base of the south mountain, can fill all demands. A few miles above the town, Sespe and Piru Creeks pour their waters into the Santa Clara, which has a fall of several hundred feet before it is swallowed in old ocean's hungry maw.

To say that Santa Paula has a population of twelve hundred conveys no adequate idea of the number of people who buy and sell in its markets and form its society. From here to San Buenaventura the valley is an almost continuous town, with its miles of apricot and other fruit orchards, and its elegant homes fast displacing the plainer dwellings of early days.

It is a community of good churches, excellent schools and intelligent,



Herve Friend, Eng.

THE HIGH SCHOOL.



Union Eng. Co. ORANGE-PICKING MACHINES, THE BLANCHARD GROVE.

enterprising citizens, fully in touch with all progressive ideas and movements.

Previous to the recent oil development in Los Angeles, this was the center of the largest petroleum producing district on the Coast; and while Los Angeles may lead a close race in quantity, Santa Paula yields an oil of finer grade. The Union Oil Company owns the largest refinery on the Coast, with a pipe line to San Buenaventura where the oil is run into storage tanks for steamer shipment. It manufactures gasoline, naphtha and other distillates.

The Santa Clara valley possesses exceptional advantages in its variety of resources. In the Sespe cañon are the quarries of beautiful brown stone which enters into the construction of many of the finest buildings in the State. "Sespe grapes" stand for the richest and most luscious product of the vineyard. On the hill-sides are long rows of white stands that resemble the camp of a miniature army. It is an army of busy workers, making tons of the delicious white sage honey that carries off the prize in many competitive exhibits.

The largest citrus grove is that of N. W. Blanchard, one of the pioneer orange-growers of the State. His orchard embraces one hundred acres, sixty in oranges and forty in lemons. So fully has he solved the problem of lemon curing that fruit from "La Naranja!" commands the highest prices in the market. He employs from fifty to seventy-five hands and ships from forty to fifty carloads a season. One of the projected industries of the valley is the manufacture of olive oil, as many acres of that berry are coming into bearing.

One million dollars' worth of beans—mainly limas, small white and bayous (a small brown bean)—are shipped annually East, presumably to Boston. In 1893 the area planted to this useful edible in the Santa Clara valley, was 26,000 acres; and the average yield per acre was 1000 pounds, though in certain sections it ran as high as 1900. The soil is



Collier, Eng.

RESIDENCE OF G. W. FAULKNER.

as loamy and fertile eighty feet deep as on the surface, and the conditions of soil, fogs and climate are such that no irrigation is used or needed, except for alfalfa and citrus fruits.

Within the past three years a tract of four hundred acres has been set to lemons, which in the near future will be one of the horticultural sights in the State and a source of vast profit to the owner.

Cut off from the world, Ventura county could produce the necessities and luxuries of life within itself—cattle, sheep, and hogs ; beans, corn, barley ; fruits, nuts, oil and wine. It is a vale of plenty, of peace and of beauty.

Los Angeles, Cal.



Collier, Eng.

HOME PLACE OF C. H. MCKEVETT.

✓A COUNTRY OF OUTINGS.*

II—SOME MOUNTAIN RESORTS.

THREE hundred miles of mountains, ranging up to about 12,000 feet in the highest peaks, is a fair general proclamation of what Southern California has to offer in the way of mountain outings. There are other countries which can match that; but no other in the world which has in that array of mountains so many charming resorts, and a perfect ocean, equally easy to be enjoyed, within eye-shot.

Easily foremost of the mountain resorts of California, if not of the United States, in combination of scenery with man's most daring achievements, is the wonderful combination which may be collectively termed Mt. Lowe. Here cable and electric power boost the traveler from the orange groves of Altadena smack up the steepest acclivities of the precipitous sierra. From the Terminal Ry. station an electric car zigzags up the grades to Rubio cañon; and from Rubio Pavilion (altitude 2200 feet) the great cable incline shoots straight up the side to the top of Echo Mountain (altitude 3500 feet). The incline is 3000 feet long, and is

the steepest railway in the world; its successive gradients being 62, 65, 58 and (at the summit) 48 per cent. —its lowest grade being equal to the steepest on Mt. Pilatus, Switzerland, while its highest is more than one-half as steep again. Compared to the audacity of its engineering the only other mountain railroads in North America — those on Pike's Peak and Mt. Washington — are mere child's play.

The Echo Mountain House (as high above the sea as Mt. Vesuvius) is one of the best appointed hotels in California; and incomparably ahead of any mountain hotel in the East. From this point at the head of



Union Eng. Co.

Photo. by Waite.

ECHO MOUNTAIN AND ITS PATH.

* See July number.

the cable incline an electric road will run to the summit of Mt. Lowe, which is about as high as Mt. Washington. At this writing the road is completed to Crystal Springs (altitude 5000 feet); and even the great Incline pales in comparison with its magnificent scenery. The projector and accomplisher of this enormous enterprise is Prof. T. S. C. Lowe — organizer of the balloon service in the civil war, inventor of the first ice-machine, inventor of water-gas, and first to apply electricity to mountain railroading. The road is already largely patronized. An astronomical observatory in charge of the eminent Dr. Lewis Swift; the most powerful search-light in the world, and other attractions add to the unique enjoyments of Echo Mountain.

From this wonderful mountain development down to mere camps for the hunter and fisher-



Herve Friend, Eng.

Photo. by Waite.

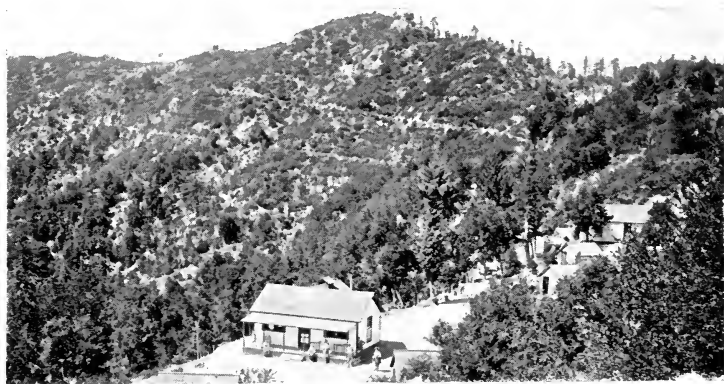
THE GREAT CABLE INCLINE.



Herve Friend, Eng.

ECHO MOUNTAIN HOTEL AND OBSERVATORY.

Photo. by Waite.



Union Eng. Co.

MARTIN'S CAMP.

Photo. by Hill. Pasadena.

man, there is every intervening step. In the same general division of the range are Martin's Camp, Strain's Camp, and other delightful mild-roughing-it resorts, reached by horse and burro over trails of wonderful interest. There are also comfortable "camps" in the principal cañons. In the magnificent Bear Valley country are unsurpassed hunting and troutng. Strawberry Valley fascinates all who visit it. So do the Cuyamaca and other ranges neighboring San Diego. In Ventura and Santa Barbara counties are most beautiful camping-grounds, in mountain and cañon. In a word it is wholly safe to be said that nowhere else in the world can man find so many restful pleasures of mountain scenery and mountain sports, so easy of access, so comfortable in point of stay, so cheap, so varied and so delightful.



Herve Friend, Eng.

STRAWBERRY VALLEY.

Photo. by Waite.



L. A. Eng. Co.

STRAIN'S CAMP.

Photo. by Hill, Pasadena.



L. A. Eng. Co.

A FOOTHILL ROAD.

Photo. by Waite.

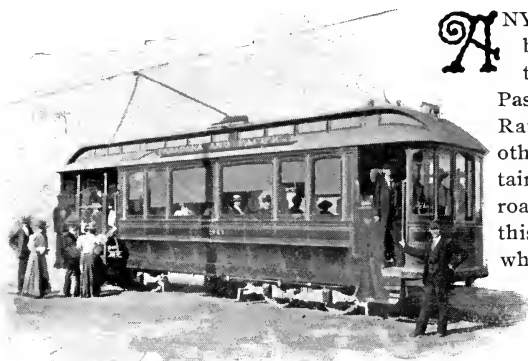


Collier, Eng.

IN SANTIAGO CANYON.

Photo. by Moeller, Santa Ana.

A MODEL ELECTRIC ROAD.



ANY city in the country might well be proud of so perfect an electric transit system as that of the new Pasadena & Los Angeles Electric Railway; and it is doubtful if any other city can yet match it. Certainly New York has no surface road remotely to be compared with this. It is to the usual electric line what a Pullman service is to an old-fashioned car.

This road, which runs from 4th street, Los Angeles, to Chestnut street, Pasadena (a distance of eleven miles), was begun in 1894 and opened for traffic May 1, 1895. Its route is a most fortunate one, through the hitherto quiet district between Los Angeles and its chief suburb; and the effect of the line is already felt in every front-foot of the distance. Thus made easy of access, the charming valley of the Arroyo Seco will be built up densely all the way.

The first week's operation of the road proved the inadequacy of the original single track; and the work of double-tracking the entire line has just been completed. There are three long bridges—one of 300 feet (steel truss) over the Arroyo Seco in this city; one 900 feet long and 45 feet high over the Arroyo at Garvanza; and one of 700 feet across the Terminal Ry. in South Pasadena. The roadbed is substantially laid on a heavy subgrade of gravel; and the track is of heavy steel T rails spiked



L. A. Eng. Co.

THE GARVANZA BRIDGE.

Photo. by Putnam.

to 6x8 redwood ties. The power station consists of two brick structures 100x175 and 60x175 feet, with iron roof. There are installed three 250 horse-power Stirling boilers of the latest improved type; two Ball & Wood compound condensing engines, of 250 and 450 horse-power, respectively; two 300 horse-power Edison generators; one 200 horse-power Westinghouse generator. There are twenty combination cars (open and enclosed) 35 feet long, finely upholstered and finished in mahogany, with plate-glass windows. They were built by the American Car Co. and the J. G. Brill Co., and are equipped with Westinghouse 40 horse power motors of latest design, making 80 h. p. to the car. The cars also have



L. A. Eng. Co.

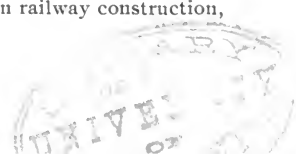
INTERIOR OF CAR.

Photo. by Putnam

the best Standard air-brakes—a necessity, since the grades range from 3 to 7.6 %. The car-house, 100x175 feet, will accommodate 32 long cars, with room for paint and repair-shops. All the buildings are of brick, on 30-inch concrete foundations. A phenomenal water supply is furnished by the company's well. A complete machine-shop is fitted with all the latest and best machines necessary to a railway plant.

It is the intention to extend this system to a connection with the Mt. Lowe Railway at Altadena, which will greatly add to the public convenience and the patronage of the road—already extraordinarily large.

This important enterprise was planned and has been pushed to completion by Mr. E. P. Clark, Vice-President and General Manager. It was begun at a time when there was little doing in railway construction,



and during the great strike which temporarily paralyzed the entire country; and his success is a testimonial to his pluck and judgment. Associated with him are Gen. M. H. Sherman and friends who were largely interested in the Los Angeles street railways.

With its important termini, delightful itinerary, and magnificent equipment, the P. & L. A. Electric Ry., already a large success, has every promise of growing to much greater things.

It may be well to add that the exceptional street railway facilities of Los Angeles are largely due to the ability, activity and unselfishness of Gen. Sherman, who was a moving spirit in all the enterprise, and was for five years president of the Los Angeles consolidated street railway systems.



L. A. Eng. Co.

POWER AND CAR HOUSES, PASADENA.

Photo. by Putnam.

THE PORT OF REDONDO.

REDONDO is a young and flourishing little town on the coast, about 17 miles southwest of Los Angeles. It is not only a charming pleasure resort, but also a busy port. A large number of steam and sailing vessels touch at the wharf every month, and for some time past as much and sometimes more freight has been handled



there than at the old port of San]Pedro. The Pacific Coast steamships stop there regularly. There is a large warehouse and much grain is shipped. Not only does the company own the hotel, the wharf and the townsite, but also a well equipped narrow-gauge railroad which runs frequent trains from Los Angeles. This and the Southern California railway furnish ample transportation facilities. A new wharf is under way to accommodate the immense and growing lumber trade.



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AT
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SODA
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PAGODA SPRING




ROOSE LANE



HOTEL

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH LOCATED.

HILE the Indian may not be much of a guide in the selection of townsites and corner lots, his judgment in medicinal waters is never at fault. Every mineral spring in the United States which is now recognized as of medical or tonic value was patronized by the red man long before Columbus. Particularly on this Coast, medical experts have recognized the hygienic wisdom of the aborigines, both in the curing of disease and the habits by which they prolonged life to an extraordinary degree.

Among the natural dispensaries most in vogue among the prehistoric aborigines of the Coast were the remarkable waters now known as the Napa Soda Springs. This is not strange. The Indian had no book learning, but he was no fool. His observation was matchless; and he had a queer way of doing what he found beneficial—witness, for instance, the universal Indian habit of breathing with closed mouth, asleep or awake, sitting still or running.

With the American occupation of California, these wonderful springs were not slow to be appreciated. Indeed they were so promptly and so thoroughly appreciated that their early history is a romance of plots and counterplots, seizures and fights for possession.

The Indians are gone, the squatters forgotten; and if they could come back they would not recognize the spot which they once knew so well and valued so highly. A colony of noble stone structures has taken the place of Indian *temescal* and squatter's cabin; and the waters they once trudged leagues to reach or held with rifles, are now bottled and expressed all over the country and quaffed with delight in innumerable modern homes. The Napa Soda leads the California list; and all through the East is winning its way against all other waters. It travels even to Central and South America—for the wealthy Dons know a good thing against their palates, and would have it if they had to send twice as far. During ex-President Harrison's visit to this Coast, at the time he lectured at Stanford, he gave these springs the recognition of a week's visit. Many other notables have thus demonstrated their esteem for the charm of this locality and health-restoring virtue of its waters.

Col. John P. Jackson, a well-known figure in California history, bought the springs in 1872, and has spent immense amounts to make them a resort so beautiful that they give the most blasé traveler a thrill of delight. The noble scenery, the splendid buildings and all attractions that wisely-spent and ungrudged money can give to a gem of nature, have combined to make the springs unique. And whether one can go there or not, the magnificent waters, sealed in all their effervescent freshness, are accessible everywhere and to all homes, and need no more than one trial to make themselves a necessity.

The Los Angeles agency for these famous waters is managed by Mr. John P. Jackson, Jr., son of the owner, a young man whose ability and genial qualities are doing very much for his business and for himself.

The Land of Sunshine

THE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA
MAGAZINE

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LARGE.

As has been amply demonstrated, the certified regular edition of the LAND OF SUNSHINE surpasses that of any monthly in the west, and of any regular publication whatsoever in Southern California, with the exception of one daily. Moreover, the scarcity of all back numbers up to date, demonstrates that its editions are not in excess of its circulation. Copies of its first volume do not go begging at 50 cents a number, while it has already become necessary to reserve the June and July numbers of the present year for the most urgent demands only.

LASTING.

Nevertheless custodians of waste baskets can search in vain for the LAND OF SUNSHINE for it finds a permanent place on the center tables and in the libraries of the land.

Although a large majority of its subscribers reside in this locality, it has long been evident from the many inquiries and subscriptions pouring in from abroad, that a majority of local readers eventually send their copies to distant friends. Many not wishing to part with their own monthly copy devote another and sometimes fifteen subscriptions to their Eastern friends.

EFFECTIVE.

There are very few residents of Southern California but are endeavoring to induce some one to this section. They recognize in the LAND OF SUNSHINE an invaluable ally in the good work. They find it more efficient and certainly cheaper than letter writing, and that it contains nothing they need apologize for. In fact, they are rather proud of it, and do not hesitate to send abroad so creditable a reflection of the locality in which they are interested.

While the reputation of its editor, Mr. Chas. F. Lummis, carries the magazine into circles where no other Coast magazine can hope to penetrate, and while its circulation has been intelligently and energetically pushed by its business management, the accompanying communications demonstrate that it also has a voluntary

circulation enjoyed by no other magazine. This demand must increase rather than diminish, as the field eager to receive it is practically limitless.

Wm. H. Miller, Cal. July 12/90
Land of Sunshine Publishing Co.
Atty

Enclous please find
Chuck G. H. & Co. in which please
renew subscriptions for the Land of
Sunshine, & for Study Richmond & Co.
A. S. Higgins & Co. & Co. & Co. & Co.
Comptroller Richmond & Co. and
Each day not less than 1000
Frank Higgins.

1890
Rodlands Cal. July 8th
Messrs F. A. Patee & Co.
Los Angeles Cal.
Respectful Greeting
Enclosed please find
Draft for Three Dollars (\$3.00)
for which please send The Land of
Sunshine Mag. to the names
mentioned below. viz
for one year commencing
with July number.
O. L. Fisher Esq.
Westminster
Vermont

E. H. Wright
No. 331, 16th St South,
Minneapolis
Minne.

Mrs R. R. Miller.
Box 567, Redlands,
Calif.

I have taken this
Sunshine for this past
year. and enjoyed it much.
When I sent it to friends in the
East. As I thought it would
be to them like a trip to the
Land of Plumer's & Sunshine
Wm. H. Miller.

Los Angeles, Cal. Feb'y 16, 1895

Wm. Latta Esq.
 Geo. M. J. Land of Sunshine
 Stars & Stripes

We think it does to
 you to say that during the short time
 we have used your publication for
 an advertising medium we have been highly
 gratified with the results. Already we are
 receiving letters from all parts of the
 U.S. containing inquiries or propositions
 growing out of our advertisements
 therein

Yours Truly

Wm. L. Parsons

\$1.25 Per Acre



\$1.25 Per Acre

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 THE LAND OF SUNSHINE.

Not only is this so, but it is a land of great
 promise, where you may secure a home on the
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Choice Government Lands at
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 annum. No requirements as to improving or
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 and fertility of soil it is unsurpassed; where you
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We also have choice improved farms and fruit
 lands near Los Angeles, at \$30.00 and upward per
 acre. Southern California property to exchange
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Low weekly rates will be made to individuals
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Livery stables at Echo Mountain and Altadena
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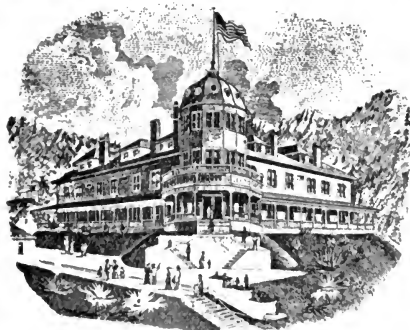
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3,500 FEET ABOVE THE LEVEL OF THE SEA.

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LOS ANGELES LEADS.

That there is no section of the United States where business is in a more settled and flourishing condition than it is in Los Angeles today, as illustrated by the following comparative showing, taken from the *American Land and Title Register*. Real estate transfers for March, 1895:

New York, \$13,697,067; Chicago, \$11,000,000; Philadelphia, \$7,593,533; St. Louis, \$2,511,119; San Francisco (report for February), \$714,801; Pittsburgh, \$1,200,269; *Los Angeles*, \$1,701,904; Portland (Oregon), \$338,657.

Building operations for March, 1895: Chicago, \$3,200,000; Philadelphia, \$2,618,122; Brooklyn, \$1,942,417; Cincinnati, \$413,670; New Orleans, \$234,555; Pittsburgh, \$210,407; *Los Angeles*, \$226,822.

Real estate transfers for April, 1895: New York, \$14,500,000; Chicago, \$10,700,000; Philadelphia, \$9,331,339; St. Louis, \$2,820,519; San Francisco, \$2,624,145; Pittsburgh, \$2,374,150; Kansas City, \$1,139,964; Denver, \$1,043,076; Portland, Or., \$431,304; *Los Angeles*, \$1,705,987.

The building operations for April are as follows: Chicago, \$3,871,000; Philadelphia, \$4,202,842; Brooklyn, \$1,854,572; New Orleans, \$270,831; Pittsburgh, \$563,928; Denver, \$120,200; *Los Angeles*, \$300,368.

The solid character of the Los Angeles banks was well shown during the financial panic of 1894, which had such disastrous results in some sections of the country. Bank clearances have for a year past shown an improvement almost every week, while the figures from a majority of other cities have frequently shown a decrease.

Los Angeles Clearing House for month ending July, 1895: Deposits, \$1,232,869.08; Balances, \$175,689.10. Corresponding, 1894: \$723,605.75; \$131,950.92.

Oldest and Largest Bank in Southern California

Farmers and Merchants Bank Of Los Angeles, Cal.

Capital (Paid up)	- - -	\$500,000.00
Surplus and Reserve	- - -	820,000.00
Total	- - -	\$1,320,000.00

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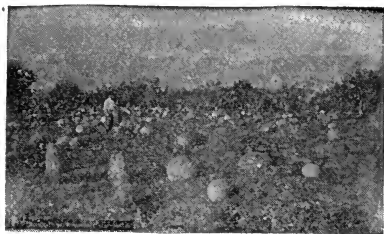
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Southern California Nat. Bank, Los Angeles.
First National Bank, Schuyler, Neb.
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SEPTEMBER, 1895

Volume II
Number 4

"LOS PAISES DEL SOL DILATAN EL ALMA"


THE
LAND

OF



SUNSHINE

A SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA
MAGAZINE



EDITED BY
CHAS. F. LUMMIS

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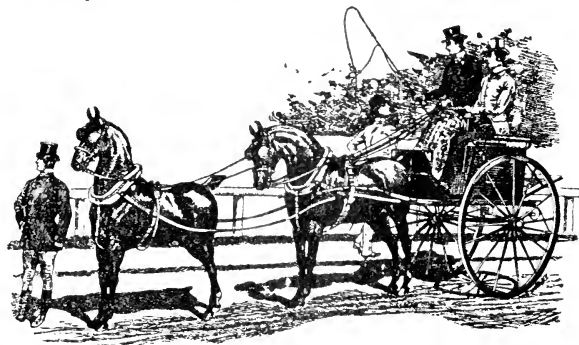
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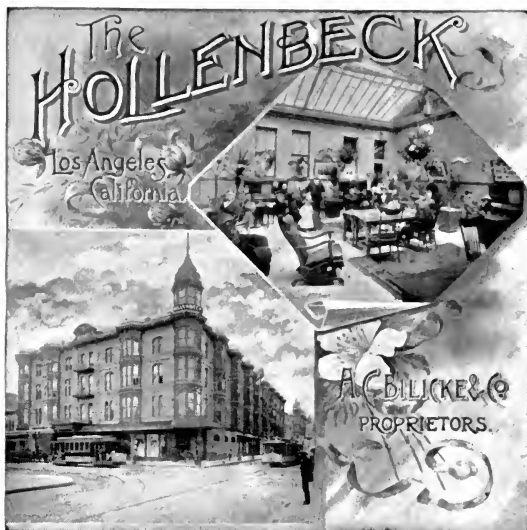
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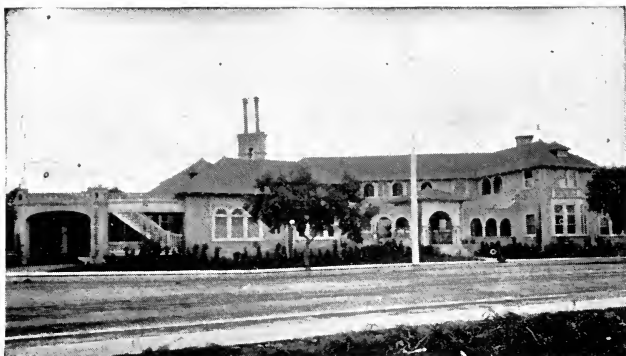
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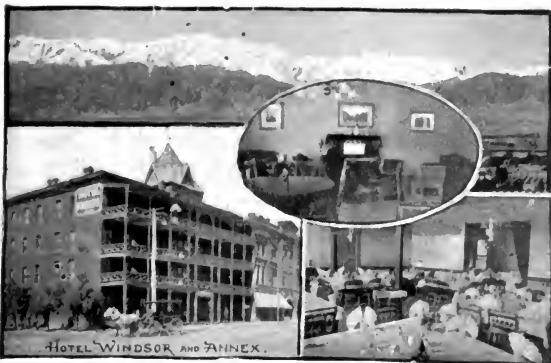


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View from Smiley Heights, Redlands, looking north.

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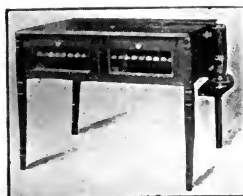
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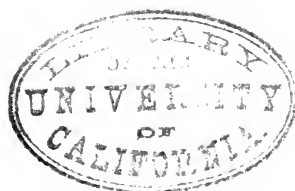




Photo. and Eng. by Herve Friend

TIMBER-LINE IN THE SIERRA.

Their brothers, purring far below,
Are trim and shapelier to the eye;
But these recked not of scars, to know
A pine's last frontier toward the sky.



VOL. 3, No. 4.

LOS ANGELES

SEPTEMBER, 1895

THE PASEO.

BY L. WORTHINGTON GREEN.

THE wavering heat is broken by long rows
Of slim acacias, palms and alamos ;
In brave attire there walk, between,
José, Andres and Agustin.

Andres, José and Agustin
Stroll down the alameda slow
Neath spreading boughs with plats between
Where rose and belled granada grow.
Tall gray sombreros, silver-trimmed,
Bedecked with spangles, ample-brimmed,
Shade from bright rays by clouds undimmed
The eyes of all.

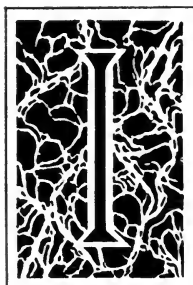
They loiter on with airy grace ;
A turn of head this way and that,
While sparkling smiles light up the face
Accenting gay, theatric chat.
Their jaunty jackets reach the waist
With rows of buttons closely placed ;
And braided trousers, tightly laced,
Costumes complete.

A greater charm is found by far
Than shade, bright flowers and tropic weather
In Juana, Inez and Leonor
All pretty maids who drive together.
Clear olive faces, lips of red—
But back of them the warder's head ;
The dueña, aye accredited
For watchful eyes.

The wavering heat is broken by long rows
Of slim acacias, palms and alamos ;
In brave attire there walk, between,
José, Andres and Agustin.

THE SNAKE-DEATH.

BY ROSS B. FRANKLIN.



It was moons and moons ago, Wash-tai-ok-shela,* before the big gun of the white soldier thundered when the sand-hills were sleepy; when the coyote yelped in the draws as our people came back over the trail from the setting sun with the winter's meat. The smoke from our tepees curled lazy, then, Wash-tai-ok-shela, and did not scatter in fear the white man would see it and come with speaking thunder to drive us from our lands.

"Old Weenah was young in those days. Her eye was bright and her hair like the darkness; and her feet were swift.

"See! yonder, where the buzzard is flying over the trees — there, by the big white rocks —

"The days had grown still and bright; the sumac was almost the color of the sunset; the creeping vine was shedding its leaves and the grass was harsh, and rustled in the night winds; the water-fall was lonely and the tumble-weeds had begun to fill up the draws.

"Weenah sat many hours, there, to watch the moon come over the hills, for when it should come red and round, our people were to return from the hunt. The children were hungry, and the dogs gnawed bones the vultures had left.

"The moon came, one night, red and round, and Weenah bent her ear to the trail to listen for the swish of the tepee poles dragging behind the ponies; but she only heard the dry grass. Once, she thought she heard the cry of the hunters, and she bent lower and held her breath; but there was no swish, swish. Then she sat upon a log and her heart ached and a lump came in her throat and the rain from her eyes, for the moon did not turn to white and she trembled—for the Cheyennes were revengeful. Weenah remembered when they came and burned our village and drove away our ponies; when Weenah's mother took her in her arms and fled to the big cave.

"Soon a step was in the grass. Weenah clutched her knife in the shadows — for she could strike hard and sure. It was not the Cheyenne, but old Ne-we-ta-a who had beaten the tom-tom more than forty great suns at the hunt-feast and the scalp-dance.

"'Weenah sits in the shadows and waits for the hunters,' she said. 'Hark! The crows have flown in fours and the moon has not turned white. Ne-we-ta-a's snakes have shed the rattle-skins today for the second time, that they may louder sound the warning — the Cheyennes have met our hunters! Woe to the hungry Sioux! Ne-we-ta-a has spoken!'

"Weenah crawled to her lodge and burned her necklace of bears' claws, that the smoke might go far over the trail and carry much strength to her people.

* Sioux for "Good little boy."

"The next day she watched the crows fly in fours again; the next night the moon rose, red and round; and the water-fall sounded more lonely. Weenah laid yonder and listened until the shadows grew short. Then she heard. Listen, Wash-tai-ok-shela! It was not the hunt cry, but the long whoop of the war-trail! With feet like the deer she sped to the village and the fires were put out. The children cried and the dogs moaned.

"Our people came—not all of them—and their arrows were spent and their meat was lost. While the women were seeking their braves and the war-cry was dying into the low chant of desolation, Weenah glided about in quest of Swift-Eagle. Had he not come? She could not see, for there were no fires and the moon was red and gave no light through the clouds. She used to find him in the dark, for his eyes were like the stars and his form was like the big tree. Weenah gave the cry of the coyote—Swift-Eagle always heard and answered that. Had the Cheyennes—? No! Swift-Eagle was too brave and strong, and his arrows were too swift.

"Ne-we-ta-a shook her head and said: 'Swift-Eagle was a coward and did not fight when the Cheyennes found our braves. They have bound him to the board. Tomorrow he shall die, for it will rain.*

"Wash-tai-ok-shela, if you love old Weenah, tell her that Swift-Eagle was no coward! His father's girdle held the scalps of a score of Cheyennes, and his mother fought with our braves more times than the moons of your life.

"But they were jealous, the braves. Weenah had no smiles for them. Swift-Eagle was in the way. How could Weenah love them all? Her heart was not a tumble-weed and her smiles were not the leaves, to fall everywhere.

"Ne-we-ta-a passed on and sat at her lodge chanting that the Spirits would smoothe the trail to the happy hunting grounds; for the Cheyennes had killed many of our hunters.

"Weenah could scarcely reach her bear-skins for her heart was heavy. She would lie down upon her knife—tomorrow it would rain and Swift-Eagle would die. No! She would creep to the tree where he stood, bound. Swift-Eagle should take the trail over the hills to the Cheyennes. Perhaps some day he would come back and get her.

"Ne-we-ta-a was chanting; the moon was hidden behind the clouds which would rain tomorrow; the coyote yelped—Weenah cut the raw-hides and Swift-Eagle was free! Wash-tai-ok-shela, he was no coward! He would not take the trail over the hills. He frowned and said no word, nor moved. And they found him standing there in the morning, when the sky was gray, with the death-song upon his lips.

"Who would cut the thongs but Weenah? So she was bound and taken over yonder with him that she might see him die when it rained. Why had she not lain upon her knife!

"Old Ne-we-ta-a twisted the hemp string, large and strong; and brought her snakes and tied them by their tails to the springing willows.

* Sentence of death of the Sioux when a disgraceful death is to meted.



Swift-Eagle looked at the crows flying in fours, and at Weenah, who was bound on the other side to see him die.

"The hemp string was not long and if Swift-Eagle could have moved, he would not have waited for the rain. They bound him to the board and switched the snakes to fury. Each time they sprang the springing willows bent, then pulled them back. Much they struck; their fangs fell short but a finger from Swift-Eagle's face; but his eyes did not close.

"Weenah heard the winds coming; coming with the rain which soon fell. The hemp string grew damp and began to stretch.

"A tumble-weed rolled over the snakes; they struck again and again and Swift-Eagle's face was the mark. He smiled and the death-song grew weaker. And the winds carried it away to the Spirits. It was done."

Denver, Col.

THE CAMINO REAL.

BY AUGUSTE WEY.

"And was there a road, Don Antonio, which led directly from Mission to Mission as the recognized highway of official travel when California was a part of Spain?"

"But yes, and assuredly, there was a road."

"And had it a name?"

"It commenced in Guatemala; it ended at first in Monterey: then in San Francisco de Asis: then in San Francisco Solano, the last of the Missions north."

"And it was called—Señor Don?"

"It was called either the *Camino del Rey* or the *Camino Real* in our Spanish. You have it in your English, as well: it is—"

"Oh, Don Antonio, a thousand pardons in English and Spanish! You mean 'The King's Highway.'"

(Recorded interview with Don Antonio Coronel, Los Angeles, 1891.)

UNDER the Spanish Bourbon, Carlos III, and his successors, Carlos IV and Fernando VII, Spain colonized the semi-mythical California of the Spanish records and established in it both Church and State under such conditions as resulted, according to Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, in "that adobe and rancharo civilization which, down to the coming of the Americans, in about 1840, made in this region the most picturesque life that our continent has ever seen."

The Highway upon which this picturesque civilization, commenced by Carlos III, was strung, and along which, pictorially, it was "grouped" with the artistic sense of Velasquez and Murillo, remains forever to California, ready in every condition of atmosphere, local color, tradition and future possibilities, to vie with Canterbury as a pilgrimage of travel and go beyond it in importance and paintability. Running into California on the south from San Diego, as a direct continuation of the preceding Jesuit mission cordon of Lower California, it ended, at the time of the secularization of the Franciscan establishments, at San Francisco Solano on the north, a mission famous for the skill of its neophyte Indians in that curious "feather-work" we associate with Montezuma and Cortez.

This *Camino Real* has never since its foundation been, for a single

day, other than a traveled road ; but its musical name is not often uttered now, even by the Spanish-speaking Californians, and is as unknown to Americans as are the faces of the three Spanish kings whose couriers rode successively upon it, bearing the royal *rubrica* and the accompanying signature "*Yo el Rey.*"

Recent eminently practical correspondence and awakened enthusiasm lead me to suggest a revival of the *name* as well as a concerted revival of the road itself, and its Spanish traditions, along the whole line of the four presidios, twenty-one missions and three pueblos, which formed the original cordon. Such a revival might, I believe, form a motive and furnish a common inspiration for the three civilizations, Spanish, Mexican and American, meeting along this still existing roadway, as well as an avowed purpose with which to fearlessly guide the actual crusade of California travel into as historic a path as leads anywhere to the end of the world.

The *tilthing* of both this crusade and the road, for some great and agreed-upon charity or associated charities from San Diego to San Francisco Solano has already been submitted to certain cardinal points along this line and met with instantaneous approval and promised concurrence. As a practical itinerary for such a pilgrimage I have what I believe to be the immortal material

left me by Don Antonio Coronel, including the whole line of travel which he himself followed in zarape and sombrero, walking with the friars from mission to mission, a Franciscan day's journey apart, or riding "as only Mamelukes and Californians *could* ride" in his old saddle carved and inlaid with silver by the Indian armorers of Santa Inez.

This line of travel, set down in his trembling Spanish hand, is illustrated with the "rhythm of the castanets" in the fandango ; sketches of costume ; patterns of Cordovan leather and inscriptions on old Toledo blades. Don Antonio had a separate legend of this Highway for every



From Harper's Magazine.
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Bro.

CARLOS III.

"The family of Bourbon, which traces its descent through 'Saint Louis' to Hugh Capet . . . which in Spain produced the most enlightened of her monarchs after Isabella I, in the person of Charles III, must always interest the historical student" — Kate Mason Rowland in Harper's Magazine, January, 1895.



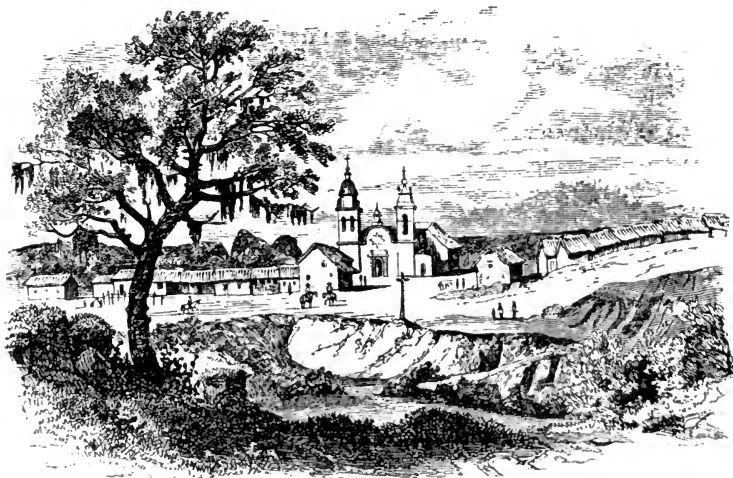
Union Eng. Co.
GOV. MICHELTORENA.

day in the year. As a soldier, he knew its military details and the life of the four presidios; as a citizen, the municipal history of the three pueblos; as a Californian, the strange and ever-fascinating record of padre and Indian living "in community" under Franciscan rule.

For all this, our "illustration" mentioned above came alternately from his own museum upon the ground floor of his house in Los Angeles, the library in its third story and his own inexhaustible memory, and included many portraits obtained from Mexican and Spanish sources, two of which are furnished here. Both of them are associated in countless ways with the *Camino Real* and both have given it forever

such local color as is an inspiration toward reviving it.

Governor Manuel Micheltorena (whose watch Don Antonio always wore upon all our pilgrimages over the Los Angeles part of it, and which faithfully kept for us to the last the railroad time of "the North Americans") has made many a brave entry along it, the scarlet and gold of his aide-de-camp alternating with the sky-blue and silver of his secretary; and Father Antonio Peyri for over thirty years was a familiar figure upon it, walking in the Franciscan habit, girded with the Franciscan cord. Who has not read of the ride of the Indian neophytes of San Luis Rey, to the old *embarcadero* of San Diego to bring him back to the mission he was leaving forever? The story of three hundred Indians galloping through the midnight only to see the ship Pocahontas weighing anchor for Mexico, and the hands of Father Antonio uplifted in a last blessing upon California—will yet be painted for us and written and dramatized, as it now is only told.



Meantime, it is pleasant to connect this so-well-remembered going away with the recent Franciscan "Return" to this same mission of the great French King, Saint and Crusader, Louis IX; he who was the glorious ancestor of Carlos III and His present Majesty of Spain.

It was Governor Manuel Micheltorena who vainly decreed the Restoration of the Church establishments south of San Luis Obispo. The group of friars and that of the Franciscan Indians brought up from Mexico, are proofs of the actuality of the accomplished "Return," and the Re-establishment. Father Peyri, to whose portrait the neophytes are said to have knelt for years after his departure, is only one of a line of priests, as Micheltorena is one of the line of picturesque Governors which illustrates the King's Highway. Everywhere it is as it should be, an example of picture-writing, in the language of Spain and characteristic as the Dresden Codex itself.

We were standing, not long ago, in the San Gabriel valley, with the mountains behind us, and to the south of us the hills in which, Mr. Bishop says, "the falconry parties of Fromentin or a conference of rival Arab chiefs by Pasini might be held;" and I was wishing as usual, not



Union Eng. Co.

FATHER ANTONIO PEYRI.

Forever associated with the secularization of San Luis Rey and the night ride of its neophytes to the embarcadero of San Diego. From an old print.



L. A. Eng. Co.

THREE FATHERS OF THE FRANCISCAN RE-ESTABLISHMENT, SAN LUIS REY.



Union Eng. Co.

THE MISSION OF SANTA BARBARA.

From an Old Print.

so much for the falcons and the Arab chiefs as for Fromentin and Pasini —when the president of one of the great American railroads, whose private car we had left lying at the foot of the Raymond hill, in Pasadena, said suddenly to me :

“I knew that this was our Italy, but tell me, why has no one ever told Americans that America contained Spain? Hereafter I cross our continent and not the Atlantic ocean to find it. Here then, you have it incarnate : the mountains, the barrancas, the atmosphere, the color, the Spanish light.”

“But not the Alhambra,” I said. “Perhaps travelers may not recognize it without. Besides, no one, Mr. Warner included, has yet written ‘Their Spain.’ That is something reserved, in literature.”



Collier, Eng.

THE OLD CORONEL HOME.

From Painting by A. F. Harmer



L. A. Eng. Co.

Photo. by A. C. Vroman.

FRANCISCAN INDIANS OF THE RE-ESTABLISHMENT.

"I believe you," he answered, as he mounted his horse to ride away through the hills into the Spanish atmosphere.

When *Their Spain* is on our library shelves beside *Our Italy*, leading again, as Don Antonio knew it, "from Guatemala to San Francisco Solano," will be found the true and Californian *Camino Real*.

Pasadena.

SANTA BARBARA.

BY FRANCIS F. BROWNE.

Between the mountains and the sea,
Walled by the rock, fringed by the foam,
A valley stretches fair and free
Beneath the blue of heaven's dome.


At rest in that fair valley lies
Saint Barbara, the beauteous maid ;
Above her head the cloudless skies
Smile down upon her charms displayed.

The sunlit mountains o'er her shed
The splendor of their purple tinge,
While round her like a mantle spread
The blue seas with their silver fringe.

Enfolded in that soothing calm,
The earth seems fair and heaven near ;
The flowers bloom free, the air is balm,
And summer rules the radiant year.

TWO LITTLE CORREDORS

BY ESTELLE THOMSON.

 CORREDOR DEL CAMINO is the Spanish name of a little neighbor of mine who lives among the chaparral. Runner of the road, it means.

She is an interesting bird, with iridescent plumage, a tail much out of proportion to her body in length, and an aristocratic crest; and she scorns the society of her species, preferring to associate with barnyard fowls and human beings. She has reared several broods in a thicket close by, and during incubation I find her one of the tamest of wild creatures, permitting the hands almost to touch her before she will take flight. She likewise allows the little *paisanos* to be taken out of the nest and freely handled, without in the least resenting such familiarity.

My *corredor's* spirited husband, while a chick, was first encountered one morning after a heavy storm in a very doleful condition; and being yet in tender plumage and seized with chills, he was brought home by hand, decidedly draggled. Here he was nursed through various infantile disorders until robust and adult. He soon developed great affection, but his vanity predominates over all other traits, his proudest ambition being to pose and strut before a mirror where, at any hour, he views himself with admiring glances. Yet no cat can rid the barn of mice more effectually than he, and so proficient has he become in the accomplishment that the family sooner would lose every domestic fowl of the yard than part with the "Little Colonel."

Two of "Little Colonel's" offspring had a queer history.

Stolen when young from their mother's nest, they were adopted by their captors and given the names Bimbo and Betsy. It was then that they became my fascinating study. As they grew they developed to be plump and prettily speckled with brown, while that tuft of changeable steel-blue feathers which shot up directly in the center of the crown of each, standing jauntily erect, gave them a very saucy air. They certainly were handsome, and they also were great pets, being known to nearly the entire town.

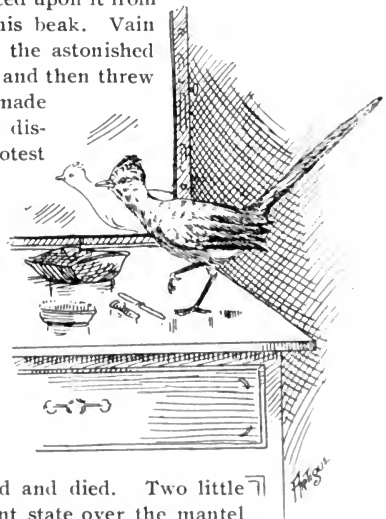
It was not long before they were as fond of kittens of attention; and they solicited caresses, as well from strangers as the family. They loved to be cuddled, and would climb into their foster-mamma's lap and "give kisses" in the most captivating fashion; while they ran as fast as their stout legs could carry them whenever they heard their names spoken, spreading their short wings and making a queer kl-i-c-k! kl-i-c-k! that was their only attempt at song. Sometimes they escaped from the yard

to the street; then it was necessary only to open the window and call "Come, Bimbo! Come, Betty!" when two little topknotted heads would appear quickly over the fence, with two funny long tails bobbing up stiffly behind them. But ah, they would suck eggs! And otherwise they were very mischievous. They were capital to clear the garden of slugs; they snapped at every lizard; each day they looked for a mouse from the trap to be fed to them whole—the trap never must be left idle; and if a live bird by any means was procured they played with it as a cat with its captive, finally swallowing it; while they incessantly eyed the canary and begged for it when it hung in their sight. They were ravenous for fresh meat, and it was laughable to see them follow the spade: evidently they knew its use among the garden clods, and the minute it was grasped they followed it out, trotting nimbly and looking for worms.

They were pampered darlings, if not spoiled; and they came to think all smaller life created for their prey. Bimbo had an especial fondness for flickers, having found by rare experiments that this little Mexican bird affords a delicious meal. Several times after such a dainty repast he had chased and captured young chickens from the barnyard brood, swallowing the downy morsel whole, and at first evading both detection and punishment. One day, having temporarily escaped to the secluded lower end of the garden, he saw a flicker which for some minutes had been feeding under an oak tree. Suddenly Bimbo darted from the hillock where he was watching and, tail erect, ran fiercely down the knoll. He came at such tilt upon the woodpecker that it had no warning of an enemy until the bigger bird pounced upon it from the rear and gave it a sharp blow with his beak. Vain Bimbo! he was ready for his mouthful: but the astonished flicker wheeled about, gave an angry stare, and then threw up its wings and cut the air quickly. It made but a short dash, when it alighted at safe distance and lifted its voice in indignant protest against such conduct, scolding well. Bimbo stood as if stunned. It was a most unlooked-for turn of affairs, and his crest must have been lowered as he walked away.


For a long time these interesting twins afforded amusement in the neighborhood; but at last, so great was the vigilance their keeping entailed, they were caged. Their cage was ample, but it was not like out-of-doors; and there was within them the instinct that called for freedom, if not for the chaparral. Confinement told upon them.

Bimbo pined and died. Then Betty pined and died. Two little mounted birds with glass eyes poise in silent state over the mantel shelf now: but they are a sorry substitute for two little living birds with merry mischief in them, balancing above the garden wall.



PICTURESQUE WALKS.

BY HAROLD STANLEY CHANNING.

HILE walks in any direction from the heart of Los Angeles give ample recompense, one offers unusual attractions. The pedestrian should follow the electric car-line out Buena Vista street and just before reaching the river turn to the left up a road at the bottom of a ravine with flower-clad slopes. He is almost immediately in Elysian Park with its innumerable little valleys and swales, where hours can profitably be spent. Or, he can follow a narrow trail along the bluffs which rise from the wooded valley of the river.

If inclination urge him farther afield, he can cross the river, instead, turning to the left up the old San Fernando turnpike. After four or five miles, to the right, across a little bridge, he enters Eagle Rock valley.

The valley, shut in by steep, brush-clad hills on the north, full of wild cañons, and low ridges covered with wild mustard on the south, slopes gently up to the east, where it abruptly terminates at Eagle Rock, one of the most remarkable natural freaks in the vicinity of Los Angeles.

This huge dome of grayish pudding-stone drops perpendicularly on the west to the valley below. From one point weathering and disintegration have caused it to simulate a large, clear-cut profile; and on the north are two large caves, in the more accessible of which a man formerly led a hermit existence.

The view from the summit is very beautiful. Westward, at one's feet, winds the Eagle Rock valley, dotted with cosy homes throughout, until it merges into the greater valley of the Los Angeles river, with the rugged San Fernando peaks beyond. Eastward lie the San Gabriel valley, the Sierra Madre, and the snow-peaks of Old Baldy, San Bernardino and San Jacinto.

The return can be made by way of Pasadena if desired.

Pasadena.

LYRICS FROM SAGE-LAND.

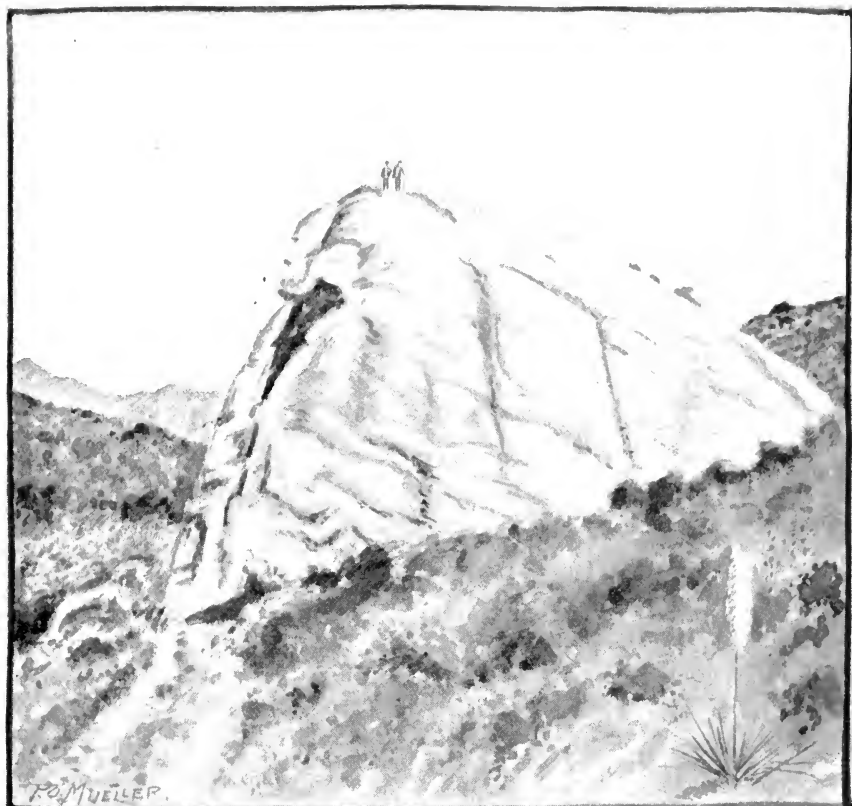
BY NANCY K. FOSTER.

When from mountain-base rises in soft waves of light,
The mist-silvered sage with its long fingers white,
And the honey-bee revels in seas of new sweet,—
To fall thinking of you, it is meet, it is meet!

When the quail leaves his ambush with flutter and stir,
And the humming-bird circles and darts with low whirr,
When the butterfly pauses to rest her long mile,—
To fall thinking of you is worth while, is worth while!

When the mimulus bell grows in clusters apace,
And the yucca's tall taper burns white in one's face,
When the scents from the foot-hills blow balsam and rest
To fall thinking of you is the best, is the best!

Los Angeles



THE FOG AND THE FACTS.

BY NORMAN BRIDGE, M. D.

THE saddest unhappiness of our existence is that which is unnecessary—and this constitutes much of our suffering lot.

A strictly impartial judge is rare—many there are who try to be impartial, and who think they are ; but one who can completely put aside his preconceptions, even those which he would confess are not based on evidence, is a *rara avis* indeed.

As to the commonest things of life, we sometimes need to forget, if we can, those notions we have absorbed, and to reach others by thought.

Some ideas are settled in the public mind by experience, by that sense that is so common that it is common-sense. But if we are to judge our occasional morning fogs by this standard, the court and the jury must be the earlier Californians rather than the latter-day accessions of hypercritical, hypersensitive, if not hypereducated, invalids. There is perhaps such a thing, as O'Rell says of the Bostonians, as being educated beyond one's intellect ; and the most evolved refinement of society leads to amazing sins against proportion. We seem likely never to want for a subject for dispute as long as we have fogs.

To most pulmonary invalids a fog is supposed to be baneful. It aggravates all their symptoms, and chills them to the bones ; and any escape from it by location or altitude is justifiable. But the old residents find no fault with it, but rather like it, and wonder why such a tempest is raised about the subject. The morning fog in summer beclouds the sun till the sea-breeze comes up, and so the whole day is delightful.

Fog is the expression of great and sudden changes in atmospheric temperature.

Southern California is a region capable, by its proximity to the equator, of great heat at times ; especially when there is little motion of air, and the sun shines. Yet it has the cold ocean on one side, and, near by on the other, mountains so high as to furnish a marked degree of cold, especially in the absence of sunshine. Hence the land and the atmosphere warmed by the sun are certain to be often chilled by these influences as the winds blow, and fogs ought to be expected.

Our atmosphere is always charged with invisible moisture, more or less ; more when the temperature is high, less when it is low.

Cool the air gradually, and water is deposited. Dew is one form of such deposit ; the cooling is gradual, and most at the surface of the earth and of objects that radiate the heat of the day. Fog is another form of deposit, and occurs when a large body or stratum of the atmosphere becomes suddenly chilled ; it is water in particles so minute as to float in the air, and so plentiful as to be visible as a white cloud.

The fog "comes in from the sea," we say ; we can see it come ; it starts at the shore and travels toward the mountains. But this is often all a mistake ; the fog doesn't usually come in from the sea (although it may move landward), but is made at the point where we observe it. Some cold air charged with less moisture comes from sea or mountain,

anywhere, mixes with the warmer air with more moisture, which at once precipitates its watery vapor as fog, and wherever the cold current of dryer air strikes the warmer and moister air, there is likely to be fog, whether on land or sea. A cold spell after a few hot days always means fog.

For many it is hard to understand that the fog is not a wicked importation, but is mostly created at the spot where it is seen. So, too, it is hard to realize that when the sun dissipates the fog in the early forenoon, there is afterward the same amount of water in the air there was before—and the identical water, too. It has become invisible from the warming of the air that has dissolved the fog particles.

Expectant attention leads us often to discover from phenomena the effects we are looking for. Those who believe fogs are harmful, and that the only blessed thing is sunshine, are hurt by them; they have an aggravation of symptoms or catch cold; while they who believe fogs are useful to temper the heat, to save the complexion and to moisten vegetation, they who like gray days, find fogs enjoyable.

Our apotheosis of sunshine inclines us foolishly to hate fog and rain.

Not only is it true that there is as much moisture in the air after the fog is dissolved—but there is reason to think the watery particles of inhaled fog do not reach the lungs as such, but rather as invisible watery vapor, exactly as is true of ordinary atmosphere. In view of this fact it is difficult to see how a fog could much harm a pulmonary invalid, unless it should last a long time. True, the fog particles strike the face and clothes of one exposed to it, and give a sense of chilliness that requires more clothing; so do the night air and a cold day.

But it is unsupposable that if the fog particles do strike the throat they can do special harm for the few minutes or hours that a fog lasts.

A few people with sensitive throats declare they are always awakened by the irritation produced by a fog coming on after they fall asleep; but I well know that many such will sleep on through hours of the densest cloud and never discover any irritation till they are told that a fog exists. My own belief is that fogs as they occur in Southern California are very little harmful to any patient except by their coldness and the abolition of sunshine they produce, and the remedy for this injury is clothing, and a fire if necessary. This belief is shared by most discriminating patients.

A few patients, apparently free from a too fertile imagination, do insist that a fog irritates their throats and increases cough, and they must be believed. But if the increase of cough also increases the capacity to clear the respiratory passages of morbid matter, it is so far an advantage. Cough is nature's conservative means of self-protection.

For our own comfort as well as for truth it is important to deal with this subject free from fancy and imagination; exactly what we usually forget to do.

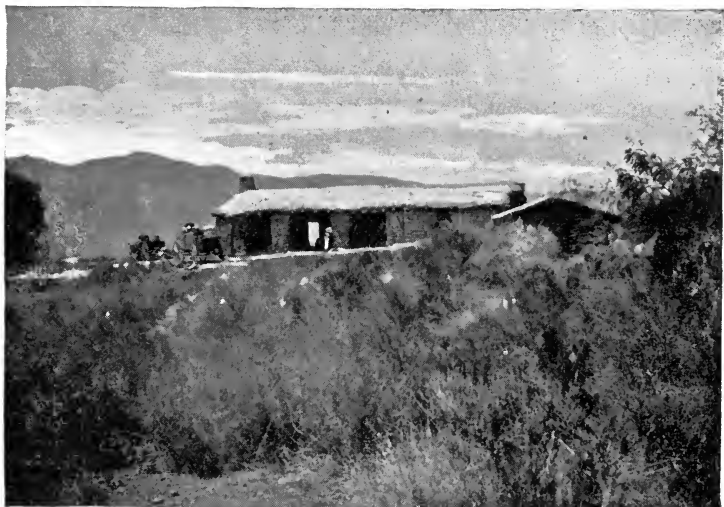
Consistency continues to be a jewel; and the psychology of fog in Southern California is verily a thing of amusing interest.

THE OLD STAGE-STATION.

BY R. HARRIS.

HAVE you relatives that crossed the plains in the early days by the "Overland route?" Have you ever listened to their true stories of hardship and suffering, of miraculous escapes from murderous Indians, of thirst on the great desert when luke-warm water was measured out by the spoonful?

To a native born (whose mother crossed the great deserts in those early days, and in after life would gather her children around the old stone fire-place of an evening and tell them the stories of the plains) there is perhaps nothing more interesting than those old thick, adobe-walled, mud-roofed, deserted stage stations.



Union Eng. Co.

THE OLD STAGE-STATION.

There are the great hand-hewn beams that support the heavy roof; perhaps transported from some distant range on human shoulders. There are the closely woven *tules*, bound to slender poles with neatly cut strings of rawhide—miles of them—all in turn covered with eight to twelve inches of dirt. There is the portico, held up by columns of adobe four feet square. There is the huge fire-place, from which the light is thrown across the main room, through the crumbling corridor, and into the dark recesses beyond. The pale moonlight drops in through the broken roof.

On the white wall is a stain—efforts have evidently been made to remove it. Through the plaster there are two little round holes. You take out your knife and dig away at the adobe; out tumble two little battered chunks of lead. They are pistol balls.

There in the corner lies a broken table, around which gathered the returning miner from the gold fields, the professional gambler and the reckless stage-driver. The little graveyard, just above the house, with its quaint little mounds of white sand, bespeaks the result of many of these sittings.

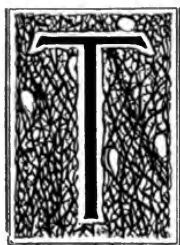
Below, in the flat, are the alkali springs—I can taste the water yet! All around are the ruins of old adobe corrals, where the desert teamster kept his mules; where he fed them hay that cost \$200 per ton.

Each old ruin has its own spectre—we wish they might haunt our lawmakers till they appropriate sufficient means to preserve an old station, ghost and all. For this is all we will have, soon, to remind us of “The days of old, the days of gold.”

Riverside.

THE FIRST SCHOOLS HERE.

BY MARY M. BOWMAN.



THE educational advantages in California, before the American occupation, were limited and spasmodic. Schools were established by the various Governors, but were apt to lapse for want of money, scarcity of persons qualified to teach and indifference of parents. The only revenue for support of the school master was derived from fines and land dues; the home government contributing small and uncertain aid.

The sons of wealthy families were sent to Mexico and the Hawaiian Islands. Education for girls was limited. To embroider, to cook and mend, to do plain sewing, was supposed to be enough. They learned to read among themselves, or received instruction from visiting or resident priests.

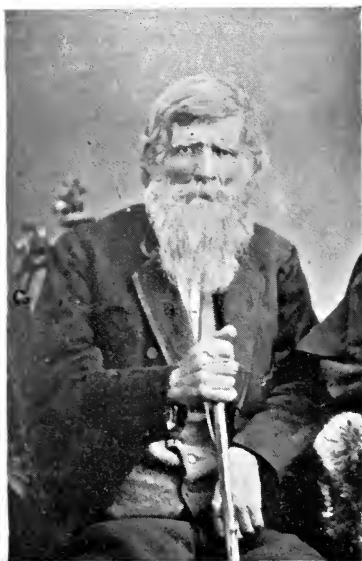
A daughter of one of the leading families, born in Los Angeles eighty years ago, taught herself from newspapers brought in the trading vessels. When the Alvarados came, she obtained a primary reader. “When that was finished,” she says, “I learned nothing more, for there were no more books.” She learned to write after her marriage.

In the city archives is recorded a payment of twelve dollars by the Alcalde, Sept. 29, 1827, for a bench and table bought at San Gabriel for a school here, supported by private subscription and some slight aid from the municipal fund. It evidently did not continue long. In 1836 a school was opened at San Gabriel, and the Governor detailed Ensign Guadalupe Medina for schoolmaster. The school had an attendance of 61 pupils, but lasted less than half the year, the Governor having recalled the officer to his military duties. Four months later the teacher returned, but the building being required for a barracks the school was once more suspended. In 1844 Don Manuel Requena, in congratulating the retiring Ayuntamiento on having established a primary school in the town, stated that the Departmental Government had appropriated \$500 for that purpose, and had given leave of absence to Ensign Medina to act as preceptor. The learned preceptor held an examination, “which

proved his devotion to his duties and the rapid improvement of the youth of Los Angeles." The Ensign, who was an excellent penman, made and copied a complete census of the town and adjoining district, in 1836, and left on record the following list of school furniture, the property of the Ayuntamiento: 36 spelling books; 11 second readers; 14 catechisms by Father Ripaldi; 1 table without cover; 6 writing desks; 1 blackboard.

School opened the first Monday in June, "with solemn mass and the concurrence of all the leading people." The hours were from 8 to 11 a. m., and 2 to 5 p. m., except Sundays, national holidays, and saints' days of the town. On their own saint's day pupils were excused certain hours. The course of study was reading, writing, the first four rules of arithmetic and Father Ripaldi's catechism.

The old families of Los Angeles are indebted to Don Ygnacio Coronel and family for many advantages enjoyed by their children. His first school was established in 1838 and continued at intervals for more than ten years. The system of teaching was a combination of common school and kindergarten work. The text books contained illustrations of the latter, and some of those in use at that time, brought by the Hajar colony in 1843, are preserved in the valuable historical collection of Don Ygnacio's son and assistant, the late Don Antonio. The supply was scant, and to make them go around, lessons were written on the blackboard. At one time the school was held in the parish building adjoining the Plaza church, where some of the old benches are still kept. A lady who was one of Don Ygnacio's pupils in 1848-9, says the school room was then in Don Ygnacio's residence, an old adobe house on upper Los Angeles street. The boys and girls sat on opposite sides of the room, on long wooden benches, except in writing hours, when they were provided with tables. They used primers and spelling books, and studied arithmetic through the first four rules. Religious instruction was by this time relegated to the church. Instead of the catechism, Don Ygnacio taught them to dance, and as each pupil completed the study of a book he gave a little dance in the school room as a reward of merit. His daughter Soledad, who instructed the smaller children, played the harp on these occasions. The successful pupil was crowned with Castilian roses by the other scholars. In this lady's school days, girls were taught to write; but when a sister six years older attended the Guiardo



Union Eng. Co.

DON FRANCISCO BUSTAMANTE.

school to learn embroidery, the master went to the father and asked if he should teach her to write. The father said : " No, if girls were taught writing they would be sending letters to their sweethearts." On Saturday Don Ygnacio held a half-day session for the scholars to write a specimen of their penmanship to carry home. His methods of teaching were considered more modern than any preceding, and his pupils speak of him with affectionate interest.

The records of Los Angeles county (vol. 1, pp. 69, 70) contain a document in Spanish, of which an idiomatic translation follows :

" In the city of Los Angeles at the twenty and one days of the month of June of 1850, I, Abel Stearns, 1st Alcalde and President of the Ayuntamiento, with Don Francisco Bustamante, by the faculties which the said Ayuntamiento granted me in session of the month of February, we have celebrated the following contract :

" I, Francisco Bustamante, compromise me to teach to the children first, second and third lessons, and likewise to read in letter [script] to write and count, and so much as I may be competent to teach them of orthography and good morals. The children must concur to the school at the 7 of the morning, well clean and neat. They will have of reading three hours, those who may have some beginning of writing and counting ; and those who have not, they will continue until the eleven and a half, in which they will give their lessons, so as to retire to their homes. The Saturdays will be dedicated exclusively to review, until the 10 of the morning, when they will be dismissed. When the children may be in state of to examine them, advise the Ayuntamiento, that it may present itself to the examination. My compromise runs for four months counted from the day 6 of May of the current year, in which I began, until the day 6 of September ; paying me each month for my wage the quantity of \$60, and \$20 for the to rent of the house in which is placed the school ; which quantities shall be satisfied me from the municipal funds.

" I, Abel Stearns, in name of the Illustrious Ayuntamiento, said that I accept the articles in which Don Francisco Bustamante counts his compromise ; and I bind the Illustrious Ayuntamiento, as per the faculties granted me, that it shall pay him punctual and monthly from the said funds the \$60 of his wage and \$20 for the payment of the house in which is placed the school.

" And both, for so much as respectively touches us to fulfil, I the first-mentioned, bind my person and my goods, present and future, and I the second bind the wealths of the reputed Funds for that in fulfilment we be exact . . . The which contract we form with the secretary of the Yllustrious Ayuntamiento.

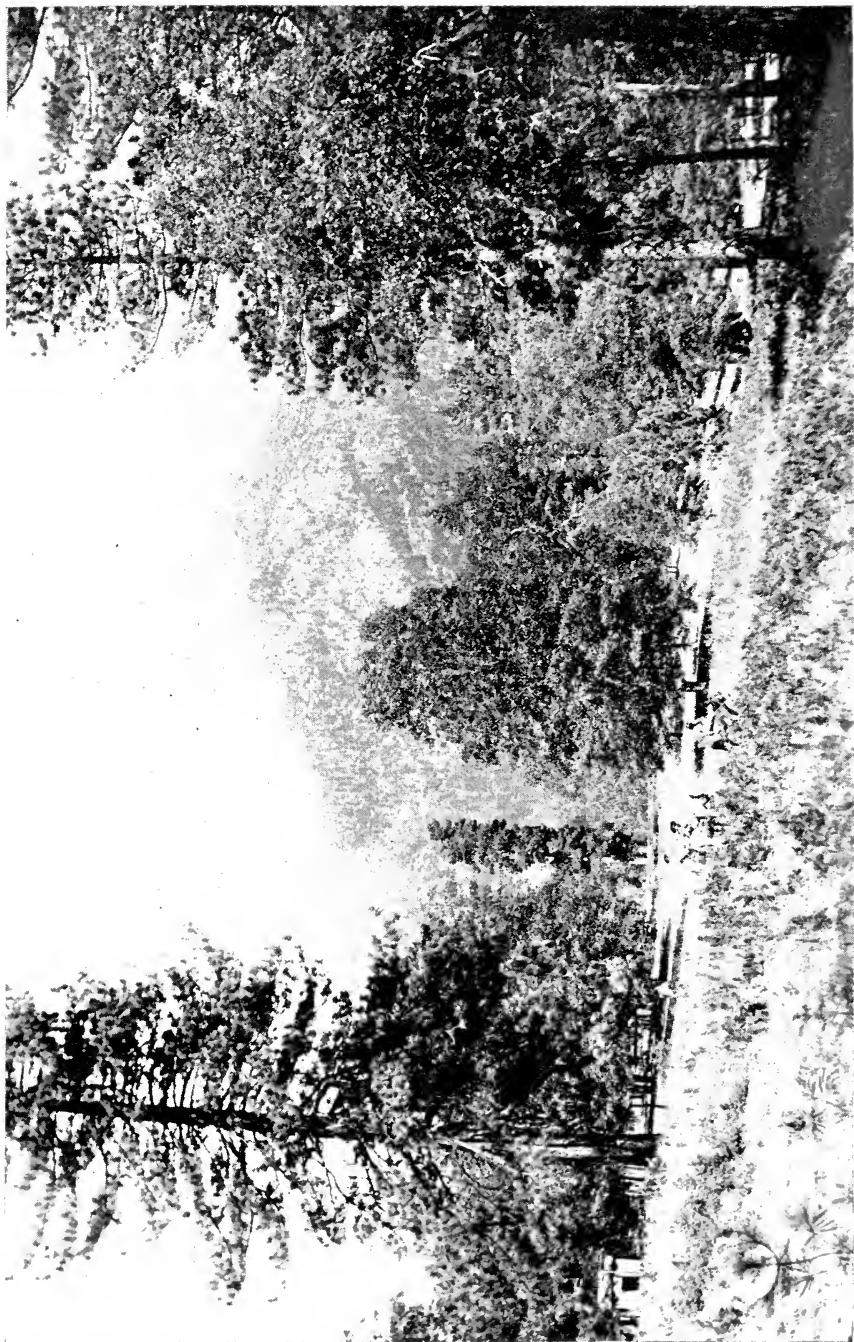
" ABEL STEARNS.

" FRANCISCO BUSTAMANTE.

" JESUS GUIARDO.

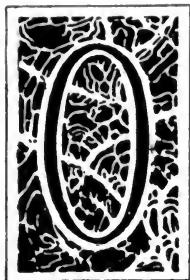
" June 21, 1850."

Don Francisco Bustamante, like his predecessors, had been a soldier. He came to California from Sonora, a captain in the Mexican army and a cousin of General Urrea, who achieved distinction on the battlefields of Texas. His school opened, with about fifty boys, in a building near the site of the Phillips block on Spring street. The course of study was the same as in earlier schools, except that the scholars were supplied with slates but no blackboards. The teacher was severe in discipline, especially in inculcating habits of personal cleanliness. One of his scholars remembers that their hands and finger nails were inspected every morning ; and if not up to the standard neatness, the lads were soundly punished on the offending members.



THE LEGEND OF MT. TAUQUITZ.

BY HELEN E. COAN.



ON the east side of a stretch of hill-encircled country towers the mountain of San Jacinto, white to the base in winter, and keeping the snow on its peaks late in the spring, when the green of the valley is interwoven with yellow and purple, blue and crimson and white, and patches of gray-green appear far up on the foothills, with the soft purple sage and its parasite, the golden love-knot.

Often when the sun has just disappeared, leaving the valley swathed in shadow, the mountain peaks take a transparent deep-red glow, like the crystals of the hyacinth stone. So there is special appropriateness in the Spanish naming after St. Hyacinth.

But the mountain assumes its most fascinating aspect when the day is cloudy. Then its rugged contours melt in a mass of blue gloom; cloud trails along its shoulders, the fragments flitting across; a wind blows down the cañon and along the river—the white foaming stream seems fleeing from the mountain—and then, of all times, one is tempted to explore its dread solitudes.

Winding up a cañon, we came upon the *chosa* of one of the Indian families who prefer these wilds to the tamer settlement of Soboba. There, by the door, under the porch roof of brush, the old, old grandmother sat on the ground, hushing the baby on its pillow beside her, while the rest of the family were at their meal. Bent and wrinkled with perhaps a hundred years, her shrunken arms clasped around her knees, her dim eyes blinking from beneath the kerchief that covered her head—as I looked at her I felt a reverence for age in the abstract, and a pitying wonder; what is and has been the life of this piece of humanity, the thread of whose existence is so long drawn out!

The baby stirs—she mimics its little whimper, croons to it and pats it.

They are a deeply interesting people—living close to the earth, with only common sense and tradition to guide their strength and weakness.

This is one of the tales the old grandmothers tell, the legend of Tauquitz. Tauquitz is the Indian name of a spur away on the southern slope of the mountain, where the ridges bristle with pine trees. The name is pronounced almost in one syllable, the *i* being scarcely sounded. Peculiar explosive sounds are frequently heard in the vicinity of Tauquitz, sometimes several reports in a day. Various explanations have been offered of these shocks. But the Indians account for them in a way of their own.

They say that long ago all the clans of the San Jacinto valley were united under one chief, named Tauquitz. He was a tall, handsome man, keen and very bold; so that he gained ascendancy.

But as years went by, Tauquitz became very arbitrary. The people grew dissatisfied and began to dislike him. Yet they feared his strength

and cunning, and knew not how to cast him off. At last a beautiful girl, daughter of the chief of one of the tribes, disappeared, and no trace of her could be found. Then another maiden was lost, and while they were still seeking her, word came that the daughter of another chief was missing. Every woman in the valley trembled. The men were enraged; they suspected Tauquitz. They searched his cabin, and the scalps of the girls were found in the pouch of the hated chief. He was seized and brought before a council of the principal men of the clan, who condemned him to death by fire.

So the preparations were made, and all the people came together. Tauquitz, grim and silent, with eyes of fire, was bound to the stake and the wood was lighted. But look! as the blaze went up, the form of Tauquitz suddenly disappeared, and a great spark of fire flew into the air, was wafted eastward toward the mountain, and vanished. Then all the people knew that Tauquitz was a witch, who had disguised himself as a man among them, to work them harm.

And ever since that time, these strange sounds have been heard from the mountain. It is because Tauquitz has taken up his abode there in a cavern; ever and anon he goes out to catch a young girl whom he imprisons there; and the shock that we hear is the sound of the great stone as Tauquitz claps it upon the mouth of his cave.

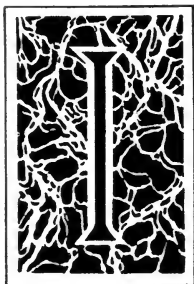
The old men and women of the Indians believe this as firmly as our grandparents, perhaps, believed in the existence of Luther's horned Satanas. But the young Indians, if asked about it, deny that they have ever heard such a legend.

Los Angeles.

✓ PASADENA.

ITS FIRST OWNER, FIRST HOUSE, AND ORIGIN OF ITS NAME.

BY H. A. REID, A. M., M. D.



IN the dim, far-away time, when the Spanish padres held sway over the Indians and lands where the city of Pasadena is now, there lived a woman of purest Spanish blood, and much devoted to her chosen work of aiding the priests in every way to christianize the Indians. She was as zealous and faithful a missionary as any of the priests. Her name was Eulalia Perez de Guillen; and her husband, Antonio Guillen, was one of the king's soldiers, on duty as military guard of the Mission establishments. He appears to have been first stationed at San Diego; but in 1801 she comes into notice at San Gabriel. I cannot follow her career in detail; but during the later years of Padre Zalvidea's administration, within which this Mission achieved its preëminent industrial and commercial success, Eulalia was bookkeeper, paymaster, treasurer, and kept the keys of the Mission's rich storehouses and its money room. In this latter were

EARLY PAASDENA.

sometimes bags of silver dollars piled up all around as high as she could reach ; and no matter whether it was one dollar for an Indian's work, or \$20,000 for a ship-load of Yankee notions at San Pedro, not a dollar was paid out except through her, upon the padre's order. In addition to this, she had oversight of the Indian women at their several tasks, such as spinning, weaving, tailoring, flour-sifting, bread making, etc., in all of which needful arts she gave them instruction and training ; and also taught them the moral and social decencies and religious forms of civilized life.

In 1826 Padre Zalvidea was sent to San Juan Capistrano, and Padre Sanchez took his place at San Gabriel. After Zalvidea went away, he prepared a deed for three and a half square leagues of land to this woman, and sent it to his successor for confirmation. Padre Sanchez confirmed it on Easter

(*San Pascual* in Spanish), 1827, and so the rancho San Pasqual took its title name from the church calendar day on which it was formally confirmed to Eulalia Perez de Guillen. She died at San Gabriel, June 8th,

1878. Dr. J. P. Widney, in his book, *California of the South*—says she was “aged 143 years, having been born at Loreta, in Lower California, in 1735. The age of Señora de Guillen has been established beyond a doubt.” I knew Dr. Widney as a good Methodist brother, not given to romancing, yet I doubted if even



EULALIA PEREZ.

From an old photo.



Herve Friend, Eng.' FIRST HOUSE IN PASADENA.

Photo. by Rose.



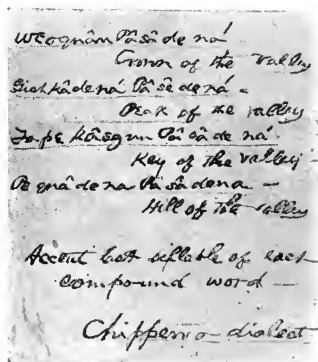
DR. T. B. ELLIOTT
A Founder of Pasadena.

weighed it himself. The woman was reported to be 80 years old; but he made inquiry about it and ascertained that she was really 74 years old. So I withdraw my doubts.

In 1831-32, Gov. Eachandia set out resolutely to enforce the law for secularizing the Missions, which had been frustrated for nearly ten years. In April, 1832, he sent a body of Indian troops to "borrow" \$20,000 from the San Gabriel Mission treasury. Old Eulalia refused to give up the keys, and hid them. Then her money room was broken open and bags containing \$20,000 were taken from it as a "loan." But the costs of enforcing the law ate it all up, so the "loan" was never returned.

The first white man's habitation ever built on Rancho San Pasqual was the west L of the old adobe ranch house which is still standing a few rods below the south border of the Raymond Hotel grounds, in South Pasadena. José Perez, a son of a cousin of Eulalia Perez de Guillen, resided here in 1839, and the house had been built or commenced two years before. His wife was a daughter of Don Antonio Lugo, comandante of Los Angeles in 1818 and the 'Twenties; and after Perez died she married Stephen C. Foster, the Yankee from Maine, graduate of Yale college, etc. The Mexican army was camped between this house and the Monterey road, on January

climate could stretch a human life to double the Scripture measure. This marvelous woman was the mother of eleven children—eight daughters and three sons; and I found one of those daughters still living who was born in 1812, when her mother was seventy-seven years old, according to Dr. Widney's dates—and I found there was still another daughter born about eighteen months later than this one. Then I wagged my head. Here is too much longevity and too latitudinous maternity. But now comes T. F. Barnes and vouches that he knew a Mexican woman at Phoenix, Arizona, who gave birth to a daughter when she was 74 years old, and the child weighed eight pounds. He



The original memorandum from which the name Pasadena was chosen.

9th and 10th, 1847, after the two days' battles at San Gabriel ford and on the mesa east of Los Angeles. Commodore Stockton marched into Los Angeles on the morning of the 10th; and about the same time the Mexicans dispatched from this old house a preliminary committee to negotiate terms of surrender with Col. Frémont, who had just reached San Fernando old Mission by an arduous, storm-beaten march down the coast from Monterey. And this move resulted in the historic "capitulation of Cahuenga."

In May, 1873, at the office of Berry & Elliott, in Indianapolis, was organized the "California Colony of Indiana," with Dr. T. B. Elliott as president. Its plans and efforts failed; but out of these eventually came the "San Gabriel Orange Grove Association;" and out of this came the city of Pasadena. The origin or derivation of the name "Pasadena" has been set forth in "Bancroft's Railway Guide" and several other publications, as from the Spanish language; but this is an entire mistake — its true origin being from the memorandum slip shown in the engraving, never before published, which the LAND OF SUNSHINE is permitted to use from advance sheets of my "History of Pasadena," now in press. Calvin Fletcher was a leading member of the Orange Grove Colony, and was specially desirous to secure for it some name that should be distinctively new, not hackneyed or worn out; and Dr. Elliott wrote to a college classmate of his who had gone as a missionary among the Ojibway [Chippewa] Indians of Michigan and Wisconsin, explaining the lay of the land, the general situation, and what the colony desired in the way of a name. In answer to this, his friend sent him the document shown in the engraving. Dr. Elliott settled upon the word "Pasadena" as the most euphemistic, comprehensive, and suitable in meaning, of all the words on the slip, and advocated it. Some wanted "Indianola" as the name; some wanted "Grenada;" and other names were suggested; but finally, at a Colony Association meeting on April 22, 1875, a motion to adopt the name "Pasadena" prevailed by a vote of four to one; and from that hour the word won its way in the world's nomenclature. There are now Pasadenas in Texas, Florida and New Jersey, all taking name from ours.

Pasadena.

SPENT GOLD.

BY ANNA C. MURPHY.

Oh, for the time of the mustard's prime,
 For the shifting haze of its yellow maze,
 For the airy toss of its dancing gloss,
 For the amber lights along the heights
 of the verdurous April ways!

Oh, for the tryst of the lark in its mist,
 For the fleeting flash of his breast's gold plash,
 For the thin fused gold of his song, retold
 Like the flute's uplift as echoes drift
 from the orchestra's silenced clash!

Sacramento.

OUR SCHOOLS.

BY KATE TUPPER GALPIN.



PEOPLE of intelligence appreciate that no wealth of climate atones for a dearth of educational opportunities, and wisely ask, before making their home in a new locality, what schools it has. A bird's eye view of Los Angeles reveals how many of its prominent buildings are devoted to education. The High School crowns one hill, the College of the Sacred Heart another, the State Normal School another; to the west is the Los Angeles College, and to the south is the University of Southern California. At considerate distances are placed the small public school buildings, the city's wise policy having been to build many eight- to sixteen-room buildings rather than a few imposing edifices at equally imposing distances. The great num-



Union Eng. Co.

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, LOS ANGELES.

Photo. by Maude.

ber of school-buildings would indicate that there were enough and to spare; but the population has outrun school-room facilities. In spite of the facts that no election for school bonds has ever failed to carry by an almost unanimous vote, and that school building has for many years been uninterrupted, there is not at present seating room for all the children. Bonds for \$309,000 were voted last March, however, and this city of phenomenal growth hopes to furnish, in the near future, ample school facilities for all its children.

The founders of the public school system of California had the successes and the failures of other States to profit by. California's school system is as perfect a piece of educational mechanism as could well be devised. Perpetual motion of educational machinery without the

application of exterior force is no more an educational than a mechanical possibility. Its successful operation is entirely dependent upon the applied teaching force. Schools vary with the excellence of the teachers. The standard of teachers is high, however, and Californians are justly proud of their public schools. One reason for this high standard is that Californians knew from the beginning what the older States had to learn — that a trained teaching force is essential to the operation of a good public school system — and Normal schools were early established. Many excellent teachers have been attracted from the Eastern States, also, by climatic and wage conditions.



Union Eng. Co.

LOS ANGELES HIGH SCHOOL.

Photo. by Pierce.

The course of study is similar to that of the best Eastern schools; begins with the kindergarten and fits for the university. The city High School is on the accredited list of Berkeley and Stanford Universities. Special teachers of physical culture, music, writing and drawing are employed in the public schools; and Spanish, French and German, as well as Greek and Latin, are taught in the High School.

Kindergartens were at first supported by subscription, but a few years since were made a part of the public school system. At present there are 1314 children five and six years of age enjoying the delights and benefits furnished them by 49 kindergartens in Los Angeles. The old Free Kindergarten Association is supporting kindergartens for children under school age in the more crowded districts of the city.



Herve Friend, Eng.

A SUBURBAN SCHOOL, TEMPLE STREET.

Photo. by Pierce.

There are two well-supported schools — both private enterprises — for the training of kindergartners. The recognition of the importance of this training for all young women (as the majority will become mothers and all will be more or less associated with children) is steadily growing in Southern California as elsewhere. At first only those who expected to be kindergartners availed themselves of the training school; but the number who look upon it as a means of high culture is steadily increasing. Fröbel believed that in America would first be realized his dream of the systematic and intelligent training of girlhood for motherhood. Fröbel's disciples in Southern California see hopeful signs that their section of America will first realize that dream.

Fröbel Institute, having its home in beautiful Casa de Rosas, is in its



PATIO OF CASA DE ROSAS.

third year. It aims not only to train kindergartners but to teach children from the kindergarten to the college, on Fröbel's principles. Casa de Rosas was pronounced by the judges at the Columbian Exposition a model of school architecture. Constructed with conscientious regard for light, heat, ventilation and utility, it is also a perfect bit of Moorish architecture. Its cool gray walls are traced with climbing roses and its court is enriched with tropical plants. Children in the atmosphere of its beauty alone can not fail to be uplifted.

The subject of manual training has received much attention; and discussion of the subject has led to initiative steps for making it part of



A SCHOOL-ROOM, CASA DE ROSAS.

the public school work. The State Normal School has the past year made preparation for the teaching of Sloyd, and the Junior class will begin the work. As soon as the Normal School can furnish teachers of Sloyd the public schools will probably adopt it.

The Orphan's Home is beginning to give systematic industrial training this year, and the Throop Polytechnic School at Pasadena has done four years' successful work in this line.

General, intelligent, active interest in education is evidenced by the large audiences that eagerly gather for the discussion of educational subjects.

In addition to the public schools there are numerous private ones.



Herve Friend, Eng

ALPINE STREET SCHOOL.

Photo. by Hill, Pasadena.

The Methodists, Catholics, Baptists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians and Congregationalists have each their church schools in easy reach of Los Angeles, with fine buildings, and in some cases generous endowment. Three business colleges are largely patronized, and select schools for boys and girls abound. Advantages in music and art in Southern California are remarkably fine. The climate has attracted hither many musicians, and the scenic peculiarities many artists; so that in few cities, outside the great Eastern centers, are better opportunities.

The Whittier State School, within an hour's ride of Los Angeles, is attracting national attention by its success in reformatory work. It follows closely the most advanced thought in child-saving. Industrial training to the extent of giving each boy or girl a trade; physical culture, including military drill; regular school work, and stimulating

moral influences suited to individual needs are features of its work. The school is deemed one of the best of its kind in the country.

In fact, Southern California, with Los Angeles as its center, is doing its full share of experimenting, as well as work, in educational lines and is obtaining recognition for definite results.

In the sound body, nature's gift to the California child, the sound mind finds its habitat. Nations in which climatic conditions are similar to those of Southern California have attained the highest intellectual development and have for centuries dominated the world of letters. No wonder that the ambition of Californians soars high.

The schools of California have many characteristic and interesting features, although following conservatively the methods of the East. What material for artists the various groups of children present! Where but in California could a Chinese kindergarten with its kaleidoscope of color be found? Where more often than in Los Angeles schools the strong and delightful contrasts of race types? Heads black and white, with all the intermediate shades of brown and red and gold and yellow, bob and twist before the artist; eyes the color of the sky, the sea, the harvest fields and the moonless midnight look into his; all possible skin tints tempt his brush, and the grace, vigor and beauty of abounding health continually delight him. The student of ethnology or sociology finds our schools as full of food for thought. All the races of the earth have therein their representatives. Verily the teacher holds in her hand this nation's destiny! The Spanish, German, Italian, Chinese, Japanese



Herve Friend, Eng.

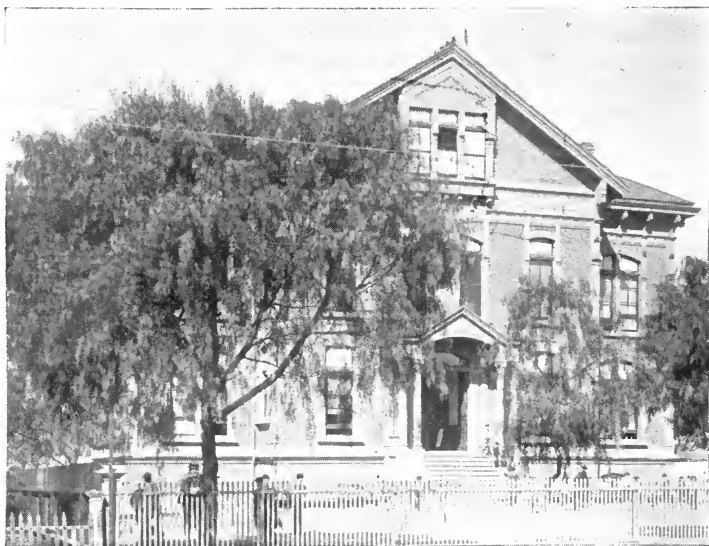
SEVENTEENTH STREET SCHOOL.

Photo. by Hill, Pasadena.

and other baby lips learn their native language from the teacher. With very many of these children English is the teacher-tongue and not the mother-tongue. The teacher must also inculcate that loyalty the mother can not teach because she can not know. Upon the public schools, upon the young women who teach in them, more than upon statesmen, depends the solution of the national problems.

Los Angeles.

There are in the city of Los Angeles 40 public schools, of a total value of \$754,870; 252 teachers whose salaries aggregate \$200,699; a school enrollment of 12,191 children (in 1893-94) besides 1073 in private schools.



Herve Friend, Eng.

SPRING STREET SCHOOL.

Photo. by Pierce.

JUST CORN.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA makes no great pretense as a corn growing country, like some of the States which boast that corn is king. This is not because we can't grow corn here, but simply for the reason that in this section horticulture yields larger profits than the raising of grain and root crops. Still, the crop of Southern California is by no means to be sneezed at. A large percentage of the corn crop of the State is raised in the counties of Los Angeles, Orange and Ventura. The crop of Los Angeles and Orange counties was recently estimated at 200,000 centals, worth about \$225,000. Probably 75 per cent. of the crop is shipped to San Francisco. Corn is generally raised here without irrigation, and brings a much higher price than in the East. It is the finest that can be grown and the yield is immense. In some cases the stalks grow to the height of over 20 feet.

Much corn is grown here upon land that is also made to produce a crop

of grain or hay the same season. After harvest in the fall the land is quickly plowed and seeded to barley or wheat. This is cut for hay when the grain is in the milk, generally the latter part of March or early in April, and corn planted again.

Marvelous stories are told of yields that have been obtained from corn fields of this section under favorable conditions. Thus a man in Ventura county, who had 59 acres in corn, gathered 4,000 pounds per acre from eight acres; and from the rest of the land, 2,500 to 3,000 pounds to the acre. A man who had a five-acre ranch on the San Gabriel river did still better. He received one-third of the corn for the rent. His share amounted to 12,590 pounds of ear corn, which is equivalent to a yield of 7,554 pounds per acre. Deducting one-fifth for the cob, leaves 6,044 pounds of shelled corn or about 108 bushels per acre. At the price of corn in California such yields are calculated to excite the envy of Eastern farmers.

Egyptian corn is a variety that has been grown to a considerable extent in the irrigated sections of Southern California for use as a fodder plant and for fattening hogs, feeding chickens, etc. It is also grown to some extent without irrigation. Its leaves are excellent for stock of all kinds, and its peculiar grain, little larger than tomato seed, is good food for horses. The grain has also been ground for family use. It makes an excellent breakfast dish, something like farina. The stalks sometimes grow seven feet or more in height and about an inch in diameter at the root. Those who have planted this corn in dry sections say that it grows luxuriantly where other corn would not survive.

PICTURESQUE BYWAYS.

BY R. GARNER CURRAN.

“WHALE ROCK,” Ventura County, is about four miles northeast of Nordhoff, on the old Hines ranch, and is perched on a ledge that stands out from the mountain as if built especially for its resting place. The ledge is surrounded with lemon and olive orchards. One olive orchard of 45 trees produced 650 gallons of oil last year. Whale Rock itself is 75 feet long and about 30 feet high. The outline is perfect and very distinct, as can be seen by the picture. The eye, fin, tail are all as natural as they would be in a petrification. The formation is of dark red sandstone. Many ledges in the vicinity are filled with fossil shells, and immense oyster beds extend for miles along the foothills. (See next page.)

From the top of Whale Rock one has a fine view of the most picturesque little valley in the world. Topa-Topa, high and haughty, rises 5,000 feet above you, while beautiful orchards, vineyards and woods of live and white oaks stretch out below. Sulphur Mountain shuts out a view of the ocean to the south, but its thickly wooded sides and charming little cañons make a pleasing frame to the lovely picture.





It may or may not have occurred to You Who Live Back Yonder as a significant thing; but now that it does occur you will not be slow to weigh it. Live where you may, you know people who have removed from your locality to California. You have heard from them or of them since the move, and have very likely wondered why it "went to their heads" so soon. But you may have noticed this one thing. When they had rooted here, acquired property and the California habit, they didn't begin to tempt those among their old neighbors whose guardians have to lock them up every time a bunco-steerer strikes the town. They did not try to "rope in" the professional suckers. On the contrary—and no doubt you noticed it—they began on their own relatives and dearest friends; on the people for whose happiness they would be likely to have some personal concern, in whose intelligence and morals their very ties indicate confidence.

Now when you take this fact off into a quiet corner and think all around it for awhile, it ought to give you an idea—unless you are too proud to accept presents from strangers. Some difference, isn't there, between a "boom country" full of touts exploiting their lungs that they may sell out and get out, and a land to which the happy inhabitants are most anxious to fetch their loved ones, even if they have to pay their fare; and are no less anxious that incompetents shall not come on any terms?

The Boston Public Library has 610,375 volumes; the Los Angeles Public Library has 42,313. The circulation of books in 1894 by the two institutions was respectively 2,100,604 and 489,086. That is to say, the Boston Library had fourteen and a half times as many books but circulated less than five times as many. In other words, the Los Angeles Public Library circulates nearly three times as many books in proportion to its size—and is therefore nearly three times as efficient—as the pride of the City of Culture. The figures also indicate that the circulation of books was about three per head among Bostonians and seven per head among Angeleños. Only people "educated beyond their intellects" (I thank thee, Max, for teaching me that word!) will see no significance in these facts. They point the moral this magazine has been preaching—the extraordinary average intelligence of this population.

NOTA
BEAN.

Miss Beatrice Harraden, of *Ships that Pass in the Night* and in the modern crowd, has been doing some months in Southern California. She is so amiable and well-meant a little woman that it is a

AFTER WHICH,
THE FOG.

pity she should have handicapped herself by picking to be born in England. A sense of humor, now, would add much to her enjoyment of this country where are no snobs. A still greater misfortune is it to carry one's horizon with one, like the familiar insular hat-box. Miss Harraden has seen sixteen square feet here, by design. Her California is a San Diego county fly-speck of three or four British Younger Sons, married with Elder Daughters, gnawing around the edge of an unfamiliar and too-large mouthful. By these tokens she reckons that Charles Dudley Warner will have to account at the bar of God for having larger eyesight; and that our own Van Dyke is Another. On the head of her valuable studies of half a dozen impossible "mud-students," she is writing a story based on *The Fearful Homesickness of Women in California*. And really, she is young enough to know better.

THE WRONG LAW
IN THE
WRIGHT PLACE.

The Lion cannot wholly lie down with such sages among the California editors as hold that Judge Ross's decision adverse to the Wright irrigation act is "a blow to one of the leading industries of the State." Nor does he have to. It is good morals not to cry before you are hurt; still better, not to cry when you are. And in a case like this, you know much better afterward than at the time whether you really are hurt or not. The decision is not against irrigation, but against a specific law which allows the voters of a district—whether property-owners or not—to levy upon your holding for an enterprise which you may not desire and by which you may not be benefited. There was irrigation in California before the Wright law was born; and there will be irrigation some eons after mankind shall have forgotten that such a statute ever existed. At present, most sections of the State irrigate without any assistance of public funds.

It may be, as some hold, that the voice of the people is the voice of God; but in that case, the Almighty must change his mind at something like every other election.

The voice of the people has given the metropolis of the Union for half a century as infamous misrule as ever existed under the sway of a despot; and thinking upon New York, one may well pause on the brink of a law which allows one's land to be mortgaged on behalf of a business enterprise managed by popular vote. Development of water under the Wright act was doubtless an excellent thing when properly managed—but how when it was mismanaged? Like the little girl of nursery literature:

"When it was good, it was very, very good—
And when it was bad, it was horrid."

The deadly thing about the law was that it turned property over to the hands of politics—and politics means no longer the rule of the majority, but the rule of the self-seekers.

The miserable part of the business is that in the five years this law has adorned the statute-books some \$19,000,000 of bonds have been issued under its provisions, and \$15,000,000 of them transferred to holders of water-rights or sold to investors—and all before a final decision upon its constitutionality (assuming that the decision of Judge Ross is final).

When the 21st-Century historian shall exhume this mouldy incident and lay it before his readers, he will need some reasonable explanation. He may suggest that harmless idiocy was a qualification for the legislature in our day; since our law-makers, themselves innocent enough of technical knowledge, did not have an expert commission whose duty it should be to decide as soon as a law was passed—or, better yet, before it was passed—if it would hold water. It will certainly puzzle future generations to understand why we did not bring to bear on the problems of law-making some of the common sense which we do not omit from our own business.

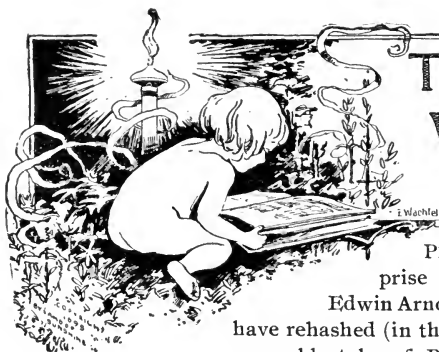
The *National Popular Review*, published in Chicago and edited by Dr. P. C. Remondino, a well-known authority, has in its June issue a long and valuable consideration of "Southern California in Summer." Among other things the writer discusses the reasons why heat in the humid atmosphere of the East often kills, while in the arid atmosphere of the Southwest it is not even uncomfortable. He cites:

"The great mortality that overcame New York city during the week ending July 6, 1882, when meteorological conditions alone produced more deaths than the Asiatic cholera during the week of July, 1866, or the deadly week of January, 1890, known as the 'grippe' week (490 more for the hot week than for the grippe week, and 229 more than for the great cholera week) . . . Southern California climates are a delight as well as the haven of rest and recuperation . . . We really have no summer, in the sense of an Eastern summer, and therefore do not need the winter frosts so necessary elsewhere to do away with the after morbid effects of such summers . . . Southern California undoubtedly gives the smallest infant mortality in the United States. From birth to the age of five years—the period so fatal to child life elsewhere—childhood is safer in this region than in the localities that boast of distinct seasons, especially of hot summers . . . During a residence here of 22 years we have not seen a single case of cholera infantum which we could say was due to climatic causes."

Curious how one-sidedly this much-pictured country has been shown! Ninety-nine per cent. of the photographs sent out from here to the world are as if this were dead-level semi-tropics. In reality there is rather more here than palms, roses and oranges. The *LAND OF SUNSHINE* intends to be understood abroad when it says that Southern California reaches from Florida to Maine. It has more than a suspicion, too, that it will reveal some pictorial news about this extraordinary land even to the majority of those who live here. It has not yet discovered anyone who cannot be surprised by Southern California; and it aims to show all sides.

The Land of Sunshine Publishing Co. was duly incorporated under the laws of California August 8, 1895, with a capital stock of \$10,000. Its officers are: President, W. C. Patterson; Vice-President, Chas. F. Lummis; Secretary, F. A. Pattee; Treasurer, H. J. Fleishman; Directors, the above and Charles Cassat Davis. The other stockholders are D. Freeman, Geo. H. Bonebrake, Charles Fornan, Wm. LeMoyne Wills, F. W. Braun, W. H. Holabird, Charles Dwight Willard, S. H. Mott, Andrew Mullen, F. K. Rule, I. B. Newton, E. E. Bostwick, Fred L. Alles, E. W. Jones, John F. Francis, Harry Ellington Brook and C. M. Davis. A list of better names could not be drawn in Southern California.

There needs immortal patience to answer the undying query "and have you any schools out there in California?" No one should need to ask the question. This is no Botany Bay and no Hoop-pole township. The 90 per cent. of us who dominate this new country are Eastern born and bred. We were just as well educated as our cousins who staid at home; and more traveled. We have as many schools, as handsome schools, as expert schools as any other numerically equal population in the world.



THAT WHICH IS WRITTEN

PROBABLY there need be no surprise that in these thrifty times Sir Edwin Arnold, M. A., K. C. I. E., etc., should have rehashed (in the *Cosmopolitan* for August) that venerable tale of Rampsinitus and his pre-Yankee architect. Still less wonder that he has been able to tell it in more words than did the Father of History—who had not discovered Literature at £5 per 1000. But it gives one pain in the equator to find Sir Edwin retelling not the original but the version of John South Phillips—and retelling it not a tenth so well. Plagiarism is bad enough, but such a blunder as this is worse than crime. Sir Edwin's tale is *not* "expanded from the brief Greek text of Herodotus," but from the deadly-clever verse of Phillips—as half an eye may see by comparing *Euterpe II, 121*, with *The Treasury of Rampsinitus*. The coincidence is more than extraordinary—it is simply impossible. The stupid theft is doubtless blamable not to the alphabet-with-Sir-Edwin-at-its-head, but to the inevitable friend-with-a-story who has "let him in."

A STORY OF THE PIONEERS.

Dr. O. W. Nixon, for 17 years president and literary editor of the Chicago Inter-Ocean—and himself a pioneer of the Northwest—has made a very interesting story of *How Marcus Whitman Saved Oregon*. It should be in every Western library. Whitman, the young missionary who made his wedding journey to Oregon in 1835, was a typical American hero. The country, already in the grasp of the Hudson Bay Company, was about to be absorbed by Great Britain. To save it to the United States, Whitman made a magnificent ride, in the winter of 1842, through all sorts of hardships and danger, to Washington. He compelled the careless ears of President Tyler and Secretary of State Daniel Webster; and finally animated the government to take possession of an area we would now be loath to part with. His patriotic mission a success, Whitman returned to his frontier post, taking the first large colony of Americans into Oregon. He was butchered, with his wife and many others, in the massacre of Waiilatpui, November, 1847. Dr. Nixon—who went to Oregon in 1850, and taught in the "little log school-house on the Willamette," and was purser of the first steamer ever built in Oregon—adds some unpretentious chapters of his own pioneer experiences. The book makes no literary claims, but is an earnest and interesting contribution of material for American history. The Star Pub. Co., Chicago, \$1.75.

Mr. Stephen Crane is clearly the ablest poet of the age ; since his verse sells in open market for more per line than does anyone's else. In his *Black Riders*, the relation of lines to excellent white paper suggests nothing else so much as a pair of black ants chasing themselves across a bedspread. On some pages there are three lines, and on some so many as a dozen—which is sheer waste. Mr. Crane would have sold just as many copies if he had never exceeded three lines to the page. It gives to suspect that vanity was stronger than the lust for gain with him—a triplet would not hold so much Crane as this (grammar and all) :

A LINEAR
GENIUS.

VII.

" Mystic shadow, bending near me,
Who art thou ?
Whence come ye ?
And—tell me—is it fair
Or is the truth bitter as eaten fire ?
Tell me!
Fear not that I shall quaver
For I dare—I dare,
Then, tell me! "

Let it not be dreamed that this daring darer is a fool. He has thoughts—by long-distance telephone, with the wires generally crossed. It is a miser who would grudge a dollar for such a diagram of "where we are at" in literature, and of just what it takes to get a name nowadays. It is "dead easy"—

I was in the hole ;
I looked up ;
There was one who gave me the laugh,
Saying, " You're broke! "
Well, then, you lie!
I can write
This particular sort
Thirteen times as fast
As I can think,—
And as suckers outnumber,
\$1 a copy goes.

Copeland & Day, Boston.

The Philistine is more debtor to its printers than to its bible. Its mission on earth is to throw stones—which would rather class it with the tribe of Jesse. A little course in scripture before christening would have given it to know that one Samson had small trouble in killing off some thousand Philistines with a weapon still popular among critics. Also that the "best man" who ever was a Philistine, and the biggest—Goliath of Gath—was not a disburser but a recipient of the furtive pebble. It was presented to him between the eyes ; and the subsequent Philistinism interested him no more.

MEAT FOR
THE JAWBONE.

No one grudges an occasional pelting of the mutual back-patters of literature ; but proportion is in all things. Even professional Davids should tend their flocks now and then, and use the sling only upon occasion. East Aurora, N. Y. Monthly, \$1 a year.

One should not expect too much of magazines—and nowadays one does not. Still, there remains a shock when the *Review of Reviews* gravely prints (in its original part) an article by the

SAND IN
THEIR SUGAR.

Le Plongeons, on *Mexico as the Cradle of Man's Primitive Traditions*, or on anything else. Are we never to be done with the imbecilities of the Romantic School? Has a magazine editor no moral responsibility to his readers? Shall he sell them counterfeit knowledge in exchange for their standard two-bit pieces and be blameless? Would it have cost the *Review of Reviews* an unreasonable sum to preserve itself from ridicule by learning beforehand how the "explorers" who discovered prehistoric telephones in Yucatan stand in the scientific world? Must one be so innocent, before one can steer a magazine, as never to turn a hair at swallowing twaddle like "Maya art superior to Egyptian," and such other follies as science has been a generation in getting rid of? In a word, is there law to forbid that an editor shall know anything of the world's advance since he was the southernmost figure of his class in the district school?

A STUDENT'S
MUSE.

Just why Chas. A. Keeler's little volume of poems should be called *A Light Through the Storm* may puzzle the average mariner; but it is too studious and too earnest to be carped at. Its serious sin is youth—the most reformable in the calendar. Mr. Keeler (who is one of the live scientists of Berkeley) has thoughts; and he may be heard from in poetry as well as in science. His ear is good, his ideal high (though plague on him for rhyming it with *feel* and *reveal*!) and his expression excellently clear. The book is in Doxey's best style; illustrated from paintings by our great Keith and drawings by Mr. Keeler's bonnie young wife, who is of the literary Mapes family. Wm. Doxey, 631 Market street, San Francisco.

METROPOLITAN
BUT NO FOOL.

That one may be possible though a critic, is proved by the *Book Buyer*, published by the Scribners (New York, \$1 a year). It is easily the best of its class; the business medium of a great publishing house, but self-respecting, scholarly, and never a guy. That mild joke, for instance, which so sorely trapped the *Critic*, found no innocent in the *Book Buyer*. Its August number says of the San Francisco *Lark*:

"The third number . . . is an improvement even upon the monumental first number. There is but one thing to regret about the July issue . . . and that is the publisher's announcement that the price of the *Lark* is five cents a number and sixty cents a year. In the initial issue the price of a single number was set at five cents, and it was to be issued monthly; subscription, \$1 a year. These terms were lark-like and admirable, and it is a great pity that they have been changed."

STRAY
LEAVES.

The Lark is still out on it. Number 4 is in evidence with no premonition of sobering up. The best thing about the *Lark* is its sui generis generosity. It is unlike anything nearer to hand than *Alice in Wonderland*.

The poem in this issue by Francis F. Brown, editor of the best critical journal in the United States, the Chicago *Dial*, will be included in his volume of verses, *Volunteer Grain*, to be published this fall by Way & Williams, Chicago.

T. S. Van Dyke, a valued contributor to these pages, has just issued his fourth book, *Game Birds at Home*. Fords, Howard & Hurlbert, N. Y. \$1.50.

BEAUTY AS AN EDUCATOR.

BY CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON.

IT is a new thing for the little ones of mankind to go to a school called the House of Roses. Dotheboy's Hall they have had; Mr. Gradgrind's geometrical surroundings; the stiff grandeur of our Finishing Schools for Young Ladies; the plain comfort of Rugby and its peers; and the big, ostentatious public school building of America, where the educational effect of hard-finished white walls, neatly ornamented with a broad band of blackboard, is tried upon them.

But a House of Roses! A house that savors of fairy-land, that has strange curves and corners dear to young imagination, climbing stairways and flower-screened roof-gardens, airy play-ground rimmed with flowers and shaded with awning, all beautiful, rich, suggestive, mysterious—this is a new thing in school houses.

And why not?

We who take such pains to "make home beautiful," who decorate our churches for festivals and our halls for any sort of entertainment; for what reason under heaven do we leave our schools so ugly—our *schools*, where the mind of the child is supposed to be trained, where he is sent to be educated? Can you educate a child in an atmosphere of



A CORNER OF THE CASA DE ROSAS.

blank, depressing ugliness and expect him to know beauty and appreciate it thereafter? Suppose our landscape was all black and white, and we had to spend all our lives in rectangular rooms—should we be even as good as we are now?

The old idea of education has always seemed to consider childhood as a period of penal servitude.

Today we are beginning to learn that it is not essentially wicked to be young; that a child's behavior is necessarily different from a grown person's, and should be allowed for; and that the years in which children are learning how to be people should be surrounded with every wise and lovely influence.

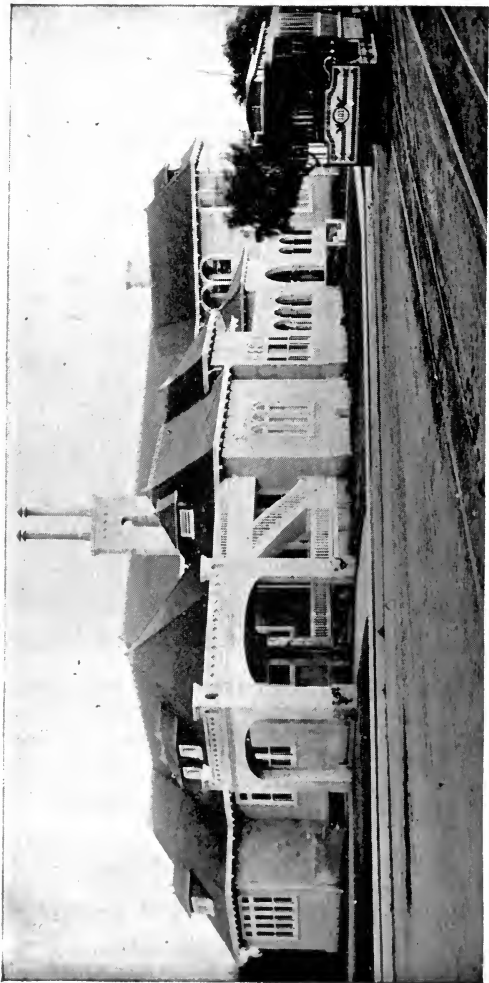
Prominent among these is the influence of beauty; real, true, high beauty, "the kind you read about;" beauty that shall keep the memories of nature and the hopes of paradise fresh in the child heart, and that shall put far off the day which Wordsworth so pathetically

describes, when "the shadows of the prison house close round the growing boy." Here there are shadows of palms and broad banana leaves across cool, breeze-swept pavements, shadows of delicate frond and tendril, of bud and bloom, shadows of arch and pillar and leaf-softened eaves — no shadows of the prison house in the House of Roses.

A MODEL SCHOOL.

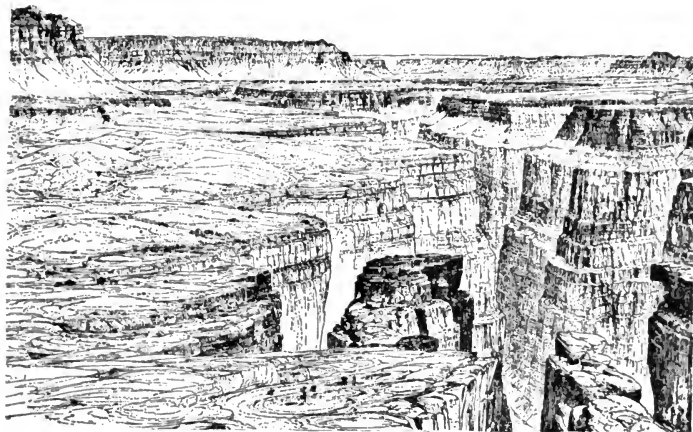
BY CAROLINE M. SEVERANCE.

IT is a great boon to many a citizen of our frontier town — which has drawn the eyes of the world upon itself—to be able to number, among its multiplied natural attractions, the educational advantages of so admirably endowed a school as Casa de Rosas. Its exterior beauty is a model of its interior, in appointments for the best well-being, artistic and hygienic, of its young people. A school which is based upon the divine model of the family, where brother and sister grow and study side by side to the great gain of both, and whose latest claim upon public faith and regard is the addition of Mrs. Kate T. Galpin to its corps of expert teachers. Her scholarship, success in the past, and the magnetism of her lofty character, are guarantees for its immediate future.



THE GREATEST THING IN THE WORLD.

THERE are people who will write back full descriptions of the Great White Throne to the Podunk *Palladium*—if they shall succeed in smuggling their present intelligences into heaven. Meantime, some of them try to word-picture the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. But less immodest visitors will feel with a well-known writer who said: "The sense of proportion is not always in me. I have done many ill things. But put it on my tombstone that I have seen the Grand Cañon of the Colorado and never attempted to describe it!" And one writer took thither a critic, who had grown restive under his superlative statements. When they climbed together from Hance's camp and stood suddenly upon the brink of that greatest thing in the world, neither had



Union Eng. Co.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE GRAND CANYON.

words. But when they had stared till darkness shut out that wonder and came stumbling back to camp, the one laid his hand to the other's shoulder and whispered: "And? It beats the liar, no?" And the other took a long breath and said: "That it does. No liar can catch up with it!"

There is no describing the Grand Cañon; but a few general truths about it may lead those who really have souls to go and see it. It is the greatest chasm on earth—the longest, widest, deepest, most magnificent. The Yosemite and the Yellowstone are noble where they are, but lucky in being far from this incomparably nobler and vaster gorge. They could play hide-and-seek in its immensity and never find one another. All the White Mountains and Alleghenies and Adirondacks, all the Colorado and Northern Pacific cañons, could be tucked away in petty corners of it and never noticed. The greatest quebradas of the Andes or the Alps or the Himālayas are babies beside it. There is only one thing which keeps it from being the most famous scenery in the world, as it is already the grandest; and that is that it is in a country whose patriots



Union Eng. Co.

FLAGSTAFF AND MT. AGASSIZ.

Photo. by Osborn, Flagstaff.

import such ideas as they have. Up to this time, two Englishmen see the Grand Cañon for every American that does.

It is so easily reached that there is no pardon for them who neglect it. The Pullmans of the Santa Fé overland carry one to Flagstaff, Arizona, the growing town among the pines at the foot of Mt. Agassiz; and thence a comfortable stage-ride brings one to the camp on the very verge of the Cañon. There is no hardship about it. Adequate accommodations are



Union Eng. Co.

AT THE FOOT OF THE HANCE TRAIL.

Photo. by Osborn, Flagstaff.

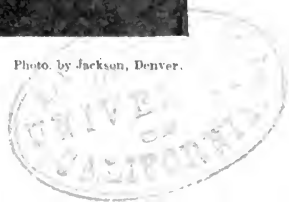
there, in the Presence that would make anything but a porker forget whether he ate or starved. It is one of the few things in this advertising world which really "beats the liar;" which can never be overstated nor exaggerated; a masterpiece upon which the Almighty has spent his eloquence, and before which the tongue of man turns dumb. It is a thing which has never been adequately pictured and never will be. The



Union. Eng.Co

IN THE LOWER GORGE.

Photo. by Jackson, Denver.



best photographers in America, the greatest artists in the United States, have beaten their heads against it. They have got some fine pictures, it is true; but no one knows better than themselves how utterly they have failed to show the real Grand Cañon.

REDONDO.

REDONDO is one of the most charming seaside resorts of California, and lacks nothing that might add to the comfort and pleasure of visitor or resident. Its delightful hotel and grounds, its bathing facilities, its scenery and its growing importance as a port, all combine to guarantee it a great future. Its fine pier not only accommodates a fast-increasing commerce, but is a favorite resort for fishing. The townsite of Redondo is one of great beauty and has already attracted the attention



of a number of wealthy people, who have built residences for themselves here. In addition to the bracing sea air and the absence of malaria, which is insured by the high grounds and dry, porous soil, the town is favored with an unlimited supply of pure, sweet water piped to every door. Only seventeen miles from Los Angeles, reached in a short ride from the Southern California metropolis by either the Southern California or the Redondo Railway, highly favored by nature, and aided by the most progressive spirit of modern enterprise, Redondo is one of the most promising points in the best country in America.

E. McD. Johnstone, editor of *The Traveler*, San Francisco, died Aug. 19, after a short illness. For several years he was employed by the Southern Pacific railroad to write descriptive matter about its field; and he gave that advertising literature a value it does not often attain. His *Southwest by South* is deemed one of the most artistic bits of railway advertising ever published. Three years ago he founded *The Traveler*, a monthly journal "devoted to the interests of hotels, resorts and travel;" and it has been a growing success in his hands; thanks largely to his unusual faculty for getting artistic effects in illustration.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

The Land of Sunshine

THE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA
MAGAZINE

\$1.00 A YEAR. 10 CENTS A COPY.

Published monthly by
The Land of Sunshine Publishing Co.
INCORPORATED

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

President - - - - - W. C. PATTERSON
V.-Pres. & Managing Editor, CHAS. F. LUMMIS
Secretary and Business Mgr. - - F. A. PATTEE
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501-503 STIMSON BUILDING, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Entered at the Los Angeles Postoffice as second-class matter.

Address advertising, remittances, etc., to the Business Manager.

All MSS. should be addressed to the Editor. No MSS. preserved unless accompanied by return postage.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED.—Specific information about Southern California desired by tourists, health seekers or intending settlers will be furnished free of charge by the LAND OF SUNSHINE. Enclose stamp with letter.

TO CONVERT KANSAS.

A vigorous campaign in behalf of the LAND OF SUNSHINE will be made in Kansas this fall by Miss Emma R. Bristol, than whom the magazine could desire no better representative in the Sun-flower State. There will be no need of introductions, for Miss Bristol knows Kansas and Kansas knows Miss Bristol. For five years she was Chief Clerk of the Agricultural Department of Kansas; for a term in the Department of Education, and for several years connected with the legislature. Among the florists of Kansas, the Bristol Sisters held easily the first rank, and were known and respected from one end of the State to the other. The family has been for several years resident in Southern California, and has won as honorable standing here. Miss Bristol is on the eve of departure for her old home in the interests of the LAND OF SUNSHINE, general and particular; and as her audience is assured and her text the best, there is no doubt she will be a most successful evangelist. The Kansans will do themselves good by listening to her.

OTHER POINTS COVERED

By authorized agents of the LAND OF SUNSHINE are as follows:

Southern California—

G. H. Paine, Los Angeles.
Oliver O. App, "
Robt. L. Sanders, San Diego.
W. M. Bristol, Highlands.
C. P. Donnell, Los Angeles.

Northern California—

J. M. Shawhan, 520 Commercial Street, San Francisco.

Chicago—

Theron P. Keater, 112-114 Dearborn Street.

Kansas and contiguous territory—

Miss Emma R. Bristol, Traveling Agent.

New England—

By Bancroft Traveling Stereopticon Land of Sunshine Lectures, etc.

Honolulu—

Hawaiian News Company.
Golden Rule Bazar.

London—

A. F. Spaw, 122 Pall Mall.
Gay & Bird, 5 Chambers Street, Strand.

Paris—

Breton's, 17 Ave. de l'Opera.

NEWS DEALERS.

The LAND OF SUNSHINE is supplied to news dealers through the *American News Co.* of New York, the *Western News Co.* of Chicago, the *Colorado News Co.* of Denver, the *San Francisco News Co.* of San Francisco, while Southern California is supplied direct from the home office.

LIBRARIES.

It is regularly supplied to all libraries of importance throughout the United States and Canada, and is on the reading room tables of famous hotels and resorts, of the London, Chatham and Dover Railway, London, the Galignani Library, the N. Y. *Herald* reading room, and the American Art Association of Paris, etc., etc.

SUBSCRIBERS.

How well the LAND OF SUNSHINE is liked wherever it is seen abroad is demonstrated by the following communication from an intelligent reader who received a sample copy of the magazine one year ago, subsequently came to Southern California and invested, and now, after being a reader of the LAND OF SUNSHINE for a year, concludes that he cannot do without it.

Wm H Hartford M D
84 Lee Avenue
Brooklyn NY

June 18th 1895

My Dear Mr Pattee
Your Vol III,
Land of Sunshine came
to hand some days ago—
Your paper improves with
Each number Please
find enclosed one dollar
to renew my subscription.
Kind regards to
Who I met at Coronado
Beach last summer, and
best wishes for yourself
I am sincerely yours
Wm H Hartford

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Southern California in general, and Los Angeles in particular, are noted for their enterprise and push. Among the institutions of this city that are strictly in touch with all that is progressive and enterprising is the Los Angeles Business College. This school has outgrown its Main street location, and is about to move into the stately and elegant new Currier Block, 212 W. Third street, adjoining the Bradbury Building. It will occupy the entire fifth floor, which has been fitted up in the best of style especially for this College.

The most perfect summer resort in America, the Hotel del Coronado, is a great educator to visitors from the effete East. Its summer season has been above the average; and it is now preparing for its perfect winter.

The corporation which has long borne the title Mathews & Bosbyshell Co. will hereafter be known as the Mathews Implement Co. Mr. Newell Mathews, its president and principal owner, needs introduction to none but the most recent comer. Fair in his methods, just in his conservatism, open to conviction, public spirited and industrious, he has, during the nine years since he established the present business, become a power in the agricultural implement business, as well as one of the representative people of this section. With increased capital and more perfect organization, this already prosperous establishment is on the way to still more remarkable success.

The commencement exercises of Woodbury Business College, held at the Los Angeles Theatre on Monday evening, July 29th, was an unusually brilliant affair. The house was crowded with a representative audience, and the different features of the programme received liberal applause. The seventy-eight members of the class of '95 presented a handsome appearance seated on the terraced stage, which was elaborately decorated with flowers. The ladies were all in white, and the gentlemen in conventional evening dress.

Southern California is to be well represented at the World's Fair at Atlanta, Georgia. The California Building, which is situated in the very center of the grounds of the Exposition, will contain a large display of Southern California products, under the management of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce. When it was learned that no State appropriation was available for this purpose, the public-spirited business men of Los Angeles city responded promptly to the call of their representative organization, and subscribed about \$6,000 to pay the expense of shipping a part of the permanent display now in the Chamber to Atlanta. The greater part of the immigration work thus far undertaken in behalf of this section has been done in the west and northwest. At Atlanta a new field will be touched upon and the early advent of several thousand southern families to Southern California will undoubtedly follow this piece of good advertising. The LAND OF SUNSHINE will be included among other literature distributed at the Fair.

CALIFORNIA HOTELS.

Space in this column not for sale.

ANAHEIM.

Commercial Hotel—Rates \$1.50 to \$2 per day.

AVALON, CATALINA ISLAND.

Hotel Metropole.

CORONADO.

Hotel del Coronado—First-class in all respects.

ECHO MOUNTAIN.

Echo Mountain House—On line of Mount Lowe Railway. Open all the year.

LOS ANGELES.

Abbotsford Inn—Tourist and family home.

Hotel Nadeau—European plan. \$1 day up.

Hotel Ramona—European plan. 75c. per day.

Hotel Westminster—Strictly first-class.

The Hollenbeck—American and European.

PASADENA.

The Carleton—American and European plan.

POMONA.

Hotel Palomares—First-class throughout.

REDLANDS.

Hotel Windsor—2 to \$3 per day.

RIVERSIDE.

Hotel Glenwood—Strictly first-class house.

SAN BERNARDINO.

The Stewart—Rates \$2.50 per day.

SAN DIEGO.

Hotel Brewster—American plan; \$2.50 up.

Horton House—Rates \$2 and \$2.50 per day.

SANTA MONICA.

Hotel Arcadia—Rates \$3 per day upward.

SAN FRANCISCO.

Palace Hotel—American and European plans.

Pleasanton Hotel—American plan; \$3 per day and up.

NICOLL THE TAILOR

Visitors and Strangers!

We can serve you at home, abroad or traveling.

Garments made at short notice or expressed to any part of the United States or delivered through any of our stores in the different cities.

134 S. SPRING STREET

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

**City
Property**

WOOD & CHURCH

**Country
Property**

WE OFFER

one of the best investments in block property in the city; right in center, always rented at 9½ per cent. on price asked—\$32,000.

We have a fine list of Los Angeles and Pasadena city property, some are bargains.

Mortgages and Bonds for Sale.

**123 S. Broadway,
Los Angeles, Cal.**

**Pasadena Office,
16 S. Raymond Ave.**

Please mention that you "saw it in the LAND OF SUNSHINE."

Nothing but Gift-Edge Business Propositions

Should be offered to Business Men. They have no time to investigate chaff. We invite the attention of Investors to the following, selected from our large list of Business Openings, *all of which we have carefully investigated*, and can conscientiously offer to our clients with our unqualified endorsement:

\$30,000 A stock company, manufacturing an indispensable article to street car lines, and the best in existence, fast superseding all others, and vastly superior. This can be abundantly verified. Proposition too heavy for present owners, who lack capital. One to three men with capital can be shown here an opportunity of a lifetime, and no experiment to deal with.

\$20,000 to \$50,000 Will place a business man of ability in a corporation in this city which stands at the head of the list. Doing immense business. All men of long experience, wealth and highest commercial standing and references. You will make no mistake, if you wish to transfer your interests to this city, in giving this a thorough investigation.

\$10,000 Partner wanted to assist in entering a business that is long established in the best location in this city. Is growing so rapidly as to make it desirable to form stock company, and greatly enlarge facilities. Practical man at the head who is considered here a man of rare ability. A fortune awaits the man who is first to take this chance.

The above are representative propositions from our list, and will stand the closest inquiry. Correspond with us freely. Our references will indicate to you who we are. We want to serve you.

REFERENCES (By Permission):

Los Angeles National Bank.
Merchants' National Bank, Los Angeles.
First National Bank, Schuyler, Neb.
Allen Bros. Wholesale Grocers, Omaha, Neb.
Nicollet National Bank, Minneapolis, Minn.
Ex-Gov. W. R. Merriam, St. Paul, Minn.

MOORE & PARSONS,

Real Estate and Investment Brokers,

S. E. COR. 2D AND BROADWAY,
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FOR
YOUR
VACATION

TAKE A TRIP TO
THE

GRAND
CANYON
OF
THE COLORADO



The rates are low and the provisions for comfort ample. Write to or call on the nearest agent of the

SANTA FE ROUTE for full information, or to JOHN J. BYRNE, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Los Angeles, Cal., for a copy of illustrated descriptive book.

Please mention that you "saw it in the LAND OF SUNSHINE."

LOS ANGELES LEADS.

That there is no section of the United States where business is in a more settled and flourishing condition than it is in Los Angeles today, as illustrated by the following comparative showing, taken from the *American Land and Title Register*. Real estate transfers for March, 1895:

New York, \$13,697,067; Chicago, \$11,000,000; Philadelphia, \$7,593,533; St. Louis, \$2,811,119; San Francisco (report for February), \$714,801; Pittsburgh, \$1,200,269; *Los Angeles*, \$1,701,904; Portland (Oregon), \$338,657.

Building operations for March, 1895; Chicago \$3,200,000; Philadelphia, \$2,618,122; Brooklyn, \$1,942,417; Cincinnati, \$413,670; New Orleans, \$234,555; Pittsburgh, \$210,407; *Los Angeles*, \$226,822.

Real estate transfers for April, 1895: New York, \$14,500,000; Chicago, \$10,700,000; Philadelphia, \$9,331,339; St. Louis, \$2,820,519; San Francisco, \$2,624,145; Pittsburgh, \$2,374,150; Kansas City, \$1,139,964; Denver, \$1,048,076; Portland, Or., \$431,304; *Los Angeles*, \$1,705,987.

The building operations for April are as follows: Chicago, \$3,871,000; Philadelphia, \$4,202,842; Brooklyn, \$1,854,572; New Orleans, \$270,831; Pittsburgh, \$563,928; Denver, \$120,200; *Los Angeles*, \$300,368.

The solid character of the Los Angeles banks was well shown during the financial panic of 1894, which had such disastrous results in some sections of the country. Bank clearances have for a year past shown an improvement almost every week, while the figures from a majority of other cities have frequently shown a decrease.

Los Angeles Clearing House for month ending July, 1895: Deposits, \$1,232,869.08; Balances, \$175,689.10. Corresponding, 1894: \$723,605.75; \$131,950.92.

First National Bank

OF LOS ANGELES.

Capital Stock - - - - - \$400,000
Surplus and Undivided Profits over - - - 230,000
J. M. ELLIOTT, Prest., W. G. KERCKHOFF, V. Pres
FRANK A. GIBSON, Cashier.
G. B. SHAFFER, Assistant Cashier.
DIRECTORS:
J. M. Elliott, F. Q. Story, J. D. Hooker,
J. D. Bicknell, H. Jevue, W. C. Patterson
W. G. Kerckhoff.
No public funds or other preferred deposits received by this bank.

M. W. STIMSON, Prest. C. S. CRISTY, Vice-Prest,
W. E. McVAY, Secy.

FOR GOOD MORTGAGE LOANS

AND OTHER SAFE INVESTMENTS,
WRITE TO

Security Loan and Trust Company

CAPITAL \$200,000

223 South Spring Street

Los Angeles, California.

STATE LOAN AND TRUST CO

OF LOS ANGELES. N.W. (OR.)
— STS —

Paid Up Capital, \$500,000

Transacts a general Banking Business. Buys and sells Foreign and Domestic Exchange. Collections promptly attended to. Issue letters of credit. Acts as Trustees of Estates, Executors, Administrators, Guardian, Receiver, etc. Solicits accounts of Banks, Bankers, Corporations and Individuals on favorable terms. Interest on time deposits. Safe deposit boxes for rent.

Officers: H. J. Woollacott, President; James F. Towell, 1st Vice-President; Warren Gillelen, 2nd Vice-President; J. W. A. Off, Cashier; M. B. Lewis, Assistant Cashier.

Directors: G. H. Bonebrake, W. P. Gardiner, P. M. Green, B. F. Ball, H. J. Woollacott, James F. Towell, Warren Gillelen, J. W. A. Off, F. C. Howes, R. H. Howell, B. F. Porter.

OLDEST AND LARGEST BANK IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

FARMERS AND MERCHANTS BANK

OF LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Capital (paid up)	-	-	-	\$500,000 00
Surplus and Reserve	-	-	-	820,000 00
Total	-	-	-	\$1,320,000 00

OFFICERS:

I. W. HELLMAN..... President
H. W. HELLMAN..... Vice-President
HENRY J. FLEISHMAN..... Cashier
G. A. J. HEIMANN..... Assistant Cashier

DIRECTORS:

W. H. PERRY, C. E. THOM, A. GLASLELL,
O. W. CHILDS, C. DUCCOMMUN, T. L. DUQUE,
J. B. LANKERSHIM, H. W. HELLMAN, J. W. HELLMAN.

Sell and Buy Foreign and Domestic Exchange. Special Collection Department.
Correspondence Solicited.

Please mention that you "saw it in the LAND OF SUNSHINE."

C. F. A. Last



CALIFORNIA WINE MERCHANT

We will ship two sample cases assorted wines (one dozen quarts each) to any part of the United States, **FREIGHT PREPAID**, upon the receipt of \$9.00. Pints (24 in case), 50 cents per case additional. We will mail full list and prices upon application.

Respectfully,

C. F. A. LAST,

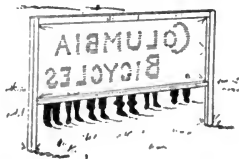
131 N. Main St.,



Los Angeles, Cal.

STEPHENS & HICKOK

AGENTS



433 South Broadway, Los Angeles

Agents wanted in every town in Southern California, Arizona and New Mexico.

FOR SALE

EXTRA CHOICE ANTELOPE VALLEY FOOT HILL

ALMOND AND OLIVE LAND

One mile from Postoffice. All Improvements.

PRICE VERY LOW.

For circulars address:

S. P. CUSHMAN,
Del Sur, Cal.

Use only our **thoroughly indelible Ink**. This ink is being used by all the Steam Laundries of the city, and is warranted to be **INDELIBLE**. We also manufacture everything in the line of **Rubber Stamps, Seals and Stencils**.

NOBLE & CHIPRON STAMP CO.,
126 S SPRING STREET, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

\$10 PER ACRE FOR FINE LANDS \$10 IN THE

FANITA RANCHO

EL CAJON VALLEY

1669 Acres for - - \$18,000

1420 Acres for - - \$12,000

Smaller Tracts for \$30 to \$80 per acre.

WILL GROW ANYTHING.

This property is twelve miles from the city of San Diego and two miles from Cuyamaca Railroad. It belongs to the estate of Hosmer P. McKoon, and will be sold at the appraised value. For further information address

FANNIE M. MCKOON, EXECUTRIX,
Santee, San Diego Co., Cal.

\$1.25 Per Acre



\$1.25 Per Acre

GOVERNMENT LANDS

**THIS IS
THE LAND OF SUNSHINE**

Not only is this so, but it is a land of great promise, where you may secure a home on the most favorable terms now offered in the United States.

**Choice Government Lands at
\$1.25 per Acre.**

25 cents cash, balance 25 years at 6 per cent per annum. No requirements as to improving or living upon the land. For climate, healthfulness and fertility of soil it is unsurpassed; where you can raise nearly anything grown in America, north or south.

We also have choice improved farms and fruit lands near Los Angeles, at \$30.00 and upward per acre. Southern California property to exchange for Eastern property. For information and printed matter address **LOY & HURIN,** 338 South Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

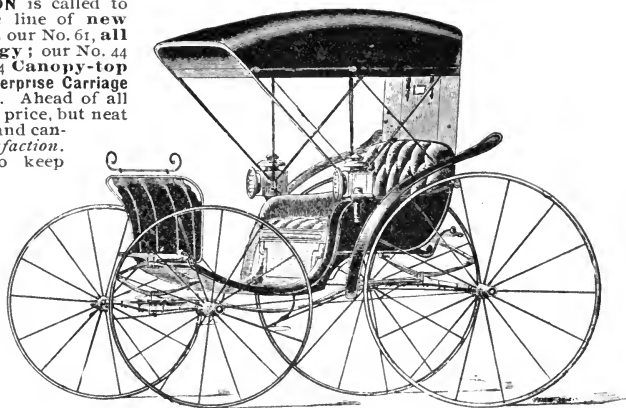
Please mention that you "saw it in the LAND OF SUNSHINE."

SPECIAL ATTENTION is called to the very attractive line of new vehicles offered in our No. 61, all leather top Buggy; our No. 44 Phaeton, and our No. 234 Canopy-top Surrey, made by the Enterprise Carriage Co., of Miamisburg, Ohio. Ahead of all competition; being low in price, but neat in finish and appearance, and cannot fail to give *entire satisfaction*. This factory proposes to keep ahead in the march of improvement, and to give *best value for the money*.

Write us. All inquiries cheerfully answered. Address:

**MATHEWS
IMPLEMENT
CO.,**

120, 122 AND 124
S. LOS ANGELES ST.
LOS ANGELES, CAL.



THE ABBOTSFORD

CORNER
EIGHTH
AND
HOPE
STS.

LOS ANGELES,
CAL.

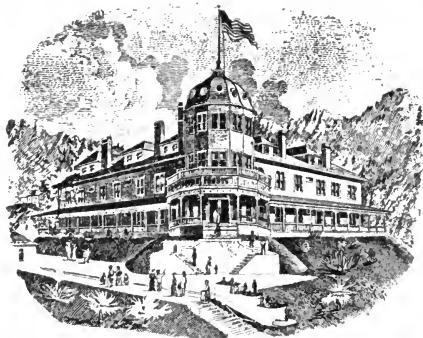


Select Tourist and Family Hotel. American Plan. All new, with refined appointments. Electric Bells, Incandescent Light and Steam Radiator in every room. Capacity, 200 guests.

BY J. J. MARTIN.

ECHO MOUNTAIN HOUSE

NEVER CLOSES.



3,500 FEET ABOVE THE LEVEL OF THE SEA.

Best of service the year round. Purest of water, most equable climate, with best hotel in Southern California.

Ferny glens, babbling brooks and shady forests within ten minutes' walk of the house.

Low weekly rates will be made to individuals and families for the summer, to include daily railway transportation from Echo Mountain to Altadena Junction and return.

Livery stables at Echo Mountain and Altadena Junction; none better.

Special rates to excursions, astronomical, moonlight, searchlight parties, banquets and balls. The grandest mountain, cañon, ocean and valley scenery on earth.

Full information at office of

MOUNT LOWE RAILWAY

Cor. Third and Spring streets. Los Angeles.
GRAND OPERA HOUSE BLOCK,
Pasadena, Cal.

ECHO MOUNTAIN HOUSE.
Postoffice, Echo Mountain, California.

CARL ENTENMANN

Old Gold and Silver bought

Manufacturing Jeweler

Every description of Gold and Silver Jewelry made to order or repaired

... Diamond Setter and Engraver

Gold and Silver School and Society Badges & Medals a specialty

ROOMS 3, 4 AND 7 UP STAIRS
217½ South Spring Street, Los Angeles Cal.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

If you wish to buy or sell any Real Estate in this city, call on or address

RICHARD ALTSCHUL

123½ W. Second Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

Please mention that you "saw it in the LAND OF SUNSHINE."

I SELL THE EARTH...

HEADQUARTERS AT POMONA, CAL.



SAY, I believe the best investment in California to-day is the Howland Olive Orchard: 150 acres—120 acres solid to olive orchard, balance variety of fruits, etc. Olive mill and the latest machinery for pressing oil that cost over \$5,000. The income from the property this year is nearly \$8,000, and yet but one-fifth of the orchard is in bearing. The Howland Olive Oil from this plant took the first premium at the World's Fair at Chicago in competition with the world; also first premium at Mid-winter Fair and at the late Citrus Fair at Los Angeles. For full particulars of this property, or for anything in the line of Real Estate, call on or address "The Old Man."

R. S. BASSETT, POMONA, CAL.

WHY be a SLOW-COACH all your life? GET OUT OF THE RUT of "old fogysim!"

Procure a GAS STOVE and "get in line" with all the progressive "up to date" housekeepers of the present day.

The points of excellence in a gas stove are too many to enumerate. Call and see a GAS COOKING STOVE in operation.

LOS ANGELES LIGHTING COMPANY

457 South Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

SETH ABBOTT

MANAGER OF **ENCINITOS RANCH**

Thirty miles from San Diego, north, near the ocean and Santa Fe Railway. Cheap as any land in the country. For circulars, address

SETH ABBOTT,

839 4th Street, San Diego.

THE LOS ANGELES TERMINAL RAILWAY

DIVERGES FROM LOS ANGELES THE METROPOLIS OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

THE SAN PEDRO DIVISION

Runs through a fine agricultural and grazing country to Long Beach, and then for five miles along the ocean to San Pedro Harbor, where connections are made with the Pacific Coast Steamship Company for all points North and South, and with the Wilmington Transportation Company for Catalina Island. At Terminal Island (East San Pedro,) there is a fine Bath House and Pavilion, open all the year, and the finest still water bathing on the Coast is found here; also boating on the bay, and sailing on the ocean with power launches or yachts.

THE PASADENA DIVISION

Runs to Pasadena, also up to Altadena, at the base of the mountains, and at Altadena connects with the Mount Lowe Railway for Rubio Cañon Pavilion up the incline to Echo Mountain House, and to the observatory on Mount Lowe, enabling tourists to go from Los Angeles to the top of the Sierra Madre Mountains in a very short time and with but one change.

THE GLENDALE DIVISION

Runs through one of the finest valleys in Southern California, noted for its fine deciduous and citrus fruits, to Glendale, and on to Verdugo Park, finest picnic grounds adjacent to Los Angeles.

There are Twenty-Six Passenger Trains a day between Los Angeles and Pasadena; eight passenger trains a day between Los Angeles and Glendale and Verdugo Park; six passenger trains a day between Los Angeles, Long Beach and San Pedro; eight passenger trains a day between Los Angeles and Altadena.

Fine Grounds at Verdugo Park, Devil's Gate, Millard's Cañon, Eaton's Cañon and Rubio Cañon on the Mount Lowe Railway. Finest Mountain, Valley and Ocean Scenery in Southern California.

T. B. BURNETT,
Vice-President and General Manager,
LOS ANGELES.

W. WINCUP,
General Freight and Passenger Agent,
LOS ANGELES.

SHARP & SAMSON

FUNERAL DIRECTOR'S & EMBALMER'S

TEL 1029 — 536 S. SPRING ST., LOS ANGELES.

Please mention that you "saw it in the LAND OF SUNSHINE."

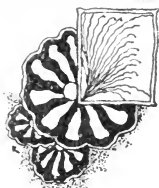
WHEN YOU VISIT
SAN DIEGO
REMEMBER . . .



++ THE
Hotel Brewster

RATES
\$2 50 PER DAY
AND UP

American Plan Only. Centrally located. Elevators and fire escapes. Baths. hot and cold water in all suites. Modern conveniences. Fine large sample rooms for commercial travelers.



HOFFMAN
●●● **CAFÉ**

ELEGANT
GRILL ROOM
AND PRIVATE DINING ROOMS
Finest Cuisine. Service Unexcelled.

M. L. POLASKI CO. (Inc.) Proprietors
215 S. SPRING STREET
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO.,
GENERAL AGENTS
SAN FRANCISCO.

Steamers leave Port Los Angeles and Redondo every four days for Santa Barbara, Port Harford and San Francisco.

Leave San Pedro and East San Pedro every four days for San Francisco and way ports.

Leave Redondo and Port Los Angeles every four days for San Diego.

Northern Routes embrace Portland, Puget Sound, Victoria and Alaska.

W. PARRIS, AGENT,
123½ W. THIRD ST., LOS ANGELES.

FARMING AND ORCHARD LAND FOR COLONY ENTERPRISE

FOR SALE BY
FRED. J. SMITH,
POMONA, CAL.

Commercial Travelers' Trade

Respectfully Solicited.

∴ **HORTON** ∴ Free 'Bus to and from all Trains and Steamers.
∴ **HOUSE** ∴
BEST LOCATED HOTEL IN SAN DIEGO
W. E. HADLEY, PROPRIETOR
San Diego, Cal.

Conducted on the American Plan.
First-class in every respect.
Special Rates to Families.

RATES: \$2.00 AND \$2.50 PER DAY

FINE HALF-TONE PRINTING
SPECIALTY

**KINGSLEY-
BARNES
&
NEUNER
Co.**



Printers and Binders to
"LAND OF SUNSHINE." 123 SOUTH BROADWAY

HUNTER & CAMFIELD
General Real Estate Agents
112½ S. Broadway. Telephone 319

THE VERY THING YOU HAVE BEEN WANTING

A HOME
IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

FINE RESIDENCE OR RANCH
PROPERTY

BY THE SEA-SIDE OR AT THE FOOT OF
THE MOUNTAINS

In or near a progressive community. Pure air,
beautiful surroundings.

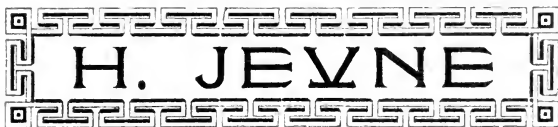
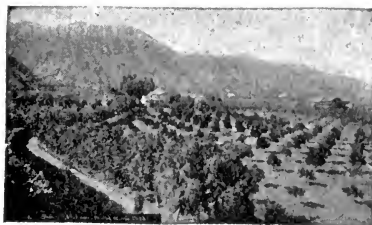


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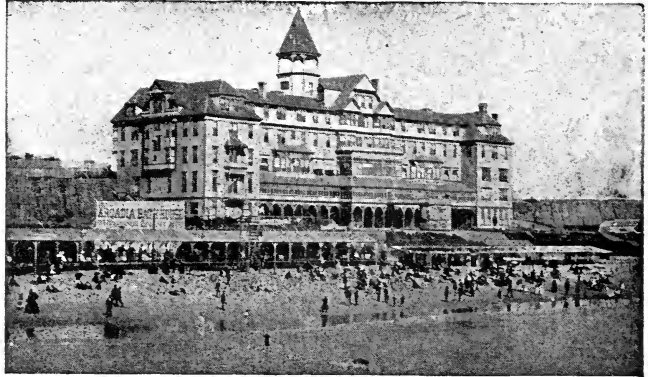
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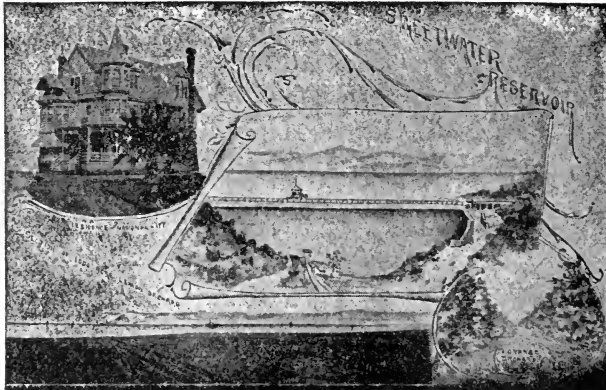
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OCTOBER, 1895

Volume III

Number 5

CALIFORNIA



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EDITED BY

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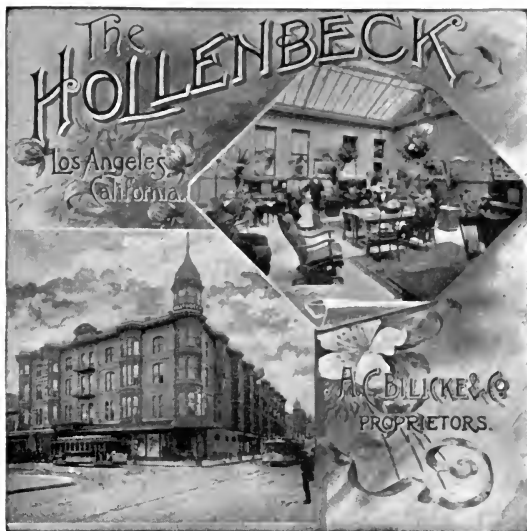
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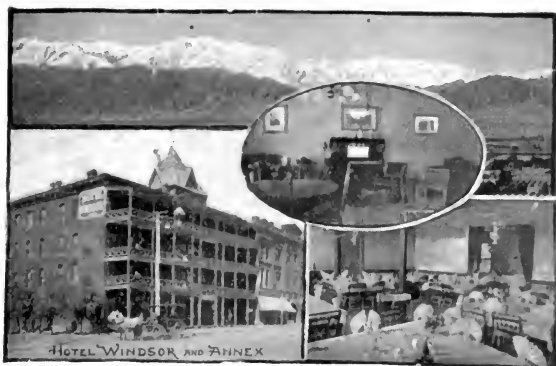


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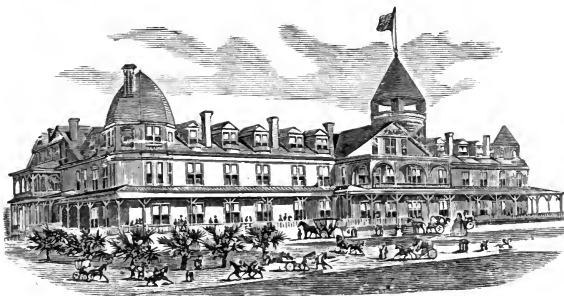
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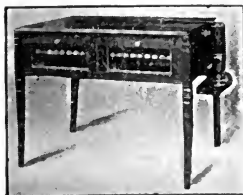
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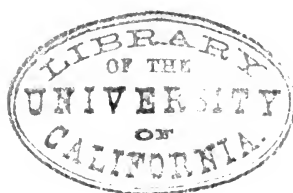


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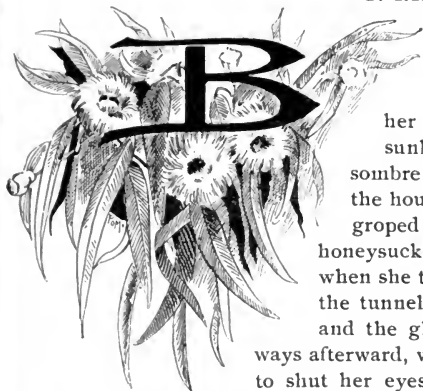
VOL. 3, No. 5.

LOS ANGELES

OCTOBER, 1895

AN AFTERNOON TEA.

BY LILLIAN CORBETT BARNES.



BACK from the glare of the road she turned with a sigh of relief into the eucalyptus grove. Her aimless wanderings carried her through narrow, sinuous paths and across sunlit avenues—still with the eucalypti rising sombre about her. At last she happened upon the house. Cautiously she climbed the steps and groped her way along the deserted porch, where honeysuckle vines made darkness of the day. But when she turned a corner and looked suddenly down the tunnel-like gallery to the end—ah! the gleam and the glory of that California rose-garden! Always afterward, wherever she happened to be, she had only to shut her eyes to see it—far off, silent like some enchanted close. For a moment she stood motionless, then began to walk slowly onward with the uneven step of the slightly lame. "I am sure to wake up before I get to it," she whispered. Nevertheless she slipped off her hat and gloves and went on as though she had a right. At the end, the porch turned and broadened, and a flight of steps led down into that rare wilderness, where the full perfume of the *La France* mingled with the spice-laden odor of the *Maréchal Niel*, while in riotous confusion spread the blood-red *Jacqueminot*, wandered the pink *Duchess*, shone the white *La Marque*—flaunted a myriad-blossoming host! She knew but the one sweet old name for them all—roses! Into their thickets she did not attempt to penetrate, but stood contentedly looking down, then, the sun getting hot, turned to step back a little—started—flushed.

"I beg your pardon," she said, "for intruding."

"It is I who intrude," came the answer, and a man emerged from the shadow and took off his low-crowned, soft, black felt hat.

"I do not belong here," she said.

"Then we are both—shall I call it guests?" he answered, smiling at

the odd little figure before him with its bright brown eyes and prematurely withered face.

"No — you are the host, by right of first possession," she replied.

"Then I may get you a chair?"

"How can you get it? This house seems barred against — guests."

"There was a time, long ago, when this house was good to me. Perhaps it is friendly yet. Will you wait while I discover?"

"Yes," she answered.

He disappeared down the gallery — a broad-shouldered, brown-skinned man in semi-religious dress. Presently an old-fashioned window near her swung open and let him out, bearing a wicker chair.

"Open Sesame!" she cried.

He laughed and, going back, returned with a footstool. "Are you comfortable?" he asked, placing it at her feet.

"Very, thank you," and, when he had seated himself, she went on: "Don't you think there is something haunting about this house? A pleasant, ghostlike sense of home, very grateful to wandering folk?"

"Are you a wanderer, too — Dorothy? Do you mind being called Dorothy? The name seems made for you."

"Not in the least" — she looked keenly at him — "Richard. I go wherever I am sent," she continued with a touch of weariness. "I have always been doing it. I had forgotten there was such a place as home until today — something in the house reminded me, I suppose. My newspaper —"

"Nay, nay, Dorothy," he interrupted, "I am afraid that you, too, have a vocation — an avocation, at any rate. Suppose we forget. Suppose we pretend — do you like to pretend? I do — that you are just Dorothy at home under your own vine and eucalypti. And I am just Richard. 'We are but children of a larger growth.'"

She laughed. "I have had to imagine many things, never this." And then, leaning forward with a puzzled air, "After all, you are Richard only when you smile. At other times you become — what shall I say? Ricardo?"

"The fault of an ancestor from Seville. How often have I told you about him, Dorothy — you are always Dorothy, just Dorothy — have you forgotten his rose-garden and his voyages?"

"Only that you may tell me again, Richard."

"I am glad you never tire of my stories. Once upon a time, then, there was a rose-garden, something like this, in Seville — but, my dear, isn't it time for tea? (Say yes.)"

"We are all out of tea," she objected.

"You do not know your own resources, house-mistress! Let us try — we could never get on without it. Nay, it is my turn," he added gaily as she half rose to help him.

"Suit yourself," she replied, settling comfortably back.

He went inside and returned presently with a small tea-table, a spirit-lamp, a little swinging kettle, and two newly-washed cups and saucers. When the water was actually beginning to boil in the kettle, she said,

AN AFTERNOON TEA.

shaking her head, "I am afraid you ought not to bring these things out."

"We always do, Dorothy," he answered reproachfully. "If anyone objects, we will remember him in our prayers. And now for the tea. Behold, faithless and unbelieving!" From an inner pocket he produced a tiny, Japanese-labeled package and poured a bit of the contents into each cup. "Didn't you yourself send me after this? Didn't Kinkatiwa himself present it with an Oriental bow? 'For the Mistress Dorothy,' he said."

She had a sensation of being in a dream, which deepened as he continued.

"But you are telling me now that the milkman forgot to bring the milk? I can remedy that, too. Then you are to acknowledge your friend a miracle-worker."

From a lemon tree in the garden he gathered a couple of ripe, yellow lemons. "Do you drink Russian tea? Of course I ought to know."

"Invariably — when I can get it."

"And sugar?"

"Two lumps, thank you. I admit the miracle," she laughed over the proffered cup. "But the setting is not quite perfect."

"Ah?"

"You have brought the coffee cups."

His face fell.

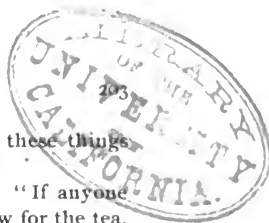
"Let it pass," she said with a forgiving wave of her hand. "What do you expect me to stir it with?" He picked a rose-twig and, carefully cutting away its thorns, gave it to her. "I suppose I might unearth the spoons" — he began doubtfully.

"Oh, never mind! Lemon juice isn't good for spoons. Besides, I like to see you accommodate yourself to the resources of Juan Fernandez."

"My ancestor had to do so."

"The one from Seville?"

"Yes. On one of his voyages" —



"No—begin at the beginning. 'Once upon a time'—I want to be sure you leave nothing out."

"Obedience is my second nature. Once upon a time, in a rose-garden in Seville"—

"Dorothy" leaned back in her chair and listened, her eyes fixed on the visible rose-garden before her, with its tall, bright foliage of palm trees. The pleasant, rhythmic voice blent with the murmur of bees and the rustling of leaves. She was quietly, lazily, sleepily happy. The world of storm and stress dwindled to its vanishing point and went out, leaving behind only a rose-garden, a dream-haunted house, and Othello—telling stories.

They had drunk another cup of tea together, had been out in the garden that he might teach her the names of the roses one by one, still holding fast to the beautiful, children's game of "keeping house," and the sun was setting behind the trees, before she said, "And now I have to go away—on an errand, Richard, just a little errand. You must take good care of the house."

"Let me walk to the gate with you," he replied, "It is too dark for you to go alone."

As they passed under the eucalypti, he said lightly, yet with a touch of regret in his voice—the afternoon fantasy had struck deeper than either of them cared to show—"Only a little errand, Dorothy? The little errand of life, I suppose. And whereabouts does it take you?"

"Just to Canada," she answered. "To Victoria. I was telegraphed yesterday."

"Ah! and I am sent down into Mexico—to Vera Cruz."

"Outlaws, both!" she laughed, but with a catch in her throat.

"Nay—exiles, only exiles," he replied.

They stood for a moment at the gate, looking out through the quickly-descended twilight to the flickering village lights and the darkening foothills beyond. Then she started as a sudden thought struck her and said, "I suppose I might ask you—ought to, in fact, for I have so little time, and it seems to me that you may know! My telegram told me to look up—to interview—Father Marina, some kind of Jesuit celebrity passing through here—his native country, though New England claims him in part. Strange that even a half-Puritan should be a Jesuit—"

She stopped, for a curious expression had crept over his face and he was holding out both hands as if to cry her mercy. "Dorothy! Dorothy!" he pleaded.

Smit with wonder at her own stupidity, she laid her hands in his. "I do not want to know, after all," she said swiftly, "I will write and tell them I could not find out."

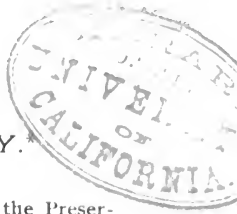
"Thank you. But you will remember your home?"

"I will remember." Her voice trembled; she withdrew her hands and turned away.

"Good bye, Dorothy," he called quietly after her.

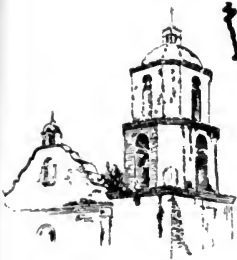
She looked back.

"Good bye, Richard," she replied and went on with bent head. He stood looking down the road whither she had gone, long after her wavering shadow mingled with the night.



THE MISSION SAN LUIS REY.

BY ADELINE STEARNS WING.



WE were a dozen members of the Society for the Preservation of the Missions, on a tour of inspection. A night and a day we had been at San Juan Capistrano; and could understand why, with its fresh sea breeze and healing waters, it was once the health-resort for all the other missions. Our interest in the picturesque ruin was divided by the queer, old adobe village. There was hint of romance in the fine dark eyes of the inhabitants. There were the delightful stories told by the witty Irish judge who combines in his own person all the offices of the village. Best of all, there was the shy and unspeakably beautiful young daughter of the Spanish grandee of the place—she looked a Madonna in the bud.

From all these enticements the artist members of the party had to be dragged almost by force, and we again sped southward. Two miles from the Mission we came to San-Juan-by-the-Sea, once the port of much of the interior. From the high yellow bluffs, hides and tallow were thrown down to British and Russian trading vessels by night, since traffic with ships of any foreign nation was strictly forbidden, and the Spanish galleons themselves must sail only from Cadiz or Seville.

Skirting the Pacific, and with a sea of billowy hills and mountains on the other side of us, we came to Oceanside, the port of San Luis Rey.



Union Eng. Co.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE MISSION.

Photo. by Blanchard.

Next day was the Fourth of July, and every carriage in town was in use. We were forced to make the six-mile journey to the Mission in a springless wagon. But the landscape was beautiful, and we kept meeting wagon-loads of Spanish and Indian people; all picturesque and some strikingly handsome.

San Luis Rey is in the Santa Margarita valley, forty miles from San Diego. The great Mission church, with the lovely flowing lines of its façade, stands impressively upon an elevation, set in a fine mountainous

* San Luis Rey de Francia. St. Louis. King of France (Louis IX).

landscape, and with the marshy San Luis river shimmering at its feet. The general plan of the buildings is the same as at Capistrano—a cloistered quadrangle built about a *patio* measuring 250 x 280 feet, with the church at one corner.

San Luis Rey, founded in 1798, under the auspices of the Marquis of Branciforte, became the most extensive Mission in California, famous for its wheat and—its baker, Paulino. It was the only Mission which remained prosperous long after secularization.

The Indians here were mostly of the Gaitchim tribe (the Ketchis of Buschmann) and unusually intelligent. The church, with its walls in some places 56 inches thick, is of burnt brick filled in with adobe, and plastered inside and out with white, hard lime cement. It is well preserved and has not been materially altered since the days of Father Peyri. The nave measures 30 x 160 feet, and the ceiling is about 80 feet



Herve Friend, Eng.

DOWN THE CORRIDORS.

Photo. by Maude.

high. Only one of the eight bells remains in the bell-tower. The still-brilliant frescoes, some quaint and some beautiful, with charming harmonies of colors, were all painted by the Indians; most of them as bright and fresh as if done yesterday. There were frescoes representing Indians with bows and arrows; angels (in blue and gold); Don Pio Pico on horseback; draperies, and wreaths of flowers. The colors were mostly vegetable and mixed with glue. The Indians made them all. The yellows were extracted from poppies, blues from nightshade, and red from a stone on the beach. There were also some dim frescoes still on the outside walls of church and court.

Near the main altar, above which was an octagonal dome, we saw fresh flowers on the grave of Padre Zalvidea: and in one of the many niches was the lonely wooden statue of a solitary saint, standing like a Casabianca. A flight of stairs led to the quaint old pulpit, and a cement



font was in a front room of the church. The red-tiled roof was supported by rough beams, over which hides were stretched, and on them brush strewn. The kitchen chimney was enormous and ornamented with open diamond brick work. Timbers, stretched from the top of the cloister arches to the walls of the enclosing buildings, formerly supported a floor for the accommodation of the many visitors who flocked to see (after the secularization) the bull-fights in the court. Around this floor was a balustrade of latticed brick work.

It is said that in latter days, while Don Pio Pico was *administrador* of the Mission, he himself, gorgeously dressed in black velvet and silver lace, once took part in a bull-fight here and carried off all the honors.



Photo. and Eng. by Herve Friend.

FOUNTAIN AND STAIRCASE.

He also distinguished himself as an actor in a *pastorela* written by Padre Florencio of Soledad.

The court-yard still contains fountains and some pepper and fruit trees—some planted by Father Peyri, others by Don Pío Pico. Many of the cloister arches have fallen, but one can still see the entire plan. Store-rooms, dormitories, and other rooms where the various trades were taught, were in the surrounding buildings. The good old priests must have been most versatile, for they taught the Indians apparently every industry known to man or woman—from cooking, sewing, and weaving, to agriculture and bricklaying. The entire Mission was in perfect condition up to 1850, when it was used as barracks for United States soldiers. In its palmy days the gardens were particularly beautiful. In addition to its own vast ranch, of which 56 acres were enclosed by a high adobe wall, the Mission San Luis Rey owned *ranchos, sitios, estancias* at Santa Margarita, Las Flores, Pala, Agua Caliente, and elsewhere. It raised olives, oranges, peaches, grains, cattle, and horses. In 1827 San Luis had 2686 Indian neophytes! Here the soldiers, who acted as guard, had a herd, the proceeds of which were devoted to decorating the Virgin's image. But the Indians are all gone, and in their stead are the Franciscan brothers lately moved in from their college of San Fernando, Mexico. The ruined arches of the Mission are as picturesque as those of a Roman aqueduct. Beyond the buildings, high ridges of half melted adobe wall stretch half a mile; and there are ruins of distant adobe buildings.

The departure of the good and wise Father Peyri from this Mission, scene of his chief labors, has already been described in these pages; and how the Indians followed him by night to San Diego. Some even swam after the ship from whose deck he waved them his benediction. Four accompanied him to Rome; and there one became a priest. The neophytes left behind were wont to pray to his picture, as to a saint, even after his death. Had ever man a more touching epitaph?

Glendale.

THE SUPERIOR NORTHERNER.

BY CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON.
(A NEW ENGLANDER.)

THERE are those—mainly from New England, and having, as a rule, a pair of well-modeled glasses balanced on a dignified ancestral nose—who contend that the climate of Southern California is “debilitating.”

Not only debilitating to the health of the body, which is bad enough, but debilitating also to that high moral tone which distinguishes—here the New Englander magnanimously enlarges his boundaries and says: “Those who live in colder climates.”

And the Southern Californian, who is pretty sure to be either a New Englander himself or the descendant of one, bows to the tradition and feels his moral tone being lowered by degrees and his physical health insidiously undermined by our blessed sunshine.

It is funny, by the way, to see how these people speak of "physical health" as if it were a species of carnal indulgence anyway, a low thing, to be treated with modest discretion like other "pleasures of the senses."

It is also funny—very funny—to observe that most of them come here to get it; here, where those who know how to live spend a hundred years or so of painless, vigorous life, and even those who don't are kept alive, in spite of their foolishness, far longer than they could have withstood the "bracing" climate of their beloved home.

But this may sound childish to the acute New England mind, so let us be logical—if eight years in California have left enough mental power to ratiocinate.

You maintain, O New Englander, that the climate of your native land is responsible for the unparalleled good health and beauty as well as mental force and moral elevation of your people?

The New Englander here admits (his mental force seeing the trap and his moral elevation not permitting him to be dishonest) that they are not much to boast of physically, save for "endurance," but that the other qualities are all there, and that the climate did it. And he says a good deal about the character developed by meeting storms, etc., and how they have filled all America with—well, with Americans.

If this be so, O New Englander, how is it that the noble savage, who had all these advantages long before you, did not manifest the same traits—no, nor any of them—not even the "energy;" that same savage being on occasion distinctly lazy?

The New Englander here is forced to admit that race has something to do with it, but hastily transfers his position to the Anglo-Saxon character, and shows that, too, was the result of climate—the "love of liberty"—the "spirit of conquest"—the "sense of justice"—all apparently begotten between a few select degrees of latitude and not elsewhere.

You think then, O New Englander, that the ancient Saxon—a guzzling, fighting, dirty animal—and his compeers of the Celtic and Germanic tribes, were superior creatures? And if the climate produced these manly virtues, are not Lapp and Finn, and Slav as good as they? Siberia has a fine bracing climate—where is its conquering civilization?

Then the New Englander gets a little mad, for his mental force perceives that you are guying him, but his moral elevation prevents any unseemly display of temper, and he admits that climate *alone* will not produce even these results, and that he refers to the modern Anglo-Saxon, descendant of these northern tribes, and conqueror of the world.

Then—if you like to—you may begin patiently to explain that the Anglo-Saxon character is the result of many more influences than inheritance from those old northerners.

That which makes modern civilization is the science which began in Chaldea and Phœnicia, and filtered down through Egypt, Arabia, Italy and Spain; the enterprise which sent the ships of Tyre around all Africa; the courage and discipline and sense of justice which gave Rome

the world to rule ; the art which came all glorious from Greece and to which Italy gave rebirth ; the literature from the same great sources, and the religion of Judea. Without these humble contributions from lands which were none of them cold enough to spoil the fig crop, our northern ancestors would have guzzled and fought undisturbed to this day. There is not a human virtue or power that can not be found in those splendid races born around the Mediterranean ; no civilization has been greater than theirs and no religion worth speaking of but what has come from these warm lands.

Cold climes make thick fur and ferocity—or thick blubber and voracity.

Fruit and sunshine are good for body and brain and soul.

When the conquering New Englander has done exterminating the Indian and struggling for a living, let him come here and *live*—calmly, wisely, nobly, healthfully and happily.

SAN LUIS REY.

BY B. C. CORY.

Two leagues away from Ocean-
side, upon the mesa steep,
Where wailing winds of winter
time fall whispering asleep ;
Where the dying river creepeth
to its grave beneath the sand,
And solemn silence sleepeth
o'er the dun deserted land ;
Where sunsets, wierd and won-
derful, roll waves of mystic
light

Across the frowning forehead of
the swift advancing Night ;
Still stands this cloistered mys-
tery, whose wasted walls en-
fold

Vast stores of hidden history
unwritten or untold.

Its solemn stately arches, and its sadly silent bells,
Its crude and crumbling capitals like drowsy sentinels—
They are ghosts of vanished grandeur, when, through these arches wide,
Flowed high and haughty life, whose dust sleeps in the dust beside.

Some noble names of sunny Spain upon these graves are writ ;
They sought for power, they wrought for gain—and all is gone of it.

But other dust sleeps by their side, whose spirit, once elate,
Hoped here to lay foundations for a mighty Christian State.
'Mid sorrow, toil and loneliness they taught the Name of Love
And sought to see in dusky eyes the love-light from above.

Sleep, Brothers of Junipero ; your strange, sad task is done !
The passion of your saintly lives immortal power hath won—
Among the south Sierras, and o'er their mesas wide,
The dusky children of the sun adore the Crucified !

Pomona.



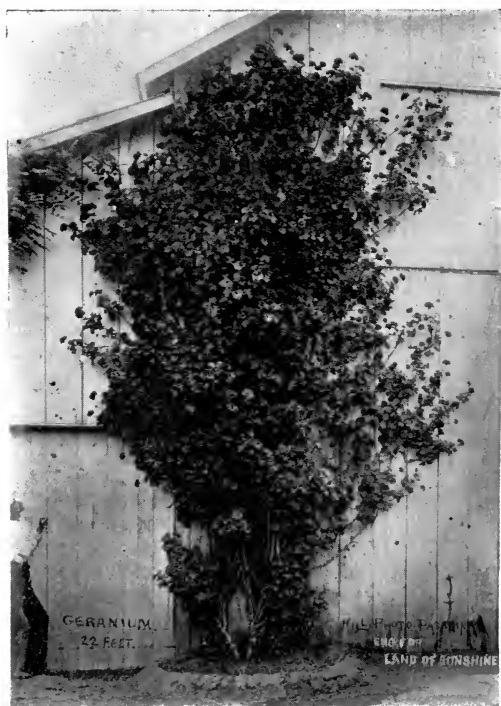
A "TRULY" GERANIUM.

TO the Californian who goes East, a humor of the situation is seeing what people call "flowers" back there. Brought up in a generous land where Nature is neither stingy nor ashamed of her handiwork; where plants grow as if they liked it; where winter-long the slopes are tapestried with infinite wild-flowers—to find himself now where "flowers" are poor, pale little whiffets nursed in pots, is funnier than politics. He smiles within at the necessity of withdrawing the plants from the vicinity of the double window, and of keeping the furnace eruptive through the night. He finds pleasure in contemplating folk who think a climate where Maréchal Niels cost four bits a bud is fit for human occupation. If he were not a Westerner, with the racial childishness outgrown, he would laugh out loud to see how the pride of a \$10,000 hothouse is a pitiful floral runt which would scarce be given fence-room in "God's Country."

The geranium is probably the most universal intimate flower of the East; and he finds it there a shivering caricature a foot tall—and at two feet a monstrosity. He thinks of the back fence at home over-run with *real* geraniums, perennials whose stems are thick as his wrist; of how

every year the owner has to cut out from such a hedge more wood than would make a thousand show geraniums in the East; of geraniums trimmed to the habit of a tree, and a rod tall. And while he will not say much, he cannot help feeling that the narrowness of winter-bit communities must be as hard upon enlightened flowers as upon enlightened people.

When he gets home he may very likely send his Eastern friends this photograph, of a geranium growing out of doors in Southern California. It is only 22 feet tall.



THE VOYAGE.

BY JULIA BOYNTON GREEN

First Day.

Little green waves, little gray-green waves of the sea
I sit at your feet by the hour, and I watch you frolic and play,
Thinking (ah, foolish thought!) the sea is the same today,
As soft and gentle and kind a thousand leagues away
Where the gallant ship sets sail that will bring my dear one to me.
Hoping (ah, foolish hope!) by this prayerful breath of mine
I can soothe and smooth all this turbulent waste, and make it
fair and fine,
I can soothe and smooth for one little week all this deep tem-
pestuous brine.

Second Day.

Emerald waves, O emerald waves of the sea,
White as a eucharist lily your foam, and green as its leaves
Your cool and translucent hollows. O happy shore that receives
This lovely largess for aye! O sorrowing shore that grieves
When the tidal transport slowly ebbs, and the beautiful glee
Of ripple and wavelet and billow and breaker is spent at last;
When the clamor dies and the great sea lies like a lover, his
passion past;
When the final embrace is over, the uttermost garland cast.

Third Day.

Snowy surf, O radiant snowy surf,
The land she leaves is all snowed over in early spring
With a glory of jasmine bloom, the whitest and sweetest thing!
Sung over by rapturous birds and worshipped by bees a-wing.
O surf you are white as Hawaii's bloom, and green as her turf
Are the waves you crown. O sea be safe as their island sward
To her pilgrim feet! O spray be sweet as the jasmine's fragrant
hoard!
O ocean birds, sing blithesome words and o'er my ship keep guard!

Fourth Day.

Ravenous waves, O fierce and ravenous waves,
How can I think today of her who is far from home!
Far toward the sky-line, trouble and danger and inky gloom;
Throbs of fury, hither, and mountainous shocks that come
And hiss and shriek on the sand in a pallid passion of foam.
Cruel swells that shape in a merciless mock of graves;
They scoop the bed, then swiftly spread a mound like a new-made
tomb,
Then scatter it o'er as a last scoff more with a white profusion of
bloom.

Fifth Day.

Riotous gales, O riotous gales of the sea,
 I will have none of your kisses softened to suit my cheek !
 Here will I walk alone, where I meet you, bold and bleak ;
 Where you sting my face with your bitter spray, and whistle and
 shriek
 As you whistle and shriek in the sails of the struggling Belle Marie.
 Boisterous gales, where'er in your giant games you go,
 As you sweep your strength down the mighty length of the con-
 tinent, and strow
 Like careless boys, your cast-off toys, oh spare one ship I know !

Sixth Day.

Sunny calm, O breathless calm of the sea,
 Sleep of the weary sea, the minion meek of the moon,
 More than a sleep meseems, rather a sudden swoon ;
 After the mighty gales, oh how can you drop so soon
 With heavy wings on the deep, delaying the Belle Marie !
 Out in the hot still space float slothful shallop and smack,
 Dogged by their silent nether ghosts, cordage and canvas slack,
 Never a breeze their sails to seize and favor the journey back.

Seventh Day.

Pitiless fog, O ghostly white sea-fog,
 You have blurred the sky-line out, you have blinded the world
 with a pale
 Impalpable curtain of surging mist. Oh, what can avail
 Powerful screw, and steam and compass and mast and sail,
 What can they all avail with this on all like a clog ?
 Impotent now the skill and wisdom of master and mate,
 What, oh, what can the swiftest ship do more than wait and wait,
 Or speed ahead through the present dread and hazard a fearsome
 fate ?

Arrival.

Little green waves of the sea, O billows and winds and calm,
 Listen to this my joy—you have known my dolor and dread—
 Welcome the Belle Marie, she has safely and swiftly sped,
 The one I waited has come and the greeting words are said.
 Here on the beach I come to sing my jubilant psalm ;
 Her brow and her small white hands are white as your whitest
 foam ;
 Her cheeks like your faintest rosebud pink, when you mirror the
 sunrise bloom ;
 Her eyes the hue of your deepest blue ; O sea she has come ! she
 has come !

THE COYOTE*

BY CHAS. F. LUMMIS.



Of all the beasts that roam the plain, there are but two liars. We have the Psalmist's expert opinion as to all men; but he might not have thought it worth mentioning if he had known the American prairie Ananias. In another form of vocal deceptiveness, the coyote leaves the biped prevaricator as far behind. One man in a million can become a ventriloquist; every coyote is one by birth. And so far as heard from he is the only breathing thing that has that unvarying birthright.

Least of the wolves, or greatest of the foxes, *canis latrans* is one of the most curiously interesting animals on earth—and one of the least understood. In body (except for his head) he is a small wolf, in mind a fox, in morals a mixture of both. I have known him rather intimately for near a dozen years, and only trust that the pleasure has been mutual.

The Indian folklore of the Southwest invariably ranks him as the butt of all other wild animals—and none but the inexpert will dare fly in the face of Indian observation. But so far as concerns man and his one flatterer, the dog, the coyote shines brilliant by comparison. If the higher wits play rough tricks on him, he gets even by still more practical jokes upon his two inferiors. The Southwestern shepherd or poultryman who does not know his metal as a wag, is of scant experience yet; and the dogs should be still better informed. Besides his humor he has astonishing faculty as a strategist; and some of his jokes are classics. I have known him—and in many different localities—to raid chicken-yards or sheep-corral in perfect safety despite a watch of dogs competent to tear him limb from trunk. One of him, with nightfall, would take post on a hill off to the east and begin to fill the sky with howls. Forth from their ward would stampede the valiant dogs. The joker would lead them off into the hills a fool's errand; while his accomplices swept in from the west, ravished the chicken-yard, and were safely away

*Pronounced Co-yôh-ty.



Herve Friend, Eng.

Drawn by N. J. Thorpe

"HIC JACET" OF THE LAMB.



long before the duped canine sentinels came limping back with tongues out and tails depressed. I never have been able to prove that the decoy had an arrangement whereby his accomplices should afterward "whack up;" but it is a safe guess that no such sharper goes out and sings for fun and lets himself be swindled out of his share of the booty. The trick is so common on the frontier, and so invariably successful, as to be a proverb. Seeing a wild dog with so much wit, and the tame one so perennially witless (for the hounds never learn the joke) one might wonder at it — if one did not remember that the domestic *canis* is handicapped by long looking up to the least observant animal that goes on legs.

The coyote is a characteristic part of the Southwestern landscape.

"A shade on the stubble, a ghost by the wall,
Now leaping, now limping, now risking a fall,
Lop-eared and large-jointed, but ever away
A thoroughly vagabond outcast in gray —"

as Bret Harte sings of him in much better verse than observation. "Lop-eared," indeed! One of his peculiarities is the rigid up-and-forwardness of his large ears, which not only never lop but never unstiffen. And to figure a coyote "risking a fall" is a smileable matter. It is the weak point of the greatest California fictionist, and runs through all his work — that he would much rather be brilliant than be right. He never fails to be picturesque, and rarely fails to be unnatural. For example, when he dubs our friend

"A barefooted friar in orders of gray —"

words which tickle the ear, but are so impossible that in a less musical mouth they would be silly.

The coyote's vocal talents are first to command notice. It is no metaphor to call him the only four-footed ventriloquist. He really is one; and can so "place" his voice that you shall not know if it came from north, east, south or west. And as a multiplier — well, hearing one coyote, no newcomer but will swear it is a dozen; and even the frontiersman does not live who can always be sure if there be one coyote, or two, or three. Sometimes you may see the very Indians in doubt. That wail is the strangest, wierdest, most baffling sound known to any wilderness — a wild medley of bark, howl, shriek and whine, utterly indescribable; and as to its articulation, glib as nothing else I know except the sound of irregular musketry. The swift patter of its vocables is something almost incredible. It is this voice which has earned him his scientific name — which is most unscientifically applied. He is not a barker (*latrans*) but a bewailer, and should have been ticketed *ululans*. His cry is utterly unlike the long, grisly howl of the wolf or the bronchial bark of the dog.

He is the Southwestern troubadour and gipsy —

"A furtive-nosed
Gray streak, composed
Of mouth, brush, legs and lung."

No other animal whatever—in the New World, at least—can be heard so far. Only two in North America can run so fast—the antelope and the little blue fox.

"The wan jackrabbit's lofty ear
Unfurls when I am heard;
But vain he flees—I see that he's
Right decently interred.
And when spring mutton cometh ripe
I may remark I am
On hand to see—in fact, I'm the
Hic jacet of the lamb."



Now and then someone stumbles upon a coyote's burrow and excavates the pups; but otherwise one never sees a baby coyote. Foxes, yes—and many a time; and if there be a prettier sight than Madame Reynard frolicking with her fluffy whelps, the hunter has yet to know it. But for all the glass or the trail ever show, one would judge coyotes to be born full-grown. They are fed in their burrows until fully competent for piracy on their own hook.

Coyote is one of the Aztec words adopted into Spanish from the Nahuatl confederacy about the Lake of Mexico, and brought up to our Southwest by the *conquistadores* who discovered New Mexico in 1539 and colonized it permanently in 1598. Its original form was *coyoll*—and it



Herve Friend, Eng.

A YOUNG COYOTE.

Photo. by Brewster, Ventura

is safe, in general, to count as of Aztec derivation any word adopted from the Spanish which ends in o-t-e or a-t-e, like *metate*, *petate*, *pelote*, and the like.

This animal—whose pelt is the handsomest worn by any frequent beast in North America—used to be called the “prairie wolf;” but only the innocent and the dictionaries so call him now. He has none of the wolfish ferocity and none of the wolfish seriousness. He is a wag—and like most wags, timid; though I deem it no honor to their intelligence that many call him a coward. Do they expect a thirty-pound wild dog to attack man? But nothing can be more ridiculous than fear of him. A hunter would sit down as unconcerned amid a thousand coyotes as if they were rabbits—unless he had something stealable. As a sneak-thief, the coyote is enterprising as his big grey cousin is as a highway robber and assassin. I have several times had a coyote step across me while I slept; and among the diversions of our wedding journey in the wilderness was the waking one night to find two coyotes fairly over us, trying to get the saddle-bags from between our heads and the big pine-tree which was our hotel. It needed no more than the creak of an eyelid to send the interlopers flying. No, they are no wolves. The cranial arch has nothing of the strength which characterizes the skull of the wolf, but has the foxy flatness. The muzzle, also, could not possibly be taken to be a wolf’s. The name given by the First Americans, and perpetuated by the first Caucasians in America—who knew and named the coyote three full centuries before any man of English tongue ever saw one—is far the fittest one; and for a wonder is now almost universal.

The drawing from life by Tharpe and the photograph by Brewster, accompanying this article, are the best likenesses of the coyote ever published—it were almost safe to say the only respectable ones. It is a cynical commentary on our imitative scholarship that the American textbook does not exist which has a recognizable picture of this wholly American beast. The encyclopedias, the *Century Dictionary*, the *Standard Dictionary*, all print coyotes which might better serve as stuffed Spitz-dogs—they are much less like coyotes than like impositions on the trustful.

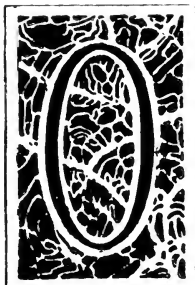
The habitat of the coyote practically corresponds with the area discovered by the Spanish in North America—Mexico and the Southwest, and the treeless Great Plains. And whenever and wherever, he is the cleverest thief, the artfullest dodger and the most tireless serenader that ever sung the moon down.





STOCKTON'S CAPTURE OF LOS ANGELES.

BY H. A. REID, M. D.



ON January 8th and 9th, 1847, two battles were fought between the American forces under Commodore Stockton and the Mexican forces under Governor-General Flores. The first day's battle took place at San Gabriel ford, on the old stage road leading out by way of Aliso street; and a passenger going from Los Angeles to Orange on the Santa Fé railroad, by looking out of the car window on the north side all along for half a mile before reaching the San Gabriel bridge, and up stream from the bridge, will be looking upon the battle field of that day.

The second day's engagement was on the open plain of the Laguna ranch (south of the old stage road), now owned by the widow of Col. R. S. Baker. Among the prominent Spanish families of Los Angeles at that time was that of Doña Encarnacion Abila, widow of Don Francisco Abila of the Las Cienegas rancho. Her city home was the adobe building which is still standing, a few rods north of the plaza, Nos. 14, 16, 18 Olvera street. The roar of cannon and rattle of musketry in the battle of the 9th could be plainly heard all over the city, producing intense apprehension and terror; and Doña Encarnacion fled from her house to the home of the old Frenchman, Louis Vignes, for protection against the expected vengeance of the victorious "gringo" army—for her son-in-law, Lieut. Col. Garfias, was a cavalry officer on the Mexican side, and had obtained horses for his troops from Rancho San Pascual, which was then in her possession. Commodore Stockton marched into the city with drums beating and flags flying, and hoisted the American flag over it again [he and Frémont had taken Los Angeles once before, without a battle, Aug. 13, 1846]; and he took Doña Encarnacion's deserted house for his headquarters. Its present owners, her descendants, say it still remains just as when the Yankee Commodore occupied it, except that a new roof has since been put on it.



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From a painting.
SEÑORA DOÑA ENCARNACION ABILA.



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THE ABILA ADOBE.
Stockton's Headquarters, Jan. 1847. Still standing, unchanged.

Photo. by Pierce.

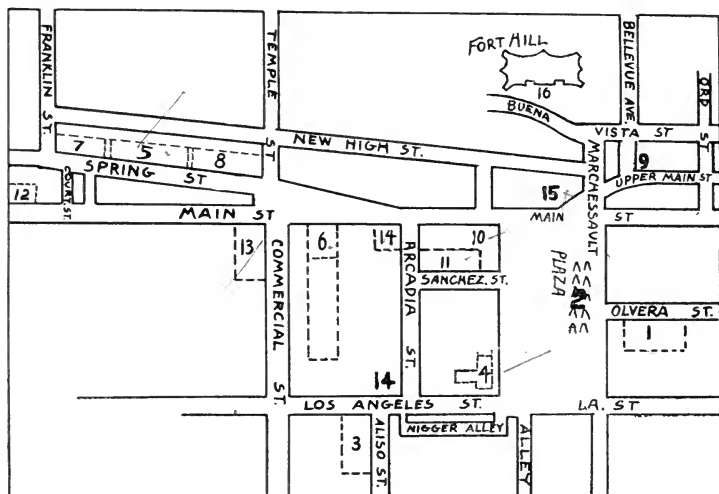
After their defeat the Mexican army retreated and encamped on land now owned by the Raymond Improvement Company, right where the Southern Pacific R. R. depot for South Pasadena stands; and from there they commenced their negotiations with Col. Frémont, who had just reached San Fernando old mission on his difficult and snow-blockaded winter march down the mountainous coast from Monterey. From this resulted the formal surrender of the California troops under Gen. Andres Pico to Frémont—the historic “Capitulation of Cahuenga,” which was finally consummated at the old Cahuenga ranch house on January 13th. Frémont then marched into the city, bringing as trophies the two brass howitzers which were the principal cannon the Mexicans had had in the two days' battles. Stockton appointed Frémont Governor, and he took the two-story adobe mansion of Alexander Bell for his gubernatorial headquarters. This building was said to be the best one then in the city, and a current joke was that “nothing but the best was good enough for Frémont.” It stood at the southeast corner of Los Angeles and Aliso streets, where the Haas block is now. This is the simple fact about Frémont's headquarters, as vouched for to me by Hon.



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Photo. by Westervelt.
DR. JOHN S. GRIFFIN.

Stephen C. Foster and Don Francisco Garcia (114 years old on May 1, 1895), who were both here at the time. Yet an old adobe building on Main street, away out near 13th, which was not built until about five years after Frémont's governorship, has been photographed and sold extensively to tourists and relic seekers as the historic "Headquarters." The popular story that Frémont as the first American governor occupied the residence of Don Pio Pico as the last Mexican governor, is altogether a fiction. Pico's residence then stood where are now Nos. 171 to 201 North Spring street.



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MAP SHOWING HISTORIC POINTS.

- 1.—Commodore Stockton's headquarters, January 10 to 14, 1847.
- 2.—Stockton's troops encamped on the plaza.
- 3.—Col. Fremont's headquarters while Governor of California, in a two-story adobe house owned by Alexander Bell.
- 4.—An old one-story adobe house owned by Pio Pico, whose son-in-law, Jose Moreno, lived there. House still standing. Pico himself had lodgings and an office there in later years.
- 5.—Residence of Pio Pico while he was Governor.
- 6.—Headquarters and barracks of Lieut. Gillespie, where the "battle of Los Angeles" was fought, September 23, 1846. The same buildings were occupied by Col. Fremont's troops, January and February, 1847.
- 7.—Adobe buildings occupied by Col. Stevenson's troops, 1847. This structure was afterward used as county and city jail.
- 8.—Adobe building occupied by Quartermaster's department, 1847.
- 9.—Adobe building used as military hospital—now all torn away.
- 10.—Residence of Jose Antonio Carrillo.
- 11.—Residence of Jose Sepulveda. The present Pico hotel stands on these two lots.
- 12.—Residence of Manuel Garfias, a Mexican Lieut. Col. in the battles of January 8, 9, 1847, and owner of Rancho San Pascual.
- 13.—B. D. Wilson's store; the two old iron cannon were planted there in 1849, and are there yet.
- 14.—Abel Stearns's corners, where were planted in 1849 the two old iron cannon which now lie at west front of court house.
- 15.—Old church at the plaza, for which the original roof-timbers were gotten out by the Yankee "pirate prisoner," Joe Chapman in the Sierra, in 1818-19.
- 16.—The "Fort," which was commenced by Gov. Micheltorena in 1844; used by Lieut. Gillespie in September, 1846; built in proper military form by Col. Fremont in January, 1847; further improved by Col. Stevenson the same year. Now entirely obliterated.

I prepared the above diagram from information furnished me at different times by the following old-time Californians, who are still living: Hon. Stephen C. Foster, aged 74; Francisco Garcia, 114 on May 1, 1895; G. W. Robinson, 86; Elijah Moulton, 74; Theodore Rimpau, 69; Jose Perez, 63; Pio Zabaleta, 62; Judge B. S. Eaton, 72; Dr. John S. Griffin, 79; besides printed records, and my own examination of "Fremont's Redout" in December, 1883.

The chief medical officer of the American troops in the battles of December 6th, 1846 (San Pascual in San Diego county), and January 8th and 9th, 1847, was Dr. John S. Griffin, who still resides in Los Angeles, on Downey avenue, at the venerable age of seventy-nine. He was a prominent business man of Southern California in a former generation, having been engaged in many large enterprises with such men as Hon. B. D. Wilson, Capt. Phineas Banning, ex-Gov. Downey, and others.

Pasadena.

ON THE HEIGHTS.

BY LOUIS JAMES BLOCK.

Bluer the sky, and more serene,
Perfumed the air,
Thin shadows touch the valley green,
Speed here and there.

The land laughs with the wind and sun,
The mountains stand,
Veiled in the mist by distance spun,
On either hand.

The silence weaves its tender spell,
Sweeter than song,
Around ; high up the soft clouds dwell,
And moveless throng.

Thought's weary stress dissolves in peace,
Care fleets on care,
Life celebrates a new release, —
The dream is fair.

Chicago.

SQUIRREL INN.

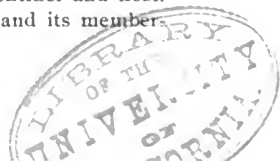
BY EVA MITCHELL COOK.

FAR up the south side of a high peak in the San Bernardino range, nearly six thousand feet above sea-level, stands the Arrowhead mountain club-house, in the heart of a gigantic pine forest ; yet so situated, that between the enormous trunks and from under the drooping branches, as through a frame of God's handiwork, a panorama of the beautiful valley is seen far as the eye can reach.

The club is as unusual in its purpose and management as in the site chosen for its habitation. Its members are manly men, of high place in commercial and professional circles, and are properly fond of their rods and guns ; yet also are they devoted to their families, and the club-house is intended and used as much for their pleasure as for that of the members themselves.

Squirrel Inn (so called after Frank Stockton's clever story) is built after the manner of that ingeniously devised hostelry, of mammoth logs, with the stairs leading to the second story outside, and the squirrel sitting bolt upright over the main entrance, a tireless sentinel and host.

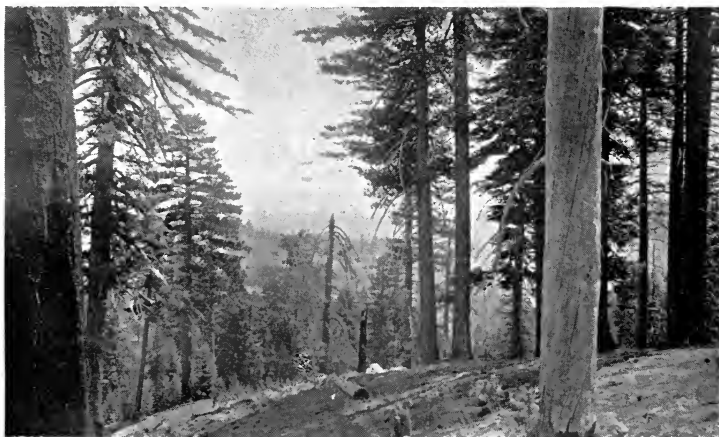
The Arrowhead Mountain Club was organized in '92, and its members



ship numbers sixteen representative men. Some of them are connected with the Arrowhead Water Company, and when the latter commenced the gigantic work of tunneling the peaks that the waters on the other side might be utilized in irrigating the lands on this, a fine road was built, which served to make transportation possible for the water company, and at the same time made the various mountain fastnesses accessible for other purposes. Then it was that the club decided on the site for its club-house, and purchased some mountain land ; and the Inn was built.

The drive is by no means the least enjoyable part of a visit to Squirrel Inn, for it is made over a road of notable engineering, with a constantly changing vista of wonderful scenery that delights eye and mind.

Leaving San Bernardino, the road crosses the valley, penetrates the narrow cañon that winds up past the side of the peak which bears on its



Collier, Eng.

Photo. by Sloeum, San Diego.

breast the famous arrowhead, and winds on through oak and manzanita groves, by a little mountain stream, that is, in winter, a dashing torrent ; on to the grade proper ; thence on again and up, turning and twisting, until, over the tops of the trees and smaller peaks the valley below widens and grows ever more beautiful.

When the top of the ridge is reached, behold ! the hardy sentinel pines are all about, and between their trunks on the north the eye travels across rolling ridges, each lower than the other, down to the waste of the great Mojave desert, bounded by the horizon line. Toward the south are also seen ridges which drop lower and lower to the San Bernardino valley, with its towns and hamlets ; its water courses, vineyards and orchards ; its perennial and hopeful green and promise of wealth and prosperity—to the waters of the blue Pacific in the distance.

The ridge once gained, the road continues on its apex under a forest of pines for several miles until the Inn is reached, and the four hours' drive, which has been such a continuous delight, is at an end.

The club-house is a large, rambling structure ; the bark-covered logs of the exterior a fitting and harmonious shell for the hard-wood finish within. The main entrance gives immediately into a large living-room, with mammoth old-time fireplace where young tree trunks in five or six foot lengths are burned whole.

Through the windows on either side one gets delicious glimpses of the pine forest. A large sanctum for the ladies is on the left ; and on the right a den for the men in which indulgence in the weed and other comforting privileges may be enjoyed. In the dining-hall fifty people may sit at once about a huge table. Above stairs are the pleasant sleeping rooms.

The interior finish is a light hard wood—floors, walls, ceilings. Great rugs and skins are on the floors, the windows are shaded with dainty curtains, a piano is against one wall, glass cases of stuffed birds stand



Collier, Eng.

SQUIRREL INN.

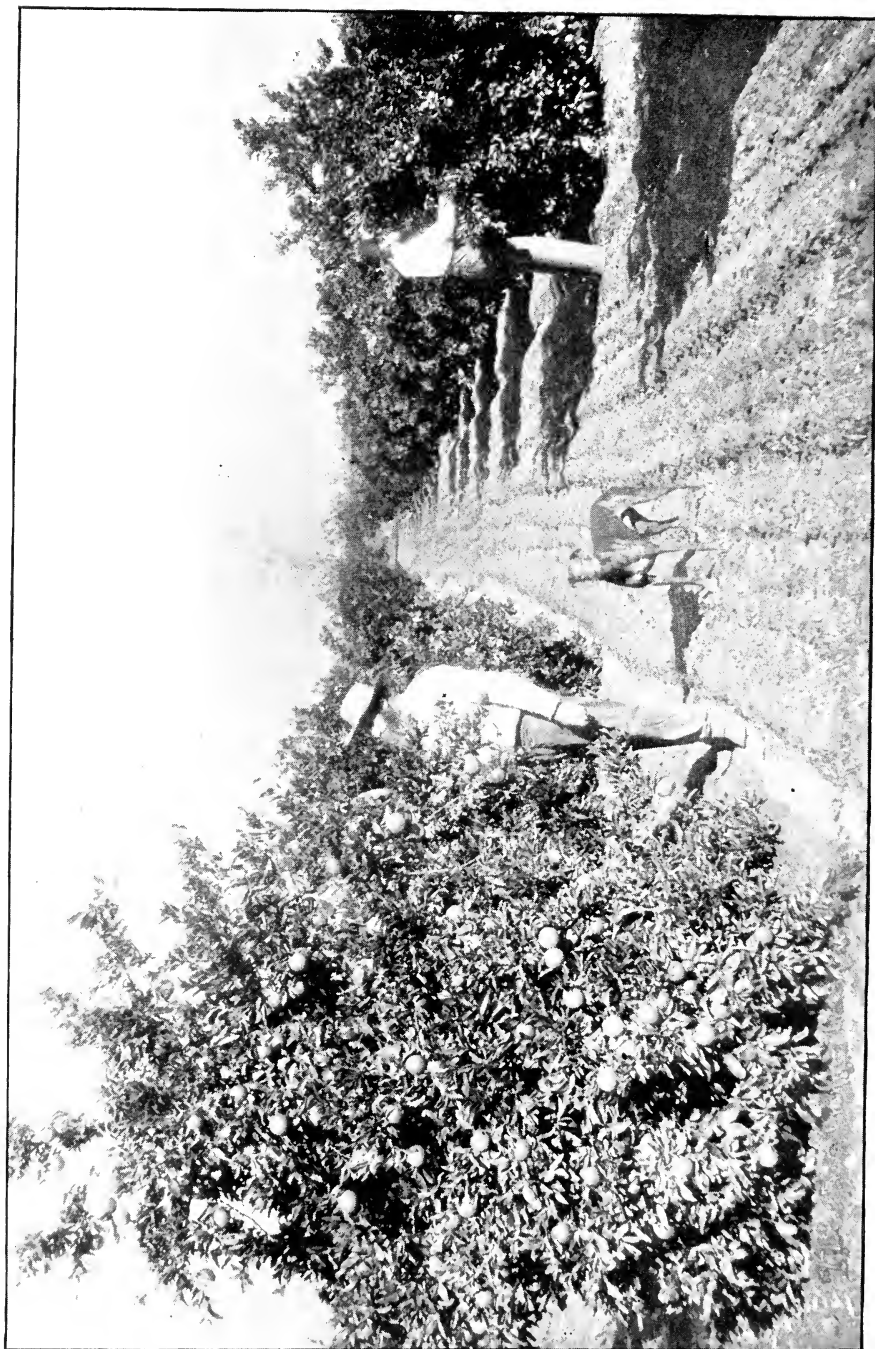
Photo. by Slocum, San Diego.

about ; and a music rack, hat rack, frieze and other ornamental and useful pieces of furniture are made of small gnarled branches of forest trees, cleverly woven together, and decorated with pine cones and acorns.

Verily the land of the olive and the pomegranate, the exotic sunny south, must be more than four hours away ; there is no suspicion of oranges, magnolias or other tropical belongings in this frosty, exhilarating air, with snow under foot and ice all about.

The club members have the privilege of selecting sites for cottages for their own use, the only restrictions being that they shall be built of logs and so placed as to face the Inn.

During the season a chef and retinue of servants are in attendance. The members, their families and friends enjoy club privileges at a modest weekly rate, and stages convey guests, mails, and provisions to and from San Bernardino. When the mercury is at its highest notch in the valleys, cool mountain breezes sigh through the pines that surround Squirrel Inn, and fan the brow with their spicy fragrance.



THE KINGDOM OF WATER.

BY FRED L. ALLES.*



Collier, Eng. ARTESIAN WELL, POMONA.



ATER is King in Southern California — an uncrowned king but recipient of unstinted homage. True, water would be worthless without land upon which to use it, but in a territory where there is so very much more land than water in sight, water will long remain monarch.

Dreary and bleak for uncounted centuries were the mesas and valleys of Southern California during the long "dry" seasons and brief, indeed, were the intervening "wet" months when the winter rains gave sufficient moisture to cover the bare, parched floor of the valleys with a carpet of wild flowers. The early Indian saw nothing in the mountain streams save a hiding place for trout, or a gathering place at some quiet pool for wild animals. The advent of the Latin conqueror did little more in the way of material development than to show what could be done—which, like the standing on end of Columbus's egg, was vital, after all. The coming of the Anglo-Saxon changed the face of nature quickly, as he put all the water in sight into instant use and then went on a hunt for more. And when the Anglo-Saxon, as exemplified by the thrifty and pushing Yankee, goes on a hunt he generally brings home his game.



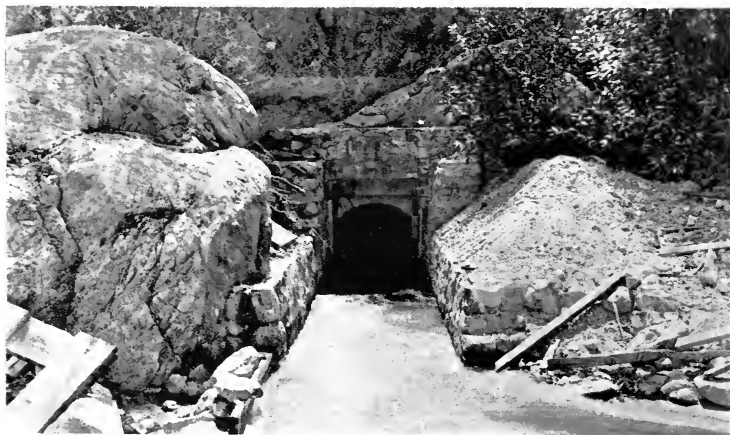
L. A. Eng. Co.

A SOURCE—IN SAN ANTONIO CAÑON.

*Secretary of the National Irrigation Congress.

A quarter of a century ago Southern California had enough available water in sight in rivers and mountain streams to irrigate perhaps 20,000 acres of land. Today there is probably twenty times that amount of land under irrigation, and the acreage is being increased annually at a rate which is surprising.

Those unfortunate people who are compelled to grow food and fruit in a land where rainfall alone is depended upon for a water supply have little idea of the comfort and convenience of irrigation. When the summer sun is high in a cloudless sky, and its hot rays are robbing the atmosphere of every particle of moisture; when the leaves of tree and plant begin to curl and droop under its fervid glances; when the surface of the soil blisters and bakes from overmuch evaporation, the farmer and fruit-grower in the supposed-to-be-rainy, but too frequently the rainless, belt, pray longingly and fervently for water. Often their prayers remain unanswered.



I. A. Eng. Co

A TUNNEL FOR WATER—SAN ANTONIO CAÑON.

The Southern California horticulturist, under the more favorable conditions existing in a land where irrigation is practiced, noting that his trees or vines need a drink, simply opens out a series of furrows in his orchard with a common corn plow, turns the water into these furrows from the main ditch, and in a few hours the ground is saturated, just as if a refreshing rain had fallen, and the leaves on tree and vine assume their usual gloss and vigor.

No loss of crop ever comes to the fruit-grower on the golden shores of the Pacific Southwest by reason of either flood or drought. These two items are responsible for fully one-half of all the losses with which farmers and fruit-growers meet in less favored regions. If all possible loss from too much or too little water could be avoided, fruit growing in the Eastern States would be taken from the domain of chance into the field of certainty. Nothing will ever make this possible except a change to the climatic conditions which exist in the arid west.

In Southern California there is no fruit upon either tree or vine when the usual rains come, with the single exception of the orange, and this fruit is rarely injured by excessive rainfall.

Orchard planting, as a rule, is done here only on lands having a safe supply of water for irrigation; and this can always be easily and cheaply applied exactly when needed, and, as a result, we have no losses from a lack of water.

Irrigation is not an expensive method of watering the soil. The land purchaser usually gets one share of water in some responsible water company with each acre of land which he buys, and in this way he and his neighbors are the owners, in fee simple, of the water on which they depend for irrigation. Having paid for his land and water, he is at no expense in the future save the nominal cost of keeping the pipes in repair and paying the wages of the *zanjero* who attends to the distribution of the water. This expense varies somewhat; but rarely exceeds



Collier, Eng.

A MAIN DITCH, NEAR AZUSA

Photo. by Maude

five dollars an acre per year, and is often very much less. This cost would be considered trifling by an Eastern orchardist if he could freshen up his trees after a season of prolonged drought.

The water supply of Southern California is as certain and secure as is the sunshine. The rainfall during the winter months varies somewhat, but this does not affect the supply depended on for irrigation so much as does the snowfall. The latter in the mountain region is remarkably regular. On the tops of the Sierra Madre, whose giant peaks pierce the clouds at heights of from eight to twelve thousand feet, there are great valleys with rockribbed walls which are lined with enormous snowbanks every winter. Under the gentle wooing of a semi-tropic sun these snow walls melt into purest water, which runs off in silver threads and rills, down the cañons, through rocky gateways, into the valleys below, where it is caught up by the thrifty husbandman and fed through ditches and furrows to the roots of tree and vine. Here the sparkle of the snowflake and the golden glint of the sunbeam unite to make the nectar of the

orange and the amber bead within the cells of the grape. Many great reservoir sites have been discovered in the fastnesses of the rock-ribbed mountain valleys, and some of these are now being utilized for summer storage of winter waters. Surveys have been made of catchment basins and drainage areas and other available sites, for these great artificial lakes will soon be made to conserve the heretofore wasting waters of winter rain and snowfall, which are so valuable in beautifying the lovely valleys which lie spread out between mountain and sea. And not only is the water from these great mountain reservoirs to be sent out to make an emerald cover for many brown fields, but the genius of its captors has decreed that on its way down from the tremendous heights it is to be harnessed to great wheels and thus be made to spin out power and light for use in the cities of the plains below.

The title to water here is just as absolute and as good as the title to the land, and is acquired in practically the same manner—by appropria-



Collier, Eng.

IRRIGATING A YOUNG ORCHARD.

Photo. by Maude.

tion or by purchase. Unoccupied government land can be secured anywhere in the United States by the citizen who wishes to use it for a home, on the payment of a small land office fee. Unappropriated water, except that in navigable streams, can be secured in exactly the same manner by showing upon what arid land it is intended to use the water for irrigation. The bulk of the really desirable government land has long since been taken up, and it can be obtained now only by purchase from the original homesteader. So, too, the bulk of the available visible water supply has long since been filed on, and it can be had now only by purchase from the original appropriators. The title to water is usually vested in incorporated companies, and an interest in the water is usually evidenced by certificates of stock which are bought and sold just as stock is bartered in any other corporation, and the title passed is just as absolute as that vested in any other form of property.

Two forms of acquiring water are recognized in the arid section : prior appropriation and riparian right.

Under the doctrine of prior appropriation, the first *user* of the water is entitled to it, his actual use of it being preceded by a formal filing, as is done in land or mineral filing in the government land office, and this right is recognized even against that of the owners of land abutting on a stream, if such owner failed to file a claim for water on his land.

Under the doctrine of riparian rights, all land abutting on a stream is entitled to its just proportion of the water flowing by, sufficient for its proper irrigation, and this claim is good even against land owners above and below who may have been using the water for years.

In California the doctrine of prior appropriation has always been recognized as legal and just, but in many States of the West the doctrine of riparian rights is recognized as the law.

Los Angeles.



A GLIMPSE OF ARCADY.

BY ELLA M. SEXTON.

In clamorous waves the city's roar
 Beats on and on through stifling airs,
 With deafening din re-echoing o'er
 Her stony clattering thoroughfares ;
 Yet, inner silence broods with me—
 The charmed trance of Arcady.

Shut in by towering walls, the sky
 A pallid glimpse, God's sunlight dear
 Past dusty casements flickering by,
 With Toil and Gain for warders, here
 A yearning prisoner held, for me
 Still smile the fields of Arcady.

Dull, dull and cold each printed page,
 Long-columned figures sway and reel,
 While round me fellow-toilers wage
 Life's struggle, chained to Fortune's wheel ;
 From duty's lash a truant, free
 I roam with fauns in Arcady.

Ah, Heart of Mine, await me there,
 While snows of orange-blossoms fall,
 Till at your lead our footsteps fare
 And follow changeless Summer's call.
 Fulfilled our every dream shall be
 In yonder longed-for Arcady !

San Francisco.

THE PARADISE OF AGE.

THE LAND OF SUNSHINE has before now touched upon the effect of such a climate as this in prolonging human life. It will appeal to the common sense of the average reader that a country where plants which our youth knew as shivering annuals become venerable perennials—where, for instance, geraniums grow a rod tall; where the castor bean is a veritable tree, with a trunk six inches thick—would be likely to be a good country for human longevity. And so it is. So eminent an authority as Dr. Norman Bridge says that “here the aged may set back the hands upon the dial of their years.” And what these beneficent skies will do by evolution, after a few generations, in lengthening the span of life of its Saxon inhabitants is an interesting speculation not without some known data to guide the estimate.

Dr. Cephas L. Bard, of Ventura, in his readable pamphlet *Contributions to the History of Medicine in Southern California*, says of the aborigines of this section :

“That they possessed as a race greater longevity than their successors there remains no doubt. The great majority of skulls examined are indicative of very advanced age, the cranial sutures being entirely consolidated, with no vestiges of their existence. The records of the Missions furnish many instances of death at extreme old age. Those of San Buenaventura give the ages of three Indian women buried there as, respectively, 100, 105, and 114 years. Father Martinez, in charge of the Mission of San Miguel, shortly after its foundation, wrote that it possessed three Indian women, each of whom was more than 100 years old. The records of the other Missions reveal the presence now and in the past of numerous Indian centenarians. The ages of Fernando and Placido, who died at Los Angeles, were estimated at 102 and 137. The latter danced at a fandango a short time prior to his decease. Justiniano Roxas, who died at Santa Cruz in 1878, was baptized at that Mission in 1792, and his age then was put down by the officiating padre as about forty. Within the last few years there have died in Kern county four Indians, each of whom was undoubtedly over 100 years old. They were Canillo (Alcalde of Tejon), Alfonso, Rafael and Francisco. They helped to build the Mission of San Fernando. An Indian named Gabriel died in Monterey some time ago who was reported to have been 140 years of age. Dr. Remondino, in a paper read before the State Society in 1890, gives some interesting instances of prolonged savage life in San Diego county. At the Mission of San Tomas there lived an old Indian 140 years old. On the Sweetwater was an Indian man 115 years old, and one died at the county seat, 109 years old. At Capitan Grande were several Indian women over 100 years old. Warner's ranch furnishes one 130 years of age. The present chief of the almost extinct local tribe at San Buenaventura, Juan de Jesus, is an active old centenarian, who can be seen on the streets every day. As an evidence of his virility it may be said that the last of his series of squaws presented him ten years ago with twin papooses. Dr. Fergusson of Bakersfield informs me that an old Indian named Sebastian lives there, who at the age of 90, rides forty to fifty miles a day.”

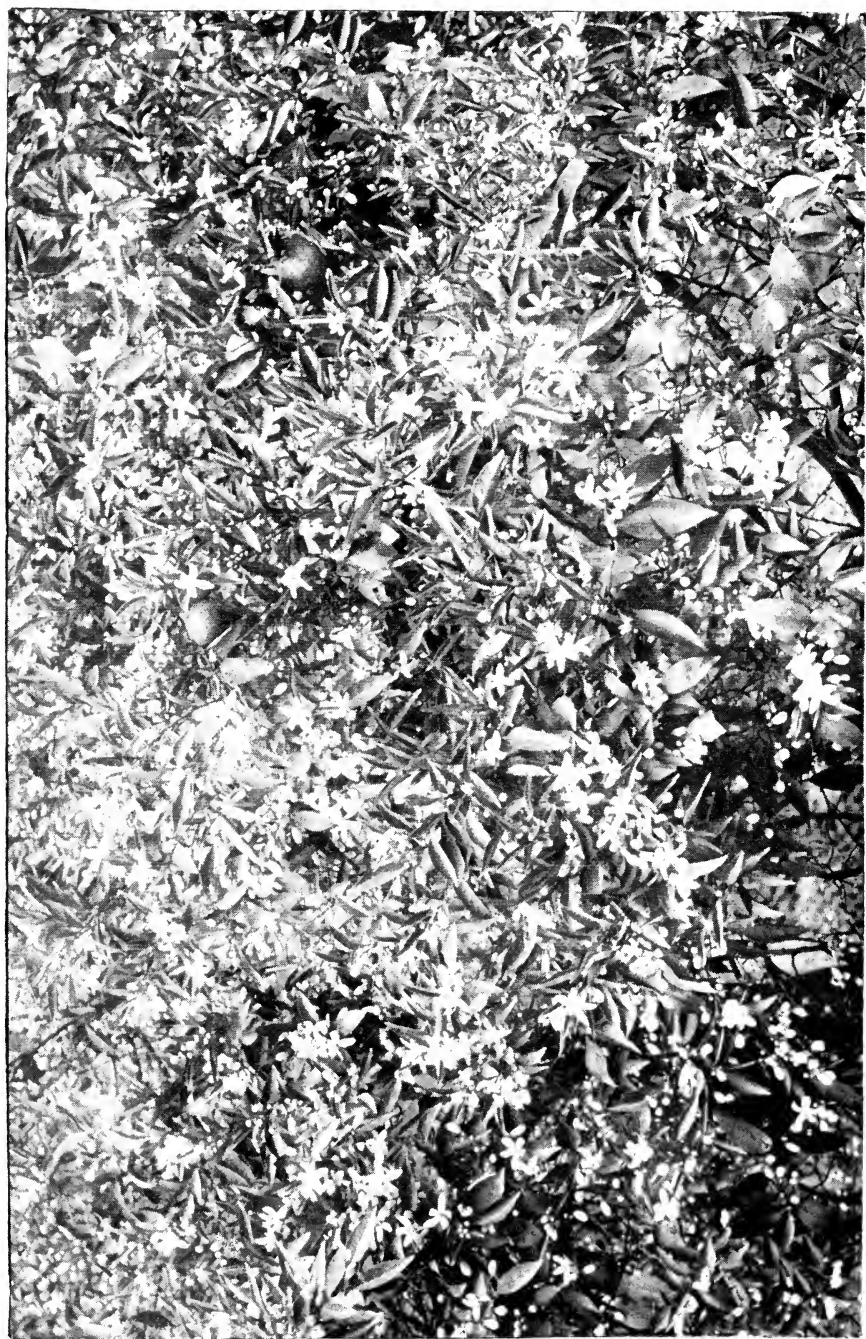
Of the Spanish-speaking successors to the Californian Indians and the effect of this climate upon them, Bayard Taylor in 1846 already remarked their great improvement over the original type. Dr. Bard says :

“The vocation of the native Californians was conducive to the fullest development of physical perfection. Paying no attention to agriculture, their bodies were not marred by the stooped shoulders of those whose existence depends upon what they take out of the soil. The care of their herds of cattle and bands of horses was the ideal of a pastoral life. The newcomer was a Crusoe and his man Friday was the mustang. From morn to night, man and horse, mind and muscle, roamed like centaurs over our fertile plains, finding enjoyment rather than work in the slight care

which the flocks entailed. Their adobe homes, barring their imperfect ventilation, met every requirement of the climate, being warm in winter and cool in summer. They fully appreciated the sanitary worth of sunlight. Ever mindful of the adage of their Castilian forefathers, "Where the sunlight enters, the doctor goes out," they built their adobes on the open plain, with no intervening shrubbery to shut off the genial rays of a southern sun. Their diet consisted of beef, mutton, bread, coffee, chocolate, with but few vegetables. Their flour was universally devoted to the manufacture of tortillas, thin circular pieces of bread, made by rolling a paste of flour on their stone metates, and then baking them. The frijole, or bean, was the chief of the few vegetables used, and today is the ever-present feature of the menu of the native Californian. The dietetic importance of this legumen cannot be overestimated. Its portability, durability, and nutritious worth, render it the most valuable and available constituent of the armies and navies of the world. Loyalty to my own bean-growing county prompts me to dilate upon the virtues of this prince of seeds. Our soil and climate are peculiarly adapted to the culture of what has contributed so much to the comfort and welfare of the native Californian. An attractive feature of the display of the productions of Southern California at the Columbian Exposition was Ventura's pagoda, representing in its construction one hundred and twenty-five different species of beans. The Macedonian soldiers, who conquered the world, were fed upon the black beans of Sparta. Frederick Field, in a lecture 'On the Mineral Resources of the Andes,' says: 'that in 1851, two large stones, one weighing 356 pounds, and the other 349, representing the richness of the Chile mines, were forwarded to me for exhibition purposes. Both stones had been taken from a depth of more than 300 feet, and had separately been borne on the shoulders of a man, he having to ascend, not by ladders or other aid, but by climbing up the nearly perpendicular slope of the mine; and the food the miner lives upon is an interesting subject for the physiologist. He seldom takes meat, and when he has that luxury, it is simply served out in long thin strips, which have been dried in the sun. His chief diet is the haricot bean, and without this nutritious vegetable he never could perform the work required of him.' At the present date the amount of work performed by the California vaquero, or the Basque sheep-herder, whose diet consists almost exclusively of carne seco, frijoles, tortillas, with a little coffee, is astonishing.

As to the theory — just now resurrected *in re* the bicycle — that much riding militates against paternity, Dr. Bard continues :

"The size of an ordinary California family furnishes a complete refutation of these fallacious deductions. The average number was about ten. That of some families was most remarkable. In 1882, at a dinner party at San Luis Obispo, tendered by three native California gentlemen to a Bostonian, the guest boastfully remarked that he belonged to a family of thirteen children. One of his entertainers quickly responded that whilst such a family might be regarded as extraordinary in the East, it was not so here. 'For example,' said he 'my friend on your right belongs to the Dana family, which has twenty-two children; my compadre on my left belongs to the Hartnells, who have twenty-two; and I am one of the twenty-six children claimed by the Castros.' In the county of Ventura there resides today an estimable lady, from whose face the lines of her former beauty have not as yet been effaced. Doña Concepcion, wife of Don Francisco de la Guerra, who was closely identified with the early history of our State, who has presented her only husband twenty-one children. Another one, Feodora Olivas, has borne her only spouse twenty-one; and Soledad Yanez, who is still in the prime of life, has given her sole life-companion twenty children. Bayard Taylor says: 'A native was pointed out to me as the father of thirty-six children, twenty of whom were by his first wife and sixteen by his second.' Secundo Robles got by one wife twenty-nine children. José Maria Martin Ortega, the eldest of twenty-one children, had as many by one wife. Carlos Ruiz, of Santa Barbara, was the father of twenty-five children by one wife."



Boyer Friend, Eng.

A STUDY IN ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

Photo. by Hill, Pasadena.



And what *is* "provincial?" The dictionaries tolerably agree that it is "pertaining to a province; uncultured, narrow, countrified." Which is all very well, so far as it goes—but, like their average makers, the dictionaries often do not go far enough. They are very learned men, these whose personal words, given weight of type on twenty pounds of paper, go bumping down the ages; but they are geographically rather Rhode Islanded. The foot of the class might easily define them as "bounded on the north by the base-burner, on the west by book shelves, on the south by the servant girl, and on the east by the Society for the Prevention of Learning Anything Not Yet Printed." Why, particularly, "countrified?" The hayseed can be narrow and not half try; but he must stay out all night if he would out-narrow the city wiseacre. He has his lean side; he is even so modest as sometimes to envy urban "ease"—but never so dull that he cannot laugh at urban dependence. When he shall take time to make his own dictionaries (and country boys were the first lexicographers) he will perhaps define provincial as "uncultured, narrow, citified." For the metropolis is only a smaller, narrower, and somewhat more ignorant province. It has forgotten half as much as it ever knew about the science of health and the gentle art of living—though it has invented many new ways and degrees of getting tired in trying to have a good time. It has not grown more honest or more chaste or more amiable, and certainly not more self-reliant. It has learned not to gape on its own street-corners, and forgotten how to keep its mouth shut when it runs across something it *isn't* used to. It will admit that "God made the country and man made the town;" and will indicate its judgment of the comparative smartness of the two architects by its choice of residence. It counts the Almighty rather provincial anyhow.

Now if one may dare amend the big book makers, "provincial" has nothing to say with locality. It may be countrified or citified, and is as often the one as the other. It really means narrowness, lack of horizon, conceit in ignorance—the only misfortune that man is glad of. It means the "we-are-the-people" spirit; the attitude of looking down upon everything we are ignorant of; the loss of the sense of proportion of the individual earthworm to the terrestrial crust. These things obtain as much in city as in country—often more, for modesty is against provincialism. The jay is equally ignorant—but he more frequently knows it.

For greenness, a country lane cannot out-verdure the city. It is a different hue of green, that's all. A snailable example has been in

everyone's eyes for two years. For that time New York has been in convulsions over its electric cars. The trolley has killed more metropolitans than it ever caught greenhorns; and whom it has not killed it seems to have scared out of the semblance of growth. Never was anything taken so seriously, since our grandfathers shuddered at the witchcraft of Fulton and Stevenson. The New York papers have trolley on the brain. The weeklies are never done with ghastly cartoons on this unparalleled agent of death; and the dailies have editorials to beat the cartoons. One can understand how New York, being used to bobtail horse-cars for years after wakeful country towns had decent rapid transit, should shiver a little at progress; but hayseeds would have grown to the occasion within a year or two. This country town of Los Angeles has had for a decade much better transit—and has never been scared. Out here in the provinces we don't get ourselves run over; and if we did, we would make less roar than the province of Manhattan does when it barely sees a six-mile car come bumbling down its chattering streets.

A TYPICAL

CASE.

Chicago University, when it sees the man it wants, buys him—though it had not quite the price to “call” the best Greek teacher in the country from Harvard and half its figure. Out here we have not yet exactly reached \$10,000 salaries; but we “give boot”—and somehow the bargain seems to go through. The average traveler gasps at noting the class of educational work done here on the edge of the world; but anyone inured to the hardships of thinking would presuppose it. Shall it be imagined that only bankers, bakers and doctors can read a thermometer? May not even a teacher know enough to come in out of the snow? At any rate, it has become a typical characteristic of our development that he does come in.

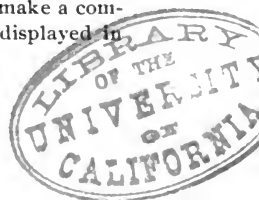
The Lion would be glad to think Pomona College can pay John Comfort Fillmore, the new director of its School of Music, the salary Milwaukee has been paying him; but does not believe it can. In legal tender, that is. On the final balance-sheet it will undoubtedly be found to have paid him far more—including health for his family, for which he has come. Here in a young frontier college, not yet burdened with many endowments, but earnest and workmanlike and with the premium of position in one of the loveliest corners of the New Eden, comes this case typical of many. Mr. Fillmore is not only a musician, but a musical scientist; an eminent authority in folk-music, and discoverer of the most important because the elemental fact in the study of all primitive song. If history, archæology, ethnology and their like have remained up to within a generation the mere burlesque of sciences, it is first of all because their followers sat in that smug blindness which may be brutally phrased as: “God made Us; the rest of the race happened.” This creed is still popular; but students have to get out of it or out of the company they wish to keep. It is realized now that English is not God's “native tongue;” that He made no blunder when He bifurcated Frenchmen, Russians and Hottentots—in a word, that human shape means human nature. When that light dawned, history and anthropology and their train began to become sciences. In music the dawn was late.

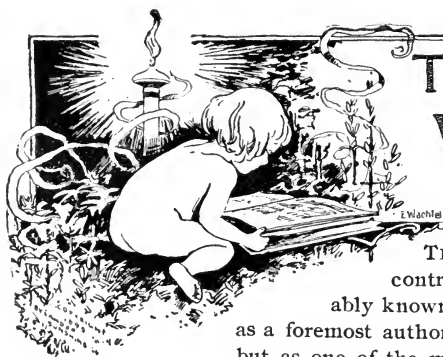
Mr. Fillmore's startling thought that the vocal build of aborigines might resemble that of other men—that is, simply, that Indians are human beings—and his logical working-out of the discovery, demolished a great many arm-chair reputations, it is true, but at once established his. He has forever unhorsed the imbecile tradition that savage music was "a different kind of music" from civilized—that is, that it was unrelated to harmony. He has not only guessed but proved that aboriginal music runs on harmonic lines, just as any other music does. Its discords rise from lack of the fixed standards we have—just as civilized people sing "off" when unchecked by an instrument or by special training. Mr. Fillmore is the sort we want, out here; and, it may properly be added in general, so is Pomona College.

The recent death of Frank M. Pixley wipes off the slate one of the strongest names in weekly journalism. As little beloved as strong men are liable to be, rather more distrusted than one could have wished, he was widely admired and widely felt. No crisper English is current, and none straighter to its mark, than he wielded; and even people who were enraged by his editorials could not forbear to read. He had the counting-room sense quite as strongly as the literary; and shrewdly foreseeing in damnation of the Democrats and the "Pope's Irish" a profitable play on prejudice, he made the two "features" prominent and perennial. But if these things savor of demagoguery, he balanced the account when there came a pinch. Upon current questions he was fearless and forceful; and his weekly and our own Los Angeles daily *Times* were the only papers of any prominence in California which stood fast and stood true in the great strike of '94.

In State politics Pixley cut considerable figure; but his great claim to remembrance is that he founded and made *The Argonaut*, the most original, most readable and most widely read weekly west of New York. Of late he had failed in body and mind, and it is several years since his pen ceased. But he drew the line, and his lieutenants—notably Hart—have kept the *Argonaut* toeing it. No man leaves a hole in the sea when he pulls his head out from it; and Pixley's paper will progress without Pixley. Nevertheless, the West owes the dead man many thanks for many things, and a bit of green memory.

The Palmer collection of Southern California antiquities—probably the most perfect collection ever made anywhere in the archæology of a specific area, and by far the most valuable, scientifically, ever made in California—promises at last to be lodged permanently in this city where it belongs. Some months ago the initiative was taken by this magazine, and interest was aroused to prevent the threatened loss of that which Southern California could never replace. This country is under innumerable obligations to the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, but it has no larger debt than the preservation of this priceless nucleus without which we should never be able to make a complete Southern California museum. The collection is now displayed in the permanent exhibit of the Chamber.





THAT WHICH IS WRITTEN

THEODORE S. VAN DYKE, a valued contributor to these pages, is as favorably known in a far larger circle, not only as a foremost authority on sport with rod and gun, but as one of the most fascinating writers upon all such topics. His *Still-Hunter* has been pronounced by that most cautious newspaper critic in the United States, the *N. Y. Post*, "altogether the best and most complete American book we have yet seen on any branch of field sports." His works on California have been warmly complimented, too, by Charles Dudley Warner.

Mr. Van Dyke's new volume, *Game Birds at Home*, is in dress handsomer than any of its predecessors; and in reading interest and honest value is a worthy complement to them. He knows the hunting-field in detail as perhaps no other man of equal literary ability does; and he writes as very few hunters can. Now and then one may wax impatient with a bit of the style, where it loiters on the border of the sentimental or the conscious; but the next turn it is more than atoned for by a passage that whizzes to the mark, graphic as an arrow. This criticism is limited to the beginning of the book; in later chapters there is less flower-picking. The man whose blood does not kindle at reading of the sandhill crane, the wild turkey, the wild goose, and "Days Among the Ducks" could profitably use a gun in but one way—and that would vitiate his life-insurance. New York, Fords, Howard & Hulbert. \$1.50.

AN ISLAND

HUMORIST.

Mr. H. Rider Haggard could undoubtedly weave a wondrous story with the scene laid in New York city. He might make the natives talk Ojibway and hunt plesiosaures on Broadway. He could fill the street-arabs with a bushel of kohinoors in every pocket, and lodge them in log cabins whose 18-carat logs were hewn from the gold-fossil forest primeval which occupies the Bowery. He would not forget the royal blood of the street-sweepers, nor the emperorship of the ragmen. The heroine would be beautiful, and her christian name Unitedkingdom; while the chief villain would be a typical American—and the hero, of course, a *lignum vitae* gentleman from the only country which produces heroes.

There would doubtless be a howl of derision at this, for there are many who know what New York is like. That local color would be not a whit more impossible or silly than the local color he uses in *Heart of the World*; the only difference is that there are not so many people familiar with Mexico and Central America—though it would be hard to conceive denser ignorance than Mr. Haggard's own. Having grasshop-

pered over a little of railroad Mexico and read a few English books as misrepresentative of the country as his own are, he is equipped — for it is surely too much to ask that a writer who makes only \$20,000 a year or so should bother himself to chase verisimilitude at all. Such drudgery is well enough for fellows like Weyman, who give us honest local color; but it is quite too slow for larger genius. Mr. Haggard conscientiously mis-spells two-thirds of the Spanish words he uses, and misuses a fair share of the rest; and this is his least blunder. There is hardly a turn in his clever plot which does not betray impossible ignorance of his material; and his sense of humor is what could be expected. Americans and Spaniards are introduced only as villains; the Indians are even given to loving—an Englishman! The writer does not know how to make them talk, act or think; to the ways of the country, its history and geography, he is absolutely impermeable; and to the initiate his treatment of the subject is one of the richest pieces of unconscious humor ever written.

Against all this it need hardly be said that Mr. Haggard has written a gorgeously readable book. The plot is excellent, the action drags not at all, and it is a story which tempts one to stay at it till the end. New York, Longmans, Green & Co.

There is not, perhaps, in all literature a more elusive trail A PEARL IN THE
than Hawthorne's. No one else ever made dreams so truthful WINNOWING.
or truth so dreamy. Very probably no other ever will. It is the wonder of his style—even while he walks the earth you see the play of sunlight under his both feet.

The story by Miss Lillian Corbett Barnes, in this issue, is not Hawthorne nor a taxable imitation of Hawthorne. But it is Hawthornesque—a *motif* so fragile a careless breath might snap it, a touch so delicate one half fears with the heroine that one may awaken before coming to the end. It is such stuff as dreams are made on—and very gentle dreams; a story of unusual promise.

A revised and enlarged edition of Charlotte Perkins Stetson's EDGED
In This Our World, and other poems, is just out. There are, TOOLS.
in this remarkable little volume, many things uneven, but also many that were never so well done before. Mrs. Stetson's eye for tradition is merciless, and her sarcasm of a quality I do not just remember elsewhere—so cool, unbiting and inevitable that the "two-edged sword" to which one critic has likened her seems all too bungling. She is rather a razor—and decidedly not a "safety." It is of that edge which leaves many to walk on and talk on without a suspicion that it has divorced their heads from their logical shoulders. The booklet would be worth while even if it contained nothing more than the unforgettable *Similar Cases*, where

"these things passed for arguments
With anthropoidal apes."

San Francisco, J. H. Barry, 429 Montgomery st. Paper, 50 cents.

STRAY
LEAVES.

Miss Anna C. Murphy, whose poem *Spent Gold* was printed in the September number, is one of the valued aids in the textbook department of the State Board of Education. Rhythm comes by right to a grand-niece of Father Prout, of the *Bells of Shandon*.

Louis James Block, the Chicago philosopher and poet, author of the volume of poems entitled *The New World*, was this summer renewing his acquaintance with Southern California. This number prints a contribution from his able pen.

The *Critic* of August 31 gives the place of honor to a cordial review, by Beatrice Harraden, of Margaret Collier Graham's life and writings. A very fair portrait of the author of whom Southern Californians are proud is printed in the same number.

John K. Reynolds of San Diego has set to very appropriate music the sweet and widely quoted poem *De Massa ob de Sheepfol'*, by Sally Pratt McLean (now Mrs. Greene) whose first novel, *Cape Cod Folks*, made such a stir. R. L. Durant, Los Angeles. 50 cents.

Dr. F. Franceschi of Montecito has published a useful pamphlet, *Santa Barbara Exotic Flora*, noting the astonishing number of foreign fruits, trees and flowers now "naturalized" in Santa Barbara county. Santa Barbara, published for the author. 35 cents.

Clarence Herbert New has made a very readable novel of *Franc Elliott*, his maiden effort in this line, though he has for a couple of years been writing acceptable short stories. He has traveled considerably, and has gathered useful bits of local color here and there around the world. Paper, 50 cents. G. W. Dillingham, New York.

The ambitious new Boston publishing house of Lamson, Wolfe & Co., makes its bow to the public this fall. It aims to put forth the handsomest up-to-date book-work yet seen. Its list includes a volume of short stories by Charles G. D. Roberts, the brilliant Nova Scotian, and a tale of Peruvian treasure and adventure, *The Gold Fish of Gran Chimu*, by Chas. F. Lummis.

The Chicago *Echo* is one of the few new papers with reason to be. It is a fortnightly reproduction of what is best in up-to-date illustration, of the poster and cartoon schools, with special attention to foreign work in these sorts. This makes it of genuine value as a document, besides its intrinsic interest. Its covers are original posters by leading American startlers. 122 Fifth ave., Chicago.

The LAND OF SUNSHINE does not publish two-page poems—a page, as a rule, is twice too long. But *The Voyage*, in this number, is proof that a manuscript can be good enough to upset the traditions. Mrs. Green, now a resident of Los Angeles, writes verse of no uncertain or common touch. She was the Julia Boynton whose thin volume of girlish but noteworthy poems, *Lines and Interlines*, was brought out by the Putnams a few years ago; and several of her sonnets have been given place in collections. Mr. Green also does good verse for this magazine and some of the Eastern ones.

ST. HILDA'S HALL.

WE are beginning to realize that schooling does not begin and end with the schoolroom door; that the influences of environment and personality are quite as important as those of the text-book; that health and good breeding and highmindedness are as worthy to be learned as arithmetic.

The modern common sense of education has no better exponent in Southern California than St. Hilda's Hall. This school for girls, now in its ninth year, has already won high and honorable standing. Situated in the heart of the beautiful Glendale valley, it has every benefit of environment, in climate, scenery and health; is retired from city distractions, yet convenient to city advantages. It is six miles north of Los Angeles, with good railroad facilities; at the foot of the Tejunga range, with views of mountain, valley and cañon which are almost an education in themselves; and with all the beauties of a semi-tropic land.



L. A. Eng. Co.

ST. HILDA'S HALL, GLENDALE.

Photo. by Bertrand.

A fine building, elegantly furnished, spacious and attractive grounds, and all the equipments of a well-ordered school are matters of course.

The principal, Miss K. V. Darling, is a New England woman of high repute there and here; a scholar of wide reading, broad views and wholesome common sense. The impress of her character is upon all the school; and the whole atmosphere is of refinement as well as of intelligence. Her staff of experienced teachers is competent and earnest. Hygienically the school has made a remarkable record; in mental and moral culture it is an institution in which we have every reason for pride. It is valuable not only to Southern California, but to the many families in the East whose daughters are at home interrupted in their schooling by the rigors of climate and consequent danger to health. St. Hilda's certainly does not take invalids; but many girls who were in the East of too frail physique to pursue their studies, here find new health and vigor and become fitted not only to live but to learn.



ESCONDIDO.

THE Escondido valley is located in San Diego county, on a branch line of the Southern California railway, about fifteen miles inland, and about thirty-five miles north of the city of San Diego. This valley has one of the finest irrigation systems in Southern California. The water is taken from the San Luis Rey river, an inexhaustible supply, and is stored in a reservoir covering about 200 acres, with a dam eighty feet in height built of granite. The system is now in good working order, and will provide a bountiful supply of water for all time to come for irrigating the 13,000 acres of land inside the Escondido valley at a nominal cost to the owners.

All fruits susceptible of production in a semi-tropic climate are grown in this valley to the highest state of perfection. There is no finer lemon growing section to be found in California than here, where no killing



Collier, Eng.

ESCONDIDO HIGH SCHOOL.

Photo. by Cox.

frost ever reaches. Here the prune, peach, apricot, apple, pear, fig, olive, almond, and in fact all deciduous fruits are grown successfully without water; and it is anticipated that with the inexhaustible supply of water for irrigation there will be no limit to the possibilities of fruit culture in this fertile valley, and to the growing of alfalfa and general farm products.

It is a well known fact that a peasant family in the old country will obtain a comfortable living from two or three acres, where the diversity of products is limited as compared to that of Southern California. Then why should not the occupant of five or ten acres in the Escondido valley, where he can produce every fruit or vegetable susceptible of growth in the temperate or semi-tropic climates of the world, be independent and attain a competence?

This valley is especially adapted to the support of a large population.

Its soil, climate and peaceful surroundings invite all who are seeking a home of peace and plenty to come here and share it with those who have already found this truly Arcadian retreat.

Considering the quality and general advantages of the Escondido country, its lands range very low in price. Good lands of all descriptions run from \$35 to \$60 per acre inside the irrigation system, in the valley proper. Lands without irrigation, adapted to the growth of grain and fruit, can be purchased at prices from \$10 to \$35, within a short distance of the city of Escondido. The lands inside the irrigated limits are subdivided into small tracts of from 5 to 20 acres.

The city of Escondido is located at the terminus of a branch line of the Southern California railway, and contains about 800 inhabitants. It has several brick business blocks, a bank, two brick school buildings



Collier, Eng.

BUSINESS HOUSE OF GRAHAM & STEINER.

Photo. by Cox.

costing \$60,000, several churches, a hotel costing \$45,000, and other improvements of the most substantial character, showing that the city is entering upon a permanent growth. It has a tributary country around it extending from 12 to 35 miles, with no rival town intervening, and in this adjacent territory there are located many large and fertile valleys, among them the San Marcos, Poway, Bernardo, Bear, San Pascual, Fresno, etc. All lines of business are represented here, excepting the saloon. There is a complete school system, including a high school. There are ten teachers employed in the Escondido school district.

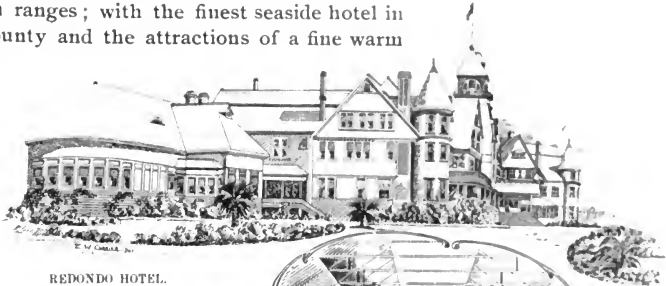
The climatic conditions of the Escondido country are unexcelled in Southern California. Protected by the coast range from the harsh winds and fogs of the coast, with a pleasant ocean breeze during the entire summer, there are no extremes of heat and cold; and those seeking relief from throat or asthmatic or pulmonary troubles can certainly find no more favorable location.



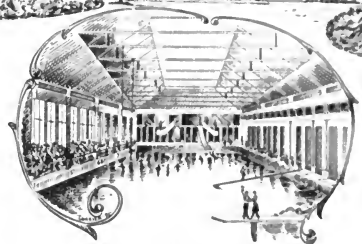
THOSE planning to spend the approaching winter in Southern California, with headquarters in the vicinity of Los Angeles, will be interested in so charming a place as Redondo Beach. This favorite resort is situated only sixteen miles from the metropolis of Southern California, and connected with it by the Redondo railway, and also by the Southern California railway, with its free chair car service. With

the ocean at its feet and a magnificent view of the interior mountain ranges; with the finest seaside hotel in Los Angeles county and the attractions of a fine warm plunge, busy wharf scenes, acres of carnations, and a most healthful location, Redondo presents opportunities which will be fully appreciated by both the home-seeker and the tourist.

Commercially Redondo is making rapid strides. Its present fine wharf service has already become so inadequate to the demand that a second wharf has become a necessity, and is now nearing completion. This places Redondo on a splendid footing as a competitor for ocean trade.



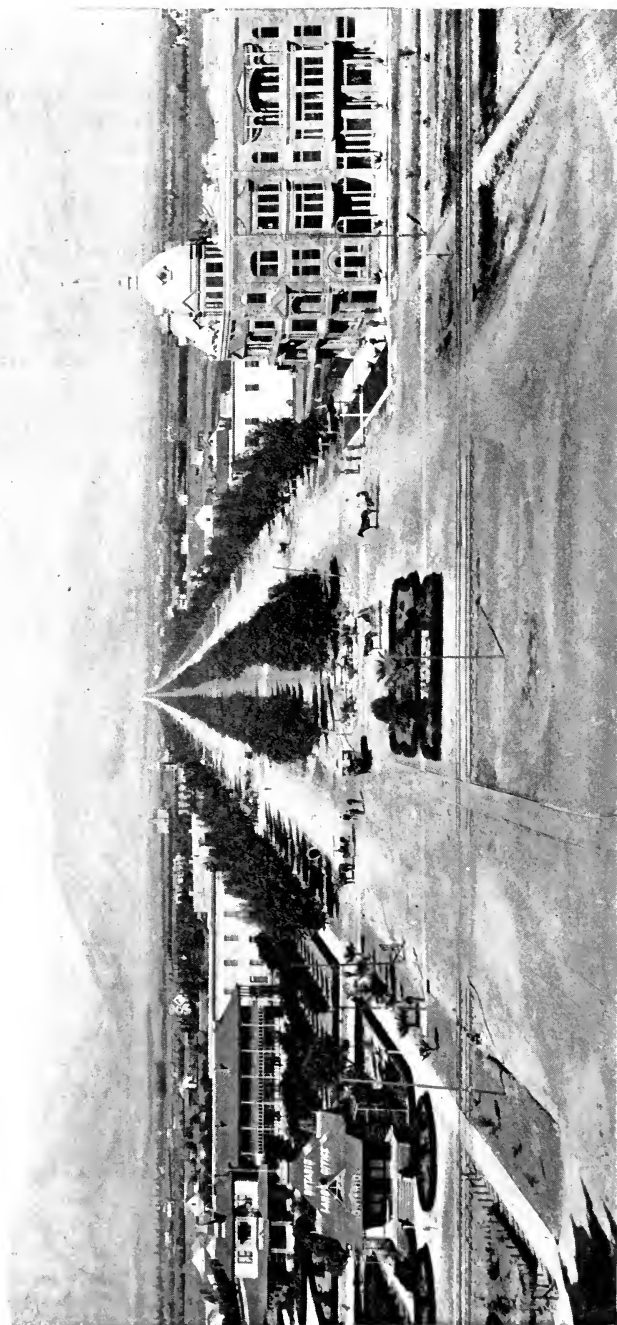
REDONDO HOTEL.



Warm Salt Water Plunge.



AMONG the Southern California towns noted for elegant homes, fine drives and scenic surroundings, Pasadena has already become famous. It also leads the list of interior towns well able to take care of the most fastidious visitor. Those who prefer to sojourn a matter of eight miles from the metropolis and twenty-five miles from the ocean, will not only be delighted with this rose-embowered "crown of the valley," but will recognise in its magnificent Moresque palace—the Hotel Green, no small inducement for tarrying long. The modern appointments of this great caravansary, and its convenience to three lines of steam railway and an excellent electric railway line, all providing frequent service to and from Los Angeles, are advantages not to be overlooked.



ONTARIO.

IN the most perfect section of that wonderful first-slope from the Sierra Madre—that magic acclivity which fascinates at first glance and never loses its charm; that elusive gradient which makes uphill look down and downhill up—almost overhung by the noble peaks of San Antonio and Cucamonga; gently uptilted to the southern sun, and breathed across by the seabreeze from the west, Ontario, “the Model Colony,” fully merits its name. It is one of the prettiest towns in the United States, and one of the pleasantest to live in.

Ontario was founded in the summer of 1882 by the Chaffey Bros., now of Australia, probably the most extensive colony-builders living. Work on a great scale was begun at once. In December the infant town had already a weekly paper. The trees along Euclid ave., now the finest



Heave Friend, Eng.

Photo by Mylton Ontario

ONTARIO AND SAN ANTONIO HEIGHTS ELECTRIC RY.

boulevard in California, were set out in '83. In another year the village had a college, school, public library, churches, postoffice, hotel, etc., etc., and over \$400,000 worth of land had been sold. In 1886, the beginning of the “Boom,” Ontario took great strides, getting an impetus which has continued ever since. In two years the value of buildings erected was over \$470,000.

The Ontario of today is not only beautiful but so well-equipped, prosperous and progressive as only a Southern California community of its size knows how to be. An Eastern town twice its population would not dream of having such improvements as Ontario has quite as a matter of course. Fine business blocks, handsome churches and schools, fine residences, surrounded by what is already becoming a great forest of citrus and deciduous orchards blocked out by splendid shade-trees—that is Ontario at thirteen.



Herve Friend, Eng.

A FOURTH OF JULY TURNOUT.

Two transcontinental railroads serve Ontario—the Southern Pacific on the south, the Santa Fé on the north. The latter road is about to move its depot to Euclid ave. There is also a railroad to the great sugar factory at Chino.

For years Ontario had a unique street-car line—a car drawn up the double-shaded way in the center of Euclid avenue by mules; and returning from the beautiful San Antonio Heights by gravity, the mules riding behind in a stall on wheels. But now this ingenious device has been supplanted by a high-class electric road. Euclid avenue, by the way, is seven miles long and 200 feet wide; with a row of great trees at



Herve Friend Eng.

RESIDENCE OF CHARLES FRANKISH.

each side and a double row down the center. The illustration is from a photograph made some years ago. Now the trees are so high that so diagramatic a picture cannot be made.

The city is lighted by electricity, beginning this month — this and the electric railway being operated by the Ontario Electric Co., which has already expended \$95,000 in the work. Its power-house, engines and equipment are all of the latest and best. The electric cars are the handsomest in the market, finished inside in antique oak, white enamel and gold, and upholstered in leather. The line is now eight miles long; and an extension which will double this mileage is projected. The city has also just completed a fine sewer system.

An abundant supply of first-class water has already been developed; and two large-scale water-mining enterprises are rapidly increasing the supply. The Frankish and Stamm enterprise has spent \$50,000 in a tunnel now about 4000 feet long, and to be made a mile. It already gives 30 inches of water, and is expected to increase this stream greatly when it shall be completed. The Bodenhamer system is constructing a 4x6 tunnel which will be 8500 feet in length and cost \$80,000. The indications are that this tunnel will develop a very fine stream.

Besides its admirable public schools, Ontario has a progressive and efficient academic institution — Chaffey College — whose graduates have



Union Eng. Co.

CHAFFEY COLLEGE.

Photo. by Slater, Ontario.



Herve Friend, Eng.

FERN CAÑON, NEAR ONTARIO.

taken high rank wherever they go. The faculty is wise enough not to try to cover both college and preparatory work; but confining itself to the four years' preparatory course, holds fast its high standards of scholarship and character. It is an institution worthy of its progressive community, and the community is proud of it.

The Sierra Madre, close behind the town, affords not only the magnificent scenery which by itself would make the fortune of any place in the East, but the most charming recesses for summer outings. San Antonio cañon with its fine camping-grounds and trout fishing and its minor tributaries, of rare beauty—like lovely Fern cañon—the hunting in the inner range, and all the other charms of snowy mountains in a

sunny land add much to the pleasure of the Ontarians.

Ontario orchards are famous for the beauty and quality of their products. Particularly in lemons, the Model Colony leads the procession—and it means no small thing to lead where fruits are so perfect as in Southern California. Every year these orchards grow more valuable, and every year great numbers of new ones are planted on soil before virgin. One company alone has 1500 acres set to young trees, of which the oldest are but two and a half years old. Five years from now, when all the present new orchards shall have been added to the great acreage of bearing trees, it will make a section even richer and more beautiful than it is now—which is saying a great deal.

A model young city, with city conveniences and country health and pleasure; peopled with the intelligent, well-to-do and law-abiding—there are no paupers and no saloons—Ontario is a spot that neither home-seeker nor tourist can wisely drop from his itinerary.



COL. F. W. HART (Late of Iowa), ONTARIO, CAL.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA...

ONTARIO COLONY is twelve years old. lies thirty-eight miles east of Los Angeles, in the rich San Bernardino valley, on two trans-continental railways. Is the home of the orange and lemon, and also of the peach, pear, apricot, nectarine, prune, olive, raisin-grape, etc. We shipped the past season 320 carloads of oranges and lemons and 125 cars of deciduous fruits and raisins. A fine health resort: six churches, good schools, a flourishing Methodist college, and, *best of all*, NO SALOONS. New electric street car line running throughout entire length of colony. For descriptive circular address with stamp.

F. W. HART,

North Ontario, Cal.

H. C. OAKLEY & CO.,

The Oldest Real Estate and Investment Co. in Ontario

Have by their long residence in this locality acquired a practical knowledge of the value of property, and would be pleased to answer any and all inquiries from intending purchasers.

Address all communications to H. C. OAKLEY & CO., Ontario, Cal.



ONTARIO HOTEL



A
STRICTLY
FIRST-CLASS
HOUSE....



TOURIST
COMMERCIAL
AND
...FAMILY

ONTARIO, CAL.

THIS HOUSE, or eleven years has been a favorite with Eastern visitors, commercial travelers and the traveling public generally. It is situated in the midst of ample grounds, beautified by orange trees and shrubbery, and its verandas afford fine vistas of the "model colony" of Southern California. The Euclid Avenue Electric Cars pass the house and connect with all trains on the Santa Fé Railway at North Ontario, and the Southern Pacific depot is only two blocks distant. The house has this season been thoroughly renovated by painting, papering and re-furnishing, and the table service is excellent. Rates, \$2.00 per day; \$8.00 to \$12.00 per week.

CHOICE BEARING ORANGE ORCHARDS from \$300 per acre upward. First-class Fruit Lands within one mile of depot. from \$65 per acre upward. For the most desirable Real Estate and Best Bargains, apply to or address **CHAS. FRANKISH, ONTARIO, CAL.**

Please mention that you "saw it in the LAND OF SUNSHINE."

Ontario, California. Oct 1st, 1895.

Mr. R. U. A. Homesecker?

001 Uneasy Street,

Duluth,

State of Uncertainty.

Dear Sir:

Believing that you are desirous of purchasing a fruit ranch in Southern California, but that you are in a state of uncertainty as to the best place to locate, we take the liberty of addressing a few lines to you on the subject, hoping thereby to supplement your judgment in the selection of a property, which will prove a judicious and profitable investment.

This, sir, we can do right here at Ontario, which for beauty, climate, soil and water rights, cannot be excelled by any place in California.

Ontario oranges are known in almost every State, and command the highest prices.

Ontario lemons have received the largest percentage of awards at the recent California exhibitions; and there is an unlimited demand for our dried and canned deciduous fruits, on account of their superior quality and proper treatment in handling. These are facts, sir, which we will cheerfully prove to you at any time.

Now, if you contemplate fruit culture, let us show you some of our lands. We have fifteen hundred acres at Ontario planted to the various kinds of citrus and deciduous fruits, which we offer at very reasonable prices and on terms to suit you.

Our land is under one of the best water rights in the State, having a separate irrigation and domestic pipe system, and our streets and avenues are planted to ornamental and shade trees and kept up at our expense.

If you are not in a position to come here and take possession at once, we will care for your lands and orchards for a very reasonable figure. We make a specialty of this class of business.

Should you desire any further information, kindly write us for descriptive pamphlet.

Yours truly:

Hanson & Co.,

Ontario, California.

Cx. 122 Pall Mall, London, England.

CALIFORNIA HOTELS.

Space in this column not for sale.

ANAHEIM.

Commercial Hotel—Rates \$1.50 to \$2 per day.

AVALON, CATALINA ISLAND.

Hotel Metropole.

CORONADO.

Hotel del Coronado—First-class in all respects.

ECHO MOUNTAIN.

Echo Mountain House—On line of Mount Lowe Railway. Open all the year.

LOS ANGELES.

Abbotsford Inn—Tourist and family home.

Hotel Nadeau—European plan. \$1 day up.

Hotel Ramona—European plan. 75c. per day.

Hotel Westminster—Strictly first-class.

The Hollenbeck—American and European.

PASADENA.

The Carleton—American and European plan.

POMONA.

Hotel Palomares—First-class throughout.

REDLANDS.

Hotel Windsor—2 to \$3 per day.

RIVERSIDE.

Hotel Glenwood—Strictly first-class house.

SAN BERNARDINO.

The Stewart—Rates \$2.50 per day.

SAN DIEGO.

Hotel Brewster—American plan; \$2.50 up.

Horton House—Rates \$2 and \$2.50 per day.

SANTA MONICA.

Hotel Arcadia—Rates \$3 per day upward.

SAN FRANCISCO.

Palace Hotel—American and European plans.

Pleasanton Hotel—American plan; \$3 per day and up.

Occidental Hotel—Quiet and excellent.

Brooklyn Hotel—American and European.

The Baldwin—American plan.

The California—American and European.

Hotel St. Nicholas—Family and Commercial.

AN ORANGE GROVE IN REDLANDS

Will be sold **cheap**. Contains 9½ acres navel buds, two acres in bearing, balance been set two or three years and has small crop this season.

Enough deciduous fruits for home use. All trees and flumes in **good condition**.

Ten shares water (worth \$1,000 cash) goes with the place. Small house and barn. One of the finest views in the valley.

PRICE \$3,500

Terms to suit.

ADDRESS:

E. S. LIBBY

Redlands, California

Commercial Hotel.....

ANAHEIM
ORANGE CO.

This house has been renovated throughout. Accommodations that will please you. Free 'Bus and good Sample Room.

L. G. MAXWELL, PROPRIETOR.

NICOLL THE TAILOR

Visitors and Strangers!

We can serve you at home, abroad or traveling.

Garments made at short notice and expressed to any part of the United States or delivered through any of our stores in the different cities.

134 S. SPRING STREET

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

THE ABBOTSFORD

CORNER
EIGHTH
AND HOPE
STs.

LOS ANGELES,
CAL.



SELECT TOURIST AND FAMILY HOTEL

American Plan. All new, with refined appointments. Electric Bells, Incandescent Light and Steam Radiator in every room. Capacity, 200 guests.

BY J. J. MARTIN.

E. W. GRANNIS, GROCER

1111 WEST ADAMS ST. TEL. WEST 136

BEST STORE IN SOUTHWEST LOS ANGELES.

The largest and finest stock, the best facilities. Orders by mail given prompt attention.

Please mention that you "saw it in the LAND OF SUNSHINE."

The Land of Sunshine

THE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA
MAGAZINE

\$1.00 A YEAR. 10 CENTS A COPY.

Published monthly by

The Land of Sunshine Publishing Co.

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Entered at the Los Angeles Postoffice as second-class matter.

Address advertising remittances, etc., to the Business Manager.

All MSS. should be addressed to the Editor. No MSS. preserved unless accompanied by return postage.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED.—Specific information about Southern California desired by tourists, health seekers or intending settlers will be furnished free of charge by the LAND OF SUNSHINE. Enclose stamp with letter.

OCTOBER, 1895

"PUBLICITY PAYS."

If advertising did not pay, why its universal practice? Why the constant increase in the number of its devotees and the amount of advertising they continue to do? The present generation has hardly distinguished itself by pronouncing so unanimously in favor of a bad thing. It therefore stands that advertising is a good thing—and good things always pay. Advertising is simply the multiplication of the knowledge of one's usefulness among those of use to him, thereby increasing the chances of success. And yet there are those in business who are

UNBELIEVERS

in the efficacy of advertising. Unfortunately for all concerned, they indulge in it somewhat. But instead of recognizing in it a science calculated to bring results, they look upon it as a necessary evil, which must be made the best of; or see in it only an opportunity of getting their name in print; or else advertise simply because others in their line do. They would be better pleased if their competitors would be less enterprising and allow the world to ascertain in its own good time that it is no longer necessary or profitable to plow with a peaked stick or depend upon a flint. This class of advertiser can invest

in horse flesh and make every cent tell. It doesn't take him long to choose aright between fifty acres of swamp and fifty feet of inside city property. But he deems it unnecessary to use his brains in advertising. Therefore, opposed to it as he is from theory, the results which ensue from his kind of practice invariably uphold his theory, whereat he becomes a life member of the minority who claim "advertising doesn't pay."

Another class of failures, although far in advance of the foregoing, are those who indulge in

PROMISCUOUS ADVERTISING.

Believers in advertising from theory, they reason: "a little advertising being a good thing, why not lots of it—everything in sight—instance: Pears's Soap?" Well and good, provided one's purse is long enough. But if it isn't? Then, perchance, the profits of the business have been expended in advertising which was spread out so thinly in order to cover the entire field, as to become ineffective in everything. Promiscuous advertising has also the distinction of perpetuating worthless and illegitimate and otherwise impossible mediums to the detriment of better ones.

JUDICIOUS ADVERTISING.

The sagacious business man looks upon advertising as an investment worthy his best business ability. He knows that matters of real worth need not fear the light of day, and he therefore possesses himself of the facts. He recognizes at once in the proffer of cheap rates and large circulation inconsistent facts. He is not looking for a waste-basket circulation. He realizes that a medium to be of any value to him must first be of use to others—to as many others as possible, but of use. As attractive as possible, but meritoriously so. Neither does he take another's word for it altogether, but studies into the matter until he finds the earmarks of merit, whereupon he writes his advertisement intelligently, adapting it to the medium in hand, and prepares for the results sure to ensue. The sagacious business man also recognizes the difference of value between two creditable mediums, one of which in every way strengthens his own proposition while the other distracts the attention from the locality or thing in which he is interested. He believes in indirect as well as direct returns, and that the former are often the most permanent. If he is a hotel manager or real estate dealer, he knows that the most effective medium he can choose is one unequivocally and intelligently devoted to his locality. If a merchant, he realizes that it is a business proposition to help maintain such a publication in its work of bringing permanent customers to his locality, and he certainly proposes to reach its readers already on the ground. Advertising broadly, intelligently and persistently the judicious advertiser reaps broad results. With him it pays not only today but tomorrow as well.

WHAT OTHERS THINK ABOUT IT.



Chino Ranch Company

(a Corporation)

CAPITAL \$3,000,000.00

CHINO RANCH 41,073 ACRES
20,000 ACRES BEET ALFALFA CORN
POTATOE WHEAT OATS & BARLEY LANDS
10,000 ACRES ORANGE LEMON CHINE
WALNUT AND DECIDUOUS FRUIT LANDS
11,000 ACRES CHOICE DAIRY LANDS

The greatest fruit sugar industry in the United States
The largest yield in tons per acre and the highest per
centage of sugar per ton in the world

ADDRESS Chino Ranch Co.
Chino, California

OFFICE
109 South Broadway
(Corner of Commercial Street)

CHINO VALLEY RAILROAD
Los Angeles, Cal. Aug. 16, 1895.

Mr. F. A. Pattee,
Bus. Mgr. Land of Sunshine,
Los Angeles, Cal.

Dear Sir:-

I took occasion a month or two ago to place a small advertisement in your beautiful magazine.

It affords me pleasure to say that I received more replies from that small advertisement, appearing only twice, than from any other medium used during the past four months.

Kindly call and arrange for a permanent advertisement to appear at an early date.

Very truly yours,

W. A. Holabird

Genl. Mgr. Chino Ranch Co.

Everyone familiar with Napa Soda Springs knows that its enterprising owner, Col. J. P. Jackson, who has spent hundreds of thousands of dollars in advertising and beautifying these famous springs, has had occasion to learn what kind of advertising pays. The following is his opinion concerning an advertisement placed in the August edition of the LAND OF SUNSHINE by his son, J. P. Jackson, Jr., who has charge of the Napa Soda interests in Southern California:

I am this moment in receipt of the magazine and a Tribune - with your "ad" - It is first class in every respect and is most creditable to Los Angeles - The help, time and the reading matter could not be improved upon for good taste and comprehensiveness - It reads all your advertising as well as this, you will show that you are an apt scholar - How much do you have to pay for this? Can't you send me help in some cases?

The reputation of the following firm and the exceptional success of their Adams Street Tract, Los Angeles, certainly renders their opinion a most competent one:

Los Angeles, Cal., 16th September 1895

F. A. Pattee Esq.

Bus. Mgr. "Land of Sunshine"
Los Angeles, California.

Dear Sir:-

Kindly send us a dozen of your beautiful September edition which we see is just out.

We know of no better presentation of Southern California nor one which seems to "catch on" more effectively.

The advertisement which we have been running has induced a large number of inquiries from so many different portions of the United States and foreign countries that we are satisfied the "Land of Sunshine" has been a very important factor in making certain a large immigration to Southern California this winter.

Wishing you success in the good work, we remain

Yours respectfully

Enders & Howe

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The Kansas friends of Miss Emma R. Bristol will welcome her return this month from her Southern California home. As she goes in the interest of the LAND OF SUNSHINE, her mission is fraught with interest to both Southern California and the Sunflower State.

A bright and newsy bi-weekly paper issued in North Ontario is the *Valley Mirror*, the editor and publisher of which is Mr. Ira D. Slotter, a young man, combining ability as an editor with energy and push. Although Mr. Slotter has been in North Ontario but a short time, he has confidence in the future of the place and is willing to wait. In the mean time he is issuing a creditable paper.

When a representative of the LAND OF SUNSHINE rode up to the Glenwood in Riverside from the evening Santa Fe train, Wednesday, the 10th of September, there was not room enough in the 'bus to accommodate the guests. It was necessary to call into requisition the services of another carriage. What better evidence could one want of the popularity of the Glenwood and Frank Miller? This is not gush, nor palaver either, but such patronage at this time argues well for the tourist season this winter. There are a good many coming, and the Glenwood is going to secure a large share of them.

Many who read this issue of the LAND OF SUNSHINE will wish to learn more of Ontario. All such are advised to send 10 cents to the *Ontario Record* for a copy of the Souvenir edition of that paper. It is a 36-page number, very charmingly written and illustrated. Two dollars guarantees weekly visits of the *Record* for a year.

It is hardly necessary to call additional attention to this pretty pleasure spot, for this issue of the magazine contains so much about Ontario, with a large advertisement of the Ontario Hotel containing all information needful. A glance at the advertisement cut shows the desirable surroundings, the nicely trimmed cypress hedges, and the luxurious growth of vines which well nigh hide the front of the building. Old friends will be pleased to learn that the interior has been lately renovated; fresh paint, new carpets in hall, parlors, and on stairways giving a bright pretty effect. Those who visit Ontario and this hotel this winter, will be "glad they came."

That the old order of things is constantly yielding place to the new, is exemplified by the publishing business established by R. E. Blackburn of the *Ontario Observer*. His home-print service has greatly improved the country press of Southern California. Much of the matter used is selected from the press of this State, among which appear frequent quotations from the LAND OF SUNSHINE. Such matter, being pertinent to this section, is just what local and Eastern readers want.

Those who have been with Mrs. Squires previous winters, and who know how pleasant, and home-like the Windsor has been, will experience a certain amount of pleasure in noticing wherein their winter home is to be improved. The entire exterior has received a new coat of paint. In the office new paint, linoleum, beautiful house plants, and more than all, a mammoth coal heater, which will dispel the occasional chill so noticeable to Easterners, will greet their eyes. Then the writing room is to be newly fitted up, parlors, halls and stairways recarpeted, and the most pleasant news possibly of all, the dining room is to be enlarged, new flooring laid where the delightful terpsichorean art may be indulged in to satisfaction, or in plain common English, dancing. In fact, Mrs. Squires expects to give a very delightful dancing party about the commencement of the holidays. The indicator points to a larger number of tourists at the Windsor this winter than for many years.

The Redoudo Hotel closes today, September 20th, but will doubtless soon be reopened for the winter season. Much credit is due its lessee, Mr. Dan McFarland, for the manner in which this most elegant of Los Angeles county seaside hotels has been conducted during the summer season just closed. Under such supervision, supplemented by some such ally as the Santa Fe or the Raymond and Whitcomb Excursion Co., Redondo would not only become a joy to excursionists, but also of the greatest benefit to its immediate section.

The Girls' Collegiate School, of Los Angeles, formerly at 416 W. Tenth street, will re-open September 26, at 1918 Grand Avenue, under the tutorage of Miss Parsons and Miss Dennen. This thorough and attractive school for girls furnishes full courses in English studies, ancient and modern languages, music, art, physical culture and elocution. As a happy home is an essential to a good student, pupils from a distance receive every possible care and attention. Adjoining this centrally located and commodious school building, is the home, a new building with bright cheerful rooms, newly furnished. No less of an assured success is the Kindergarten, opened under the able direction of Miss Jessie Quinn.

WHEN YOU VISIT
SAN DIEGO
REMEMBER . . .



++ THE

Hotel Brewster

RATES
**\$2.50 PER DAY
AND UP**

American Plan Only. Centrally located. Elevators and fire escapes. Baths, hot and cold water in all suites. Modern conveniences. Fine large sample rooms for commercial travelers.

Use only our **thoroughly Indelible Ink.** This ink is being used by all the Steam Laundries of the city, and is warranted to be INDELIBLE. We also manufacture everything in the line of **Rubber Stamps, Seals and Stencils.**

NOBLE & CHIPRON STAMP CO.,

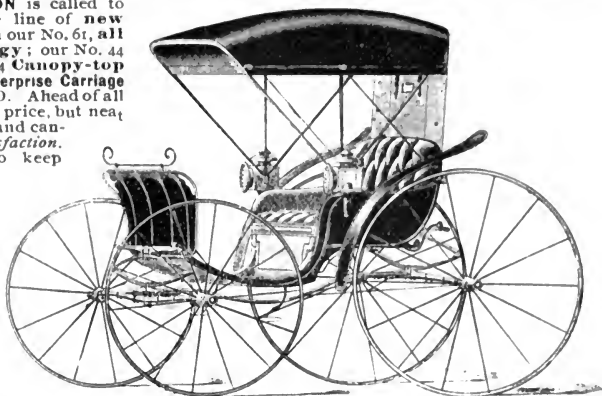
126 S SPRING STREET, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

SPECIAL ATTENTION is called to the very attractive line of **new vehicles** offered in our No. 61, all **leather top Buggy**; our No. 44 **Phaeton**, and our No. 234 **Canopy-top Surrey**, made by the **Enterprise Carriage Mfg. Co.**, of **Miamisburg, O.** Ahead of all competition; being low in price, but neat in finish and appearance, and cannot fail to give *entire satisfaction*. This factory proposes to keep ahead in the march of improvement, and to give *best value for the money*.

Write us. All inquiries cheerfully answered. Address:

**MATHEWS
IMPLEMENT
CO.,**

120, 122 AND 124
S. LOS ANGELES ST.
LOS ANGELES, CAL.



"We Sell the Earth"

BASSETT & SMITH

POMONA

.....

ARE YOU Looking for a **Home**? Are you looking for an **Investment**? Do you want to locate in one of the **Finest Spots on this Earth**? Our opinion is that that spot is the **POMONA VALLEY**. There may be equals, but no superiors.

We have for sale in this valley and elsewhere, **Olive Orchards, Lemon Orchards, Orange Orchards**, also orchards of **Prune, Peach, Plum, etc., etc.**, large or small; also **Stock Ranches, Bee Ranches**, and large tracks of **Land for Colony purpose**. We believe the **OLIVE INDUSTRY** will make one of the best paying investments on this coast

We now have for sale the noted . . .

Howland Olive Ranch AND Olive Oil Plant

150 Acres with fine **Olive Oil Mill**, income last year over \$8,000. For Information or Descriptive Matter about California or any of her industries, call on or address

BASSETT & SMITH POMONA CAL.

SAMUEL B. ZIMMER

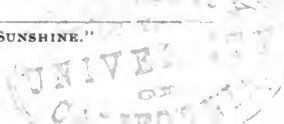
ROBERT C. REAMER



ROOMS 44, 45, 46
LAWYERS BLOCK

SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Please mention that you "saw it in the LAND OF SUNSHINE."



Growth of a California City.

The building permits issued in Los Angeles last month exceeded those of San Francisco by over \$100,000, and this month promises to eclipse the previous month's record. The average increase during the past year has been nine houses a day, showing a net gain in population of at least 10,000, and there are now fewer houses to let than ever before. This is a remarkable showing for the middle of summer, when the exodus to the seaside is supposed to take place, and the problem that confronts property-owners now is how to provide buildings fast enough to accommodate the large influx of winter visitors.

In the first week of October elections are to be held for the purpose of annexing a large outlying territory, when, if all goes well, Los Angeles will have a population exceeding one hundred thousand.—*Oakland Tribune.*

First National Bank

OF LOS ANGELES.

Capital Stock \$400,000
Surplus and Undivided Profits over 230,000

J. M. ELLIOTT, Prest., W. G. KERCKHOFF, V. Pres.
FRANK A. GIBSON, Cashier.
G. B. SHAFFER, Assistant Cashier.

DIRECTORS:

J. M. Elliott. F. O. Story. J. D. Hooker,
J. D. Bicknell. H. Jevne. W. C. Patterson
W. G. Kerckhoff.

No public funds or other preferred deposits received by this bank.

M. W. STIMSON, Prest.

C. S. CRISTY, Vice-Prest,

W. E. McVay, Secy.

FOR GOOD MORTGAGE LOANS

AND OTHER SAFE INVESTMENTS.
WRITE TO

Security Loan and Trust Company

CAPITAL \$200,000

223 South Spring Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

STATE LOAN AND TRUST CO

OF LOS ANGELES. N. W. (OR).
— SPRING & SECOND —
— 575 —

Paid Up Capital, \$500,000

Transacts a general Banking Business Buys and sells Foreign and Domestic Exchange. Collections promptly attended to. Issue letters of credit. Acts as Trustees of Estates, Executors, Administrators, Guardian, Receiver, etc. Solicits accounts of Banks, Bankers, Corporations and Individuals on favorable terms. Interest on time deposits. Safe deposit boxes for rent.

Officers: H. J. Woollacott, President; James F. Towell, 1st Vice-President; Warren Gillen, 2nd Vice-President; J. W. A. Off, Cashier; M. B. Lewis, Assistant Cashier.

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OLDEST AND LARGEST BANK IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

FARMERS AND MERCHANTS BANK

OF LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Capital (paid up)	-	-	-	-	\$500,000 00
Surplus and Reserve	-	-	-	-	820,000 00
Total	-	-	-	-	\$1,320,000 00

OFFICERS:

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H. W. HELLMAN..... Vice-President
HENRY J. FLEISHMAN..... Cashier
G. A. J. HEIMANN..... Assistant Cashier

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O. W. CHILDS. C. DUCCOMMUN. T. L. DUQUE.
J. B. LANKERSHIM. H. W. HELLMAN. I. W. HELLMAN.

Sell and Buy Foreign and Domestic Exchange. Special Collection Department
Correspondence Invited.

Please mention that you "saw it in the LAND OF SUNSHINE."

C. F. A. Last



CALIFORNIA WINE MERCHANT

We will ship two sample cases assorted wines (one dozen quarts each) to any part of the United States, FREIGHT PREPAID, upon the receipt of \$9.00. Pints (24 in case), 50 cents per case additional. We will mail full list and prices upon application.

Respectfully,

C. F. A. LAST,

131 N. Main St.,



Los Angeles, Cal.



HOFFMAN
●●● **CAFÉ**

ELEGANT GRILL ROOM
AND PRIVATE DINING ROOMS

Finest Cuisine. Service Unexcelled.



M. L. POLASKI CO. (Inc.) Proprietors

215 S. SPRING STREET
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

HUNTER & CAMFIELD

General Real Estate Agents

112½ S. Broadway. Telephone 319

A Home in Southern California

FINE RESIDENCE OR RANCH
PROPERTY

**BY THE SEA-SIDE OR AT THE FOOT OF
THE MOUNTAINS**

In or near a progressive community. Pure air,
beautiful surroundings.



IF YOU WISH TO KNOW

All about it and how easily it can be
accomplished

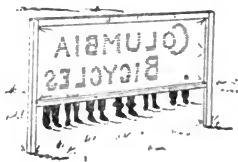
WRITE TO

ROBT. F. JONES & CO.,
328 SOUTH BROADWAY

LOS ANGELES.

STEPHENS & HICKOK

AGENTS



433 South Broadway, Los Angeles

Agents wanted in every town in Southern
California, Arizona and New Mexico.

Commercial Travelers' Trade

Respectfully Solicited.

Free 'Bus to and
from all Trains
and Steamers.

**BEST
LOCATED
HOTEL
IN
SAN DIEGO**



HORTON
HOUSE.....

W. E. HADLEY,
PROPRIETOR
San Diego, Cal.

Conducted on the American Plan.
First-class in every respect.
Special Rates to Families.

RATES: \$2.00 AND \$2.50 PER DAY

Please mention that you "saw it in the LAND OF SUNSHINE."



Millard Cañon Fall, Sierra Madre Mountains near Los Angeles.

DO YOU WANT A HOME? AT ONTARIO

“The Model Colony”
of Southern California

ORANGE GROVES

LEMON GROVES

OLIVE ORCHARDS

APRICOT ORCHARDS

PEACH ORCHARDS

PRUNE ORCHARDS

ALMOND ORCHARDS

WE HAVE

GOOD LAND

GOOD WATER

GOOD SCHOOLS

GOOD CHURCHES

GOOD SOCIETY

WE HAVE

SOLID BANKS

FIRST-CLASS HOTELS

ELECTRIC LIGHT

ELECTRIC RY.

COMPLETE

SEWER

SYSTEM

In 5, 10, 20 or 40 Acre Tracts.

At reasonable prices and on terms
to suit purchasers.

For full information and descriptive pamphlet, write to

HANSON & CO.,

Or, 122 Pall Mall, London, England.

Ontario, California.

Chicago Doesn't

And Chicago has over a million people—to say nothing of the millions tributary.

St. Louis Never Did—

And it has a half-million, and a big territory.

Brooklyn Cannot,

With its three-fourths of a million.

The Middle West Will Not,

Despite its enormous area, vast interests and great population.

It is not merely quantity, then, but quality that decides the question—for

Southern California Does

Support a magazine, and feel a little proud of it. Curious? Not a bit! Southern California is the only American commonwealth which has no *waste* population. It is the only community in the world 90 % of whose population live in it because they choose to, and not because they were born to. Its less than quarter of a million people are *net*. Know how to read, and care what they read. And particularly they love their adopted country, and are proud of it, and have a patriotism in it keener, higher and stronger than exists in any other portion of the United States. Good reason for that, too—but to go into that, read the **LAND OF SUNSHINE**.

You Can Afford To.

One dollar a year—and it makes two volumes of over 600 pages and 500 illustrations, aggregate!



Ontario Livery

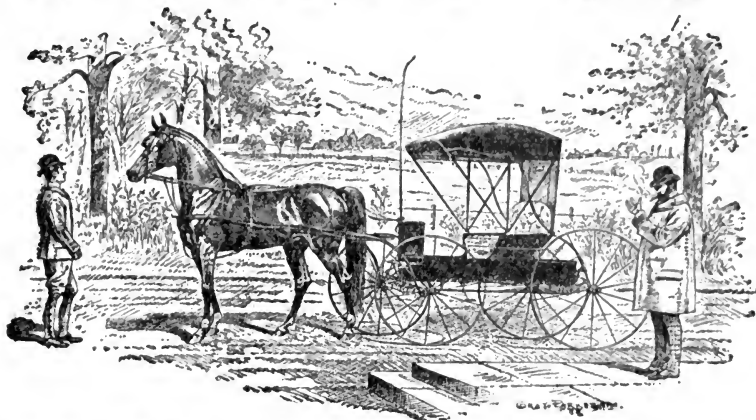
SIKES & BRADFORD
Proprietors

Cation Work a Specialty
First Class Rigs
Prompt Service

Only Tally-Ho
In Ontario....

"A" STREET
WEST OF BANK

HAWLEY, KING & CO. FINE CARRIAGES AND BICYCLES



210 NORTH MAIN STREET

\$10 PER ACRE \$10
FOR FINE LANDS IN THE

FANITA RANCHO

EL CAJON VALLEY

1669 Acres for - - \$18,000

1420 Acres for - - \$12,000

Smaller Tracts for \$30 to \$80 per acre.

WILL GROW ANYTHING.

This property is twelve miles from the city of San Diego and two miles from Cuyamaca Railroad. It belongs to the estate of Hosmer P. McKoon, and will be sold at the appraised value. For further information address

FANNIE M. MCKOON, EXECUTRIX,
Santee, San Diego Co., Cal.

THE PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU

GUARANTEES PROMPT, ACCURATE AND RELIABLE SERVICE.

Supplies notices and clippings on any subject from all periodicals on the Pacific Coast, business and personal clippings, trade news, advance reports on all contract works.

LOS ANGELES OFFICE, 110 WEST SECOND STREET

P. O. BOX 944

MOORES & LEACH

Real Estate Dealers

ONTARIO, CAL.

VERY CHOICE PROPERTY
FOR SALE



WE SOLICIT
CORRESPONDENCE

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO.,

GENERAL AGENTS

SAN FRANCISCO.

Steamers leave Port Los Angeles and Redondo every four days for Santa Barbara, Port Harford and San Francisco.

Leave San Pedro and East San Pedro every four days for San Francisco and way ports.

Leave Redondo and Port Los Angeles every four days for San Diego.

Northern Routes embrace Portland, Puget Sound, Victoria and Alaska.

W. PARRIS, AGENT,

123½ W. THIRD ST., LOS ANGELES.

Poland Rock Water

S. BARTHOLOMEW
Manager

Company 218 West First St.

Telephone 1101

Albert Schreiber
Manager



Southern Pacific Hotel • • •

Ontario, Cal.

This first-class hotel has a wide renown for the excellence of its table, and the elegance of its furnishings. It is the only first-class hotel in Ontario, and has for years been a favorite resort for tourists.

CORONADO WATER CO.

A SUPERB AND PURE

.. TABLE BEVERAGE ..



"What all s it like child?
Tastes like yo' foot's asleep."

CORONADO MINERAL WATER

Blends perfectly with wine.

If your Dealer or Hotel has it not
drop us a line at

... **CORONADO, CALIF.**

Los Angeles Agency, 114 West First Street
San Francisco Agency, 318 Battery Street

GOVERNMENT LANDS

THIS IS
THE LAND OF SUNSHINE

Not only is this so, but it is a land of great promise, where you may secure a home on the most favorable terms now offered in the United States.

Choice improved farms and fruit lands near Los Angeles, at \$30.00 and upward per acre.

Choice Government Lands at

\$1.25 per Acre

in Lincoln County, Southern Nevada, on proposed R. R. lines between Los Angeles and Salt Lake and Denver. 25 cents cash, balance 25 years at 6 per cent per annum. No requirements as to improving or living upon the land. For climate, healthfulness and fertility of soil it is unsurpassed; where you can raise nearly anything grown in America, north or south.

For information and printed matter address

LOY & HURIN,
338 South Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

Income Investments in Los Angeles

MOORE & PARSONS

Have some of the choicest propositions in this city of wonderful growth, business and close in. Income Properties a specialty.

Correspondence is Solicited with Parties who Contemplate an Investment.

REFERENCES (By Permission):

Los Angeles National Bank.
Merchants' National Bank, Los Angeles.
First National Bank, Schuyler, Neb.
Allen Bros. Wholesale Grocers, Omaha, Neb.
Nicollet National Bank, Minneapolis, Minn.
Ex-Gov. W. R. Merriam, St. Paul, Minn.

MOORE & PARSONS,

Real Estate and Investment Brokers,

S. E. COR. 2D AND BROADWAY

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

THE CHAFFEY SCHOOL...

IN HEALTHFUL (both ways) ONTARIO



1. The only Endowed Preparatory School.
2. Fifteen Teachers! Specialists.
3. No Cast Iron Courses. Each pupil carefully considered and such studies prescribed as best meet his needs and aim in life.
4. City Advantages with Country Influences. Dont send your boy or girl to the city, you risk more than his life.
5. The "College Home," a real HOME. The Matron a mother to every boy and girl. Good board, good habits, good time.
6. Chaffey Graduates Succeed!

WRITE TO DEAN

WILLIAM T. RANDALL, Ontario, Cal.

Please mention that you "saw it in the LAND OF SUNSHINE."

WILBER O DOW

L.M. GRIDER

GRIDER & DOW

REAL ESTATE

IF YOU WANT **A HOME** IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

See Our Adams St. Tract

On the finest residence street in Los Angeles close to the best improvements in the city, double track Electric Cars running through tract; cement walks and curbs, water piped, graveled streets lined with palms; pure air, rich sandy loam; no mud.

\$300 and **WRITE** or call

139 South Broadway, and make your selection.

Fine Half-Tone Printing

A SPECIALTY

KINGSLEY-BARNES & NEUNER COMPANY

Printers and Binders to "Land of Sunshine."

123 SOUTH BROADWAY



The Escondido Land and Town Co.

IS SELLING, ON EASY TERMS

Land at \$35 to \$65 per acre, With Water



Their land cannot be excelled in the State. It is in cultivation. No expense for clearing. Beautiful place, fine stores, churches schools and hotels. Oranges, lemons and all fruits do well, as can be seen by orchards in bearing. Grain, hay and alfalfa are a success. This beautiful valley and little city are on a branch of the Santa Fe Railway, twelve miles from the sea and 600 feet above it. Water is secured by an Irrigation District, which is now supplying the valley with water from the San Luis Rey river.

Compare These Prices

With those of other lands with water that are free from killing frosts and destroying winds. For particulars address

JERRY TOLES, General Manager, 1248 D Street, San Diego, Cal.

Please mention that you "saw it in the LAND OF SUNSHINE."

FOR
YOUR
VACATION

TAKE A TRIP TO
THE

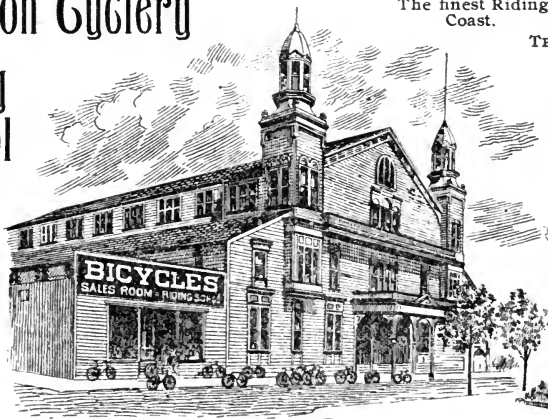
GRAND
CANYON
OF
THE COLORADO

The rates are low and
the provisions for com-
fort ample. Write to
or call on the nearest
agent of the



SANTA FE ROUTE for full information, or to **JOHN J. BYRNE**, Gen'l Pass. Agent
Los Angeles, Cal., for a copy of illustrated descriptive book.

Pavilion Cyclery
and
Riding
School



The finest Riding School on the Pacific
Coast.

TELEPHONE 1669

H. T. HAZARD, Prop.

High Grade, Medium
Grade, New and
Second Hand **BICYCLES**
for Ladies, Gents,
Boys and Girls.

ANY SIZE, STYLE
OR WEIGHT

We allow more for second-
hand Wheels than any other
dealers, as we can use them in
our Riding School.
Wheels cleaned and kept in
repair at a nominal price.

Renting and Repairing

Cor. Fifth
and Olive
Sts.

✻ **SHARP AND SAMSON** ✻

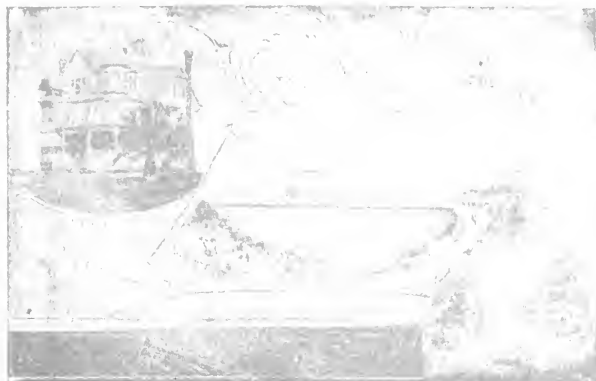
FUNERAL DIRECTOR'S & EMBALMER'S

TEL: 1029 — . — 536 S. SPRING ST., LOS ANGELES.

Please mention that you "saw it in the LAND OF SUNSHINE."

THE PLACE FOR YOU IS ON OUR LANDS

RAPID
TRANSIT
TO
SAN DIEGO
BY
NATIONAL
CITY
AND
STAY RAIL-
WAY.



A large selection of well-located lands and towns in Southern California. All our lands near San Diego are irrigated by the **SWEETWATER DAM AND IRRIGATING SYSTEM**, which provides a constant water supply in California. For more information, write to **SAN DIEGO LAND AND TOWN CO., 1201 W. Second Street, Los Angeles, Cal.** or **CHULA VISTA, Cal.**, a beautiful suburb in Southern California. City and country lands for sale.

Easy terms, if desired, on all our property. Attention: **STANDARD TRUST CO.**

SAN DIEGO LAND AND TOWN CO.,
NATIONAL CITY, CAL.

CARL ENTENMANN

Manufacturing Jeweler

Every description of watches and Silver Jewelry made to order or repaired. **Diamond Setter and Engraver**

Gold and Silver Smelter, San Francisco & Mexico City, Cal.

ROOMS 3, 4 AND 7 UP STAIRS

217 1/2 South Spring Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Established 1890. **Los Angeles, Cal.**

RICHARD ALTSCHUL

121 W. Second Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

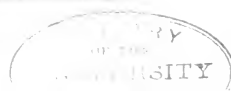
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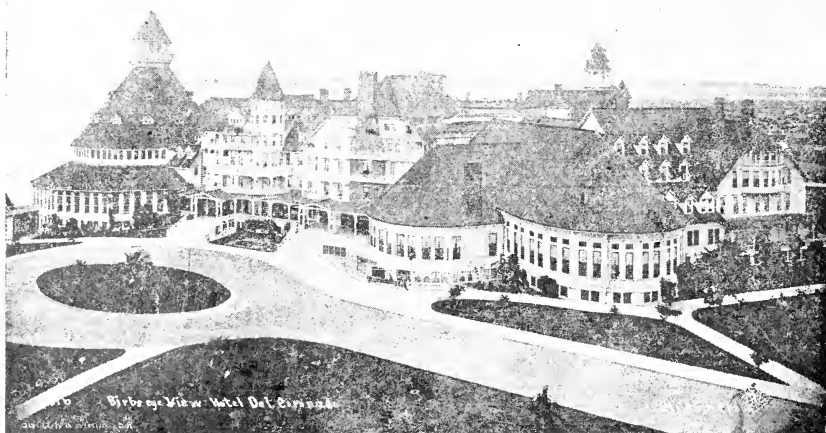


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1895
NOVEMBER, 1895

Volume III
Number

LOS PAISES DEL SOL DILATAN EL ALMA


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SUNSHINE

A SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA
MAGAZINE



EDITED BY
CHAS. F. LUMMIS

LOS ANGELES.

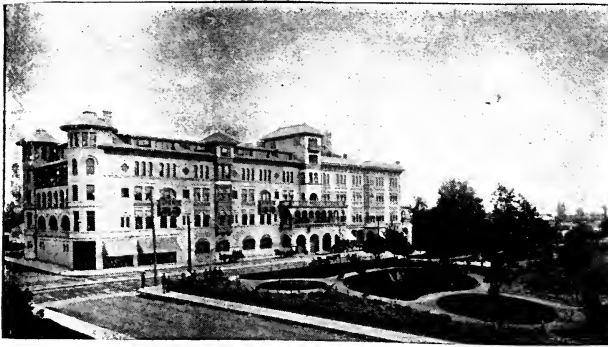
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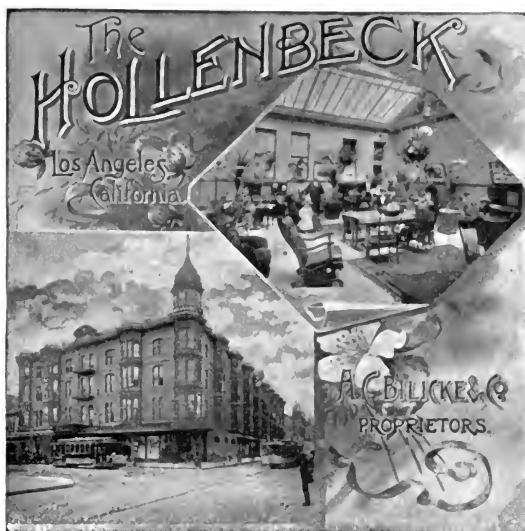
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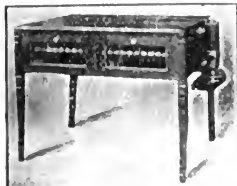


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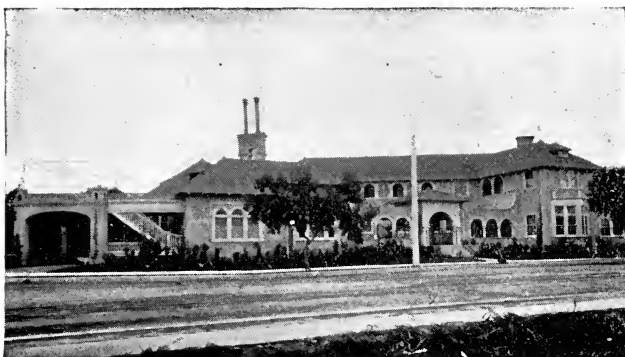
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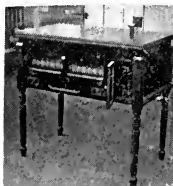
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"THE LANDS OF THE SUN EXPAND THE SOUL."



VOL. 3, No. 6.

LOS ANGELES

NOVEMBER, 1895

FLOWERS IN CALIFORNIA.

BY JULIETTE ESTELLE MATHIS.



THE most munificent of goddesses is our Flora. I shall never forget my first April advent to these gardens of God. I fell asleep amid the glistening snows of the Sierras while the train sped on toward my Pacific home-to-be. And when the dawn awakened me, I looked out upon purple lakes of lupin, on golden seas of sun-flowers, buttercups and poppies! The blood rushed to my head and I cried aloud in frantic delight. As we flew down the Sacramento valley, past rose-covered cottages, pink and white orchards of plum, peach, apple and almond bloom, I felt translated as was Enoch. I had read of the gold and silver mines of California, but never of the surface gold of her flowery foot-hills, or the wealth of silver-white blossoms that crowd her cañons, drape her steepes, and cover her meadows. Her wild sweet lilacs among the chapparal, her red columbines in rocky clefts, her scarlet Indian pinks by the mountain wayside, her "mariposa" lilies, fragile as the butterflies they represent, her batallions of whitely gleaming Spanish bayonets (yucca) ranked on upland slopes, or standing singly, sentinels of her mysterious fastnesses of cliff or desert, were revelations of a floral luxuriance I had supposed impossible outside the tropics. Our State flower—christened by botanists *Eschscholtzia*, because the German naturalist, J. F. Von Eschscholtz first classified it—is called in the liquid Spanish *Amapola* and also *dormidera* [the sleeper]. What incongruous fate sent that big mouthful of consonants to displace either of those tender, melodious and appropriate names? Santa Barbara county alone produces seven kinds of wild poppies. The "Matilija," filling five-acre tracts with great, white, crinkled corollas, big as a saucer, containing central disks of powdered gold on stems eight and ten feet in height, is the queen of poppies. The cultivated varieties are large, abundant and varied, of every known poppy hue and texture.



Collier, Eng.

Photo. by Cook, Santa Barbara.

FUCHSIA, 15 FEET HIGH.

and is attracting much attention. The white double violet grows as large as an inch and a quarter in diameter, and is very prolific. Pansies are a marvel for size and combination of shades. Pure white, black and pale lavender, light blue, purple and yellow form the scale of color from which every imaginable chord of harmony is evolved. They are often three inches across. The wild white morning-glory is a pest to the farmer, but what a fragile, graceful flower it is! The wild clematis is a lovely, ethereal climber that finds more favor, as it keeps within the sphere for which nature seemingly designed it, an exquisite drapery for unsightliness. Of the wild lilacs there are six species, some of them cultivated in the Old World as ornamental shrubs. The wild cherry is exceedingly beautiful; the pure white blossoms in clustered spikes, set thickly among dark glossy foliage. Down in the sand, close by the seashore, a delicate little thing lifts its small cluster of shaded purples, bright and pale, with soft sage-green leaves, all day in the sun or fog alike. It looks so frail and is so hardy that it is quite a curiosity. It is called the wild lantana, from its resemblance to that native of Mexico brought here by the padres. California has a monopoly in the snowplant (*sarcodes sanguinea*), found in the Sierra Nevada's higher altitudes

Over 300 varieties of wild flowers have been discovered near Paso Robles alone. There are leagues of violet broodæa that successfully masquerades as real violets in "carnival" time; and miles of yellow mustard bloom, which also serves a particularly decorative purpose in festivals. Miniature rose-pink hollyhocks and yellow sunflowers abound in the cañons; while you walk upon the daintiest arabesque of airy blue-and-white forgetmenots to gather them. The only wild violet I have found is more a pansy, being yellow with a brown eye. Of garden violets every known variety flourishes in greatest perfection here. A new violet, very large, long-stemmed and fragrant, called the California, is now cultivated and sold by florists. It has not yet become common, is a true violet color

just after the melting of the snow. It grows about a foot high, sending up a bright pyramid of small pendant bells and fleshy stems, red fire to the eye but ice to the touch.

Among flowers apparently indigenous to Southern California, the great family of cacti is conspicuous. The largest known collection is that belonging to Mr. Samuel Hammond, of San Francisco, who shows 550 varieties. Many of these uncouth monsters bear intensely sweet, brilliant and graceful flowers, suggesting the old alliance of Beauty and the Beast. The "night-blooming cereus" is a magnificent specimen of this strange tribe. It opens slowly during the early evening, is of purest white, remains in perfect flower until dawn and then as slowly closes its dream of a summer night. This plant, so rare in many places, is a very free bloomer in Southern California. The floribunda (*datura*) arrests the



Union Eng. Co.

MATILIA POPPIES. Photo. by Reed, Santa Barbara.



Collier, Eng.

Photo. by Cook, Santa Barbara.

HELIOTROPE, 15 FEET HIGH.

tourist's eye immediately. It is a mighty shrub, eight to ten feet high and broad in proportion, dropping big, cream-white, funnel-shaped bells, the size of a goblet, thickly along its branches. It exhales a powerful perfume amid the dews of night, though scarcely perceptible in the daytime. The calla lily (which is not a lily at all) attracts attention by its commonness and luxuriance. There are several varieties, some quite dwarfs beside those standing nearly five feet, with blossoms so large that a visitor from Canada looking out at them in the moonlight, remarked: "It is hard to believe that those are callas—they look more like milk pitchers!" Many thousands of these gleaming chalices, carrying their yellow taper of inner light, are annually used in glorifying our churches at Easter-tide. They are also employed as hedges and grouped

about hydrants as artistic screens. Nurserymen cultivate them by the acre, and large fields of them can be seen in Ventura, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles counties. Our floral hedges, when not of roses or callas, are usually composed of marguerites or geraniums. Both these families are exceedingly satisfactory from their habit of constant flowering. They have no seasons. Geraniums, including pelargoniums, are important denizens of Pacific Coast gardens. Perfectly hardy, surviving all manner of neglect and unkindness, repaying the least care with a wealth of perfumed foliage (as in the rose geranium); many of them striped and variegated; with flowers of every shade in the scale of red, from white to dark crimson, combined with some of the purples; growing as climbers, trailers or sturdy, independent shrubs; or peeping in on the upper windowsills—they are indispensable in this country, as truly typical of our gardens as is the poppy of the foot-hills.

California makes a marvelous display of chrysanthemums. This flower, though native of Japan, has been so successfully domesticated here that it would be impossible for any locality to exhibit finer, larger specimens or greater variety than are yearly seen at our "chrysanthemum shows."

Among garden favorites running riotous as if determined to claim all

the soil in sight, are the nasturtiums, sweet-alyssum, marigolds and mignonette. They are most persistent pioneers; never satisfied until they get outside the fence. They sprout up everywhere, after the first rain, if once planted, not waiting for that if irrigated. Of blossoming vines that curtain the humblest, unpainted cottages with picturesque screens of verdure, or create rest for the eyes in place of unsightly heaps of debris, water-towers and rough fences, the white and purple passion-flower, the scarlet, pink and rose-colored tacsonias, with honeysuckle and ivy-pelargoniums, are the most luxuriantly common. The wisteria is a purple wonder in April, draping the very roof with its long pendant clusters of leafless bloom. The leaves follow in May. It is one of the



Herve Friend, Eng.

DATURA.

Photo. by Reed, Santa Barbara.

few vines of deciduous habit. Many varieties of jasmins and clematis are extensively grown in our State, the latter family being remarkably showy. The *Bougainvillea* is a marvelous magenta mass of thickly-growing vine with unlimited aspiration. Water ivies and smilax bloom profusely here, the latter in delicate sprays of greenish-white, resembling the currant, but far more ethereal and excessively fragrant. The ripened seeds are like bunches of currants, and sprout with certainty in the autumn, though the pointed, funny little tubers are generally used for propagation. Fuchsias and begonias in their infinite variety are grown luxuriantly on the shady side of dwellings; many of them taking the place of vines at porches and windows. Among the flowering vines, the glossy-leaved tacsonia, with its pale pink trumpets lined in crimson velvet, presents a picture that cannot be overlooked. The *Bignonia venusta* is never weary until it has draped the shingles lavishly with its long clustering garlands of bright orange bugles. It is one of the most



Union Eng. Co.

CALLAS.

Photo. by Reed, Santa Barbara.

effective decorations for interiors furnished or finished in natural woods.

Our shrubs are hard to classify, so many of them develop into trees here. The heliotrope ranks first in fragrance, and thoroughly shades a veranda fifteen feet from the ground. The Spanish broom (*genista*) was introduced by the Mission padres, and is a constant bloomer in brilliant yellow. Dipped in palest blue, the plumbago lifts its delicate boughs to shelter arbors and summer-houses. The "red hot poker" (*trilinia*) excites curiosity by its oddity. The "bird of paradise" (*Strelitzia regina*), from the Cape of Good Hope, poises on outstretched wings of scarlet and gold above a mass of cana-like foliage. The cana family proper, in its superb display of color and flower here, is quite a revelation to those accustomed to the short summer exhibit of Eastern florists. The tawny "lion's tail," from Mexico, is a fuzzy, fierce importation of dark red and orange. We are indebted to Mexico and Spain for many of our choicest plants. The lantana, in its different dresses of white, pink, yellow, orange and purple, is one of them; hardy as a weed, and luxuriant in growth. The streptosolen is a tall shrub with swaying, pendant branches of fine foliage, always in flower, a rich shaded orange and yellow in color. I cannot overlook the sweet-peas, whose variety no man can number. Eighty-five were shown by one gentleman from Santa Clara at a recent meeting of the State Floral Society. As a lawn decorator the hydrangea is peerless in its pink domino, which completely conceals both bush and leaf, and frequently attains six and seven feet in height, resembling a mound in shape. The tall, rose-crowned hibiscus, both single and double, is much used for lawns, and divides honors with the flaming poinsettia. The wonderful pink and white oleanders of Los Angeles cannot be produced in like splendor very near the ocean. The magnolia, with its ivory globes of overpowering odor and magnificent proportions, is undisputed autocrat of all blossoming trees. After it may be mentioned the many yellow, fragrant acacias; tree poppies with delicate, shaded, white and crimson flowers; pomegranates as scarlet as those that decorated the sacred robes of Israel's high priest. "Umbrella plants," tall and stately, with broad-spreading fan-like leaves and large spikes of white or purple blossoms, are grown in groups by landscape gardeners. The tacoma stans, from Texas, is another of the bright yellow galaxy that glitters in many gardens



Herve Friend, Eng.

HYDRANGEA.

Photo. by Reed, Santa Barbara.

English laurestinas, decorated with pretty bunches of tiny white flowers and red buds, are often seen. The snowy, sweet syringas flower far more profusely in California than in their Eastern homes. Camellias are very hardy on this coast, and the shrub is of enormous size as compared with those of the Northern States.

But space and time are exhausted, though not the endless category of our floral collection. And when all this resplendent carnival of color is over, and our prodigal Flora dreams awhile on the brown bosom of her hills, there are roses always in cañon and garden; the blood-red roses of love, the yellow roses of art and ambition, pink roses of plenteousness and peace—and always, better still, the fair white roses of unutterable rest.

Santa Barbara.

THE SEASONS: REVISED.

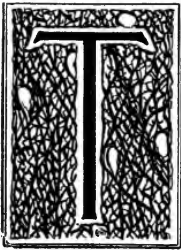
BY WM. M. BRISTOL.

Sunny southern Summer
Lazily has passed;
Autumn with its splendor
Vanishing at last
Ushers in the showers,
Harbingers of Spring—
June, November, April
Make a merry ring.

Highland.

QUITS.

BY R. HARRIS.



THE sun was slowly sinking behind the pine-crested Julian mountains. It did not mellow the burnt, volcanic ridges of the desert's rim, nor cool their fever; the hard-cut, naked rocks reflected their day-long stored heat so fiercely that the wane of day brought no perceptible change in the fiery atmosphere.

Two officers rode down the old Indian trail, deep-sunken in the top of the ridge that borders San Felipe arroyo. Their clothing, their air, their jaded horses all bespoke them unfamiliar with the locality. But it was equally clear that they were veterans; and they pressed on doggedly.

"The trail's freshing up a bit," commented the foremost. "I reckon before night we can begin to look out a little—for if we are very fur behind him I'm no judge."

"Fur or near, we naturally got to get him!" replied the other—and his hand fell along the butt of his sixshooter.

But when the sun went out and slow stars began to brood above the hushed desert, and the throbbing eye had rest, at last, from the glare, they were still riding. The long night they rode, startling the dead silences with click of hoofs where winrows of volcanic pebbles lay across the swales; speaking nothing, peering mechanically forward, sometimes listening, sometimes dismounting to make sure again of the hoof-prints of the stolen herd. Now it was a file of dark ridges, up and down, up and down; and now a broad reach of white sand that seemed rising up out of the gloom.

The stars flickered and were done. The sun flamed over the horizon and kindled the furnace of the sky. The men were still riding. Their faces looked old and drawn; their horses had turned suddenly gaunt. The sand before them was curried smooth by the wind. One looked at the other, his eyeballs turning stiffly, and lifted one shoulder an inch. The other made no sign, but stared down the trackless sands. The trail was gone. Presently a horse fell and did not rise.

When the lurid sun again blazed down the sky toward the silhouetted pines of the Julians, two men on foot, with black, swollen faces, and clothing tattered by the cactus, stood before a mounted Indian, whose tough, fresh horse sniffed at them distrustfully,

"I no got water," he repeated dispassionately. "How you ask to me, water? You come catch. You take away horses. You put me in jail."

"No! No! We won't tech you nor the horses! Just water—for God's sake, water!"

The Indian sat silent a moment. Once he half bent forward—and then slowly settled back.

"You no lie? All you lie, I think. When get water, no care."

"No! We'll swear never to lift a finger at you. Only show us—water! See"—and the speaker pulled the sixshooter from his belt

and flung it off among the tunas. His companion followed suit. "See, what could we do without our guns?"

The Indian nodded his head and lifted the rein. "I show you," he said laconically, and dropped his rifle against a mesquite in ratification of the truce. "So" — and he pointed ahead.

"No, go on and show us!" creaked the younger man, with a curious shiver.

"Not like" retorted the Indian, his face stiffening a little. "Perhaps you no want water?" And he was turning back.

The man who had first thrown away his sixshooter choked upon an oath. "Damn you — lead off!" His voice was weak and like a rusty hinge, but he had whipped a short "bulldog" from an inner pocket. At this treachery in the face of death the Indian shrugged his shoulders. There was a swift spark in his eye, but not a muscle twitched as he said calmly: "Good — I take you to the water."

"See, he was goin' to fool us," mumbled the officer—noting that Pablo turned his horse in an entirely different direction from the one he had pointed out. "Y' aint smart enough, cuss you!" And to the Indian: "Straight, now, fer your life!"

Pablo made no answer. He did not seem to notice the revolver; nor yet the handcuff-end dangling from the other man's hip pocket. He led them straight across the ridges, up a higher, rockier slope; and at its top reined in and pointed silently.

Down yonder was a cleft in the rocks; with straggling bushes and a little rim of grass. The two men dashed down the slope, staggering, falling, scrambling up again, flinging themselves headlong in that clear, warm puddle, burying their faces in it.

Up on the ridge Pablo sat watching meditatively. He could see the revolver lying black on the grass; the nickeled handcuff flashed like a signal.

"N-h! I think not lie any more, those!" he muttered gravely, turning his horse's head.

They are not likely to, who drink once of the arsenic spring in Poison-Water Gulch.

Riverside.

DEATH VALLEY.

BY ELEANOR F. LEWIS.


It is a space of silence, strange and deep;
 The sun-burnt mountains, near its ashen side,
 Look down impassive on its death-like sleep.
 Under its "skeleton plant" the rattlers glide,
 Among its painted rocks the lizards creep.
 Across the brazen madness of the sky
 A flock of wild geese wing their faltering way,
 With weary pinions, and with echoing cry.
 Below, in desert sands that shine and shift,
 Lie the unburied dead; the heat-waves drift
 Over the loneliness of graves; by torrid day
 Or torrid night, breathless and gleaming, lie
 Its barren reaches where no shadows hide;
 And over all, its silence, strange and deep.

Los Angeles.

THE CALIFORNIA CONDOR.

BY T. S. VAN DYKE.



 CALIFORNIA would rather be expected to have the largest of our birds. So it has, though the fact is not generally known; for the condor of North America floats only over the dreamy hills of the Pacific Coast. Miles above sea-level, winding in long curves through the topmost blue, this condor may yet be seen above the highest mountains, descending toward evening in immense spirals till, on some sharp crag or storm-beaten trunk, he folds his wings for the night.

According to Dr. Coues, this bird rivals in size the condor of the Andes. He gives its spread of wing at about nine and a half

feet, which is over a yard more than that of the largest eagle or swan. Specimens have been found that measured over ten feet.

The California condor is almost black, appearing jet black against the sky, except under the wings, where the forward half of the lining is almost white. It has no white ruff around the neck (as has the Andean bird), but a fringe of long, narrow feathers on the lower half of the neck, reaching to the shoulders, has the appearance of a black ruff. Standing on the ground it is about four feet high, and at a distance looks like a large New Foundland dog sitting up for a bone. It is a surprise to one who sees it for the first time. Its appetite is in proportion to its spread of wing, and after dinner it almost outweighs the ostrich.

The condor was once abundant in Southern California, and before the rapid settlement of the country could be seen almost any day circling over the lowlands. But the town-lot stakes seem to have disgusted him; and though Leucadia, the Beautiful, sits silent as ever by the sounding sea, and barley waves again on the Sunset Tract, the dark form of the condor dots no more the sky above them and the curling waves no longer see him furl his great wings.

More than those of the frigate, the albatross or any other bird, the movements of the condor becloud the secret of sailing or soaring that has so long puzzled all philosophy. Hundreds of times as I lay in the shade of some rock has the condor sailed around me so near that without a glass I could plainly see the brown eyes in the reddish black head. For hours I have watched him with a strong opera glass that I always carried in hunting deer. Sometimes at long intervals, though often not at all, the bird flaps both wings as when rising from the ground; and

sometimes, for a second, when poising on the breeze before descending on a long incline he bends the tips of the wings inward a little, but not enough to give any motion. But between these two movements and absolute stillness of wing there is nothing the glass can detect at fifty feet. Stranger still, both these motions become more rare as the bird rises into thinner air, until, at a point where one would suppose the most powerful stroke of wing necessary to sustain its weight, all motion ceases. From the top of Greyback, of the San Bernardino range, almost twelve thousand feet above the sea, I have seen the condor floating with infinite grace fully twelve thousand feet higher; but the glass failed to show any motion of the wing.

Almost infinite in variety are the evolutions the condor performs in this thin air without visible motion of muscle or feather. Now he floats directly against a strong breeze, rising all the way. Then with equal ease he swings sidewise across it, first descending, and then rising in a slope perhaps quarter of a mile long; all the way at a right angle to the course of the breeze, simply sliding across it. And yet during the whole fall and rise the bird, instead of falling back from the line on which he started, actually advances hundreds of feet in the face of the breeze. With equal ease he wheels backward down the breeze, not falling but rising on its swift tide even hundreds of feet before turning. How does he hang perfectly still on the breeze, not wobbling, like the poised hawk, but floating as softly as the scrap of cloud below you on the mountain's breast? And how does he drift backward on that same breeze with head to it, and rising instead of falling? And when you have exhausted your wonder, he wheels on a long sweep with the tip of one wing pointed almost to the zenith and the other to earth, standing on edge in the sky, yet still rising instead of falling. Yet not a motion can you detect, though near enough to mark the serrated edges of the feathers and hear them hiss as they cut the air with marvelous velocity.

Los Angeles.

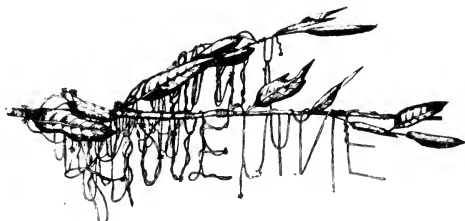
UNDER THE LOVE-VINE.

BY JENNIE KRUCKEBERG.

Come where the love-vine hangs in the willow and quails go coupled
to drink;
Where marks in the sand have doubled the story of many a mischievous
mink.
Come where wild blackberries bramble and clamber to reach to the
loftier shade—
To fruit where the wild birds need them most and myriad nests have
made;
Where clematis hangs from over and wavers to dip in the fondling
stream,
As the balm-of-Gilead gives and quavers in the love of a summer dream.
Come where the love-vine loops in the willow and quail go coupled
to drink;

Where cresses huddle in green forever and gillies get their pink ;
 Where river sand is washed and warming, sunnily white and mellow,
 Where the phacelia gets its blue, and the mimulus its yellow ;
 Where bubbling springs with cheer emboweled are fain to break and flow,
 And love's responses livingly quiver in breezes soft and low.
 Come where the vines loop yellow in willows and quails go drinking in
 pairs,
 And give to the driving driftwood waters life's importunate cares !

Alhambra.



THE CLIFF-DWELLERS.

BY J. C. DAVIS.

Small, dainty woven sandals, worn and pressed
 By busy feet, forever now at rest !
 "One touch of nature"—and a mist of tears
 Spans the dim chasm of unnumbered years
 And makes these gentle folk, before unknown,
 In one short hour my own—my very own.
 Life's tide runs backward to their vanished days ;
 With them I thread the sheer, precarious ways
 That up the dizzy cliff's precipitous face
 Give perilous passage to their dwelling place.
 A peaceful people, neither rude nor bold,
 Like "feeble conies" in their rocky hold
 Securely hidden from the wide world's ken,
 They lived, loved, toiled and perished ! How, and when ?

Silent those chambered sanctuaries now ;
 Save by defiant Nature's frowning brow
 Unchallenged the intruder, foe or friend,
 Pries in their dusty cells to guess their end.

But oh ! these little sandals of the dead !
 Worn by their rugged pathways to a thread—
 Lead me away—Upon my heart they tread !

Highland.



Drawn by J. C. Davis, after photo. by C. F. Lummis

Union Eng. Co.

OUT-OF-DOOR STUDIES.

A QUIET COVE.

BY ESTELLE THOMSON.

SOME one has drawn a battered boat into a cove under the eucalyptus trees, where the high "gums" shower me with tassels and seed-cups while I loiter.

The sea stretches wide before the boat; and when the ocean is in a gentle mood it coos and laughs upon the strand. But it suits me better when it leaps and rages as though wild, trampling and clawing to reach its prey. The little boat quivers through all its fibers as the white breakers mock and strike at it; yet I, unconcerned within it, always feel triumph as the mad things slink back, cowed, whimpering, licking the sand as they go, to hide in the depths and let others advance where they have striven to climb and failed.

As I go down the hillocked beach that leads to the boat and cove, I cross a car track. At intervals a lavish bloom is spread in gorgeous streaks along the warm sand, as if it were jolly with sheer delight at living. Yet even here extremes meet. Today I found an entire family of glorious great primroses, their yellow faces fresh and young, that had laid themselves directly across the iron rail with evident suicidal intent, waiting to be decapitated. Poor things! Can it be that they proved life in the Flowery World too much for them? That they found it too hard a task to properly nourish themselves, on these tide-washed flats, and so resolved to die?

What dainty trifles these eucalyptus flowers are, drifting down! The blue gum's bloom is faintly tinted and delicately fringed; the sugar gum's flowers are much more vivid, sheathed while in bud in little close caps, sharply pointed. As the blossom matures, the horn-like sheath, lined with pure canary color, pushes up and off and an entire tassel of gold stamens is revealed. Sometimes the surface at the tree's base is strewn with these fallen sheathes, now deeply tanned and their canary lining turned by exposure to dull nankeen. They are like tiny bugles, blowing about; but they soon grow stiff and rattle as they touch together. The bees hang noisily over eucalyptus flowers; but what they rifle that tickles a bee-palate I fail to discover. Certainly the nectar they may sip, or the stores of pollen they gather up for bee babies' food or for bread-making, have a rank, peculiar taste like medicine.

The sea affords finer background for the scores of birds flying past—as the purple headland off there forms a background for the sails of the fishing-boats scudding by. Sometimes those sails seem, in sunlight, to be unfolding like perfect great white flowers against the sombre ridge. Occasionally the sea shines rippleless as a surface of glass; and out upon its apparently waveless bosom the three purple islands repose, as clear-cut as cameos, as if they floated there in the brilliant sun. The column of the lighthouse at the headland's base—white and slim as a pillar of wax, capped with its dark hood—stands out against the sky as if etched upon it; and when a yacht swings its sail up to the slender shaft, wheels about as though making salute and tips away, it completes the picture.

Not long ago I watched a band of black ducks journeying along. They swam buoyantly, a large company, far out beyond the breakers. I wondered if any yacht could make time so neatly and so easily. Suddenly a solitary black sailor was seen bearing rapidly forward from toward the borderline of Mexico. The haste with which he came seemed almost incredible, as I marked his progress with my eye against the horizon. What news he had been dispatched to bear I cannot aver; but he must have carried important



advice, to be delivered only to ducks of appointed degree: for he passed group after group of his fellows, never stopping until he reached one bird which he appeared to recognize and accost. I should say that the two touched bills in greeting; then they held apparent conference; and as swiftly as he had come, the messenger wheeled and, in company with the comrade, disappeared for a full minute under the waves. The next that I saw of them the two were moving side by side, evidently at great speed, toward the Mexican shore.

There is nothing I view from the cove more brilliant than the cardinal lights of the fiery mesembryanthemums. If garnets and rubies had been sown along the way, incrusting in diamond crystals, the effect hardly could be more dazzling. In infant days their rudimentary lobes are like deep-dyed red rice grains, placed together endwise above the gravel, a delight and a study. As they age, I amuse myself with breaking their fleshy stems, a finger's girth in size, as scintillating as if sleet had coated them. If the sun strikes them they take on all the hues of the rainbow. But when I crack their joints, or foliage, or little ruby calices, only a pale watery juice exudes: yet the least contact with their bead-work gives my hands a singular and distinguished glitter that is quite pleasing in its magnificence while it lasts. The ice-plant flowers have an earthy fragrance and a pinkish tinge, with yellow eyes and long fringed eyelashes that are very fine and full. They are aristocratic in being late sleepers. I go out and sit by their sand-pillows and watch for them to awake. Nine o'clock, and their eyes are closed. Ten o'clock, a few lashes uncurl. Eleven o'clock, and the lazy loungers stir softly and turn to feel the hot touch of the sun's kiss. But at twelve o'clock, when all other life on the sand-dunes begins to blister, the mesembryanthemums hold up their starry faces, full blown, and seem to say "Good morning! What a lovely world."

THE MOUNTAIN FIRE.

BY HAROLD STANLEY CHANNING

THE air vibrates with the heat, although a gentle southwesterly breeze every now and then playfully snatches up little whirls of dust in its exuberant moments; the mountains seem immeasurably distant through the yellowish haze, and one can just see a faint glimmer of snow on the crest of the great sentinel peak which guards the eastern portal of the valley.

Even the birds which usually fill the air with love-ditties are quiet. The sky is one unbroken expanse of pale blue, not even a cloud breaking its monotonous glare.

But suddenly a wisp of smoke rises over yonder rugged peak, and rapidly increases in size. Now it pours up in a huge pillar to a height of many thousand feet, and a crown of snowy-white condensed vapor caps it. Then an upper current seizes and tears this crown into filmy threads which drift away horizontally, followed by the smoke which soon forms a heavy, ill-defined streak across the sky. And still the fire grows and spreads, fanned by the strengthening sea-breeze. Noon wears on to evening and evening to night; and with the night the sea breeze dies and the land breeze is born. The fire which has been valiantly fighting downwards against the sea breeze all day, now sweeps down the mountain with the north wind as an ally.

For scores of miles the glorious sight is visible, and a couple of miles away the sight is incredibly grand. Here a whirling, twisting pillar of fire, rushing resistlessly onward; there a huge puff of inky black smoke, the dying remonstrance of a pine, mingles savagely with the sulphury yellow breath of a patch of greasewood. Over yonder ravine tumbles a regiment of flames. Hesitating momentarily, as if to locate the enemy, it suddenly charges up a woody slope with a fusilade louder than musketry. And so it rages, now pausing for a breath, now gathering tenfold vigor, through all the long night. Towards morning the whole mountain slope lies bare and black, excepting one long ridge too steep for brush to grow on its sides, but heavily clothed with chaparral on its crest. The fire has worked in from both ends and the distance between the opposing cavalcades of flame is momentarily decreasing. The land breeze is dying out and a faint tinge of dawn pales the east.

Slowly the flames approach; they are now within a short distance of each other. The brush is very dense between them and they wax riotous and wild and plainly threaten each other. All at once at some unseen signal, two tongues of flame shoot up into the air opposite one another and absorb all the adjacent blaze until two towering, swirling whirlwinds of flame oppose. Moving more rapidly towards each other they collide in a burst of glory, break, commingle and disappear. The fire has burned itself out. Suddenly the sun shoots a solitary ray over the snow peak.

A new day has begun.

AT SAN GABRIEL.

BY J. TORREY CONNOR.

Narrow windows pierce the walls,
In the nave no sunlight falls—
Shadows mock the tapers pale.
Ah, but love is quick to see,
Shadows may not hide from me
Pancha at the altar rail.

Pancha, with an air demure,
Tells her beads; those lips would
lure
Gabriel himself from rest.
Vailed her eyes, but well she knows
I have found the crimson rose
Worn an hour upon her breast.

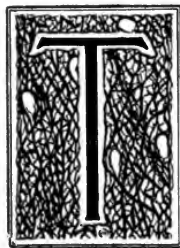
Los Angeles.



Union Eng. Co. Photo. by Lorenz.

THE CORDON OF THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

BY CHARLES FREDERIC HOLDER.



HAT the itinerary for the revival and rehabilitation of the old *Camino Real* or King's Highway, as outlined by Auguste Wey in the September LAND OF SUNSHINE, is a practical one, those are sure who have been privileged to know accurately the working plans of the Pasadena Loan Association.

I myself, as a traveler in the saddle, by rail and as one of a delightfully successful coaching party, can testify to the possibilities of this route of travel, from actual experience and charming memories. Only lack of time has prevented me from following out the same plan discussed with me years ago; thereby gaining the personal glory of being the first recorded modern journeyer following intentionally in the footsteps of Don Antonio Coronel and the frailes before him.

The director says laughingly, she is confident the first traveler to appear "officially" upon the revived *Camino Real* will be Don Quixote on Rosinante in a California saddle and armed cap-a-pie; but she is prepared to go out in person and welcome him into New Spain. "There are windmills enough," she adds, "along the entire route—and we need Cervantes."

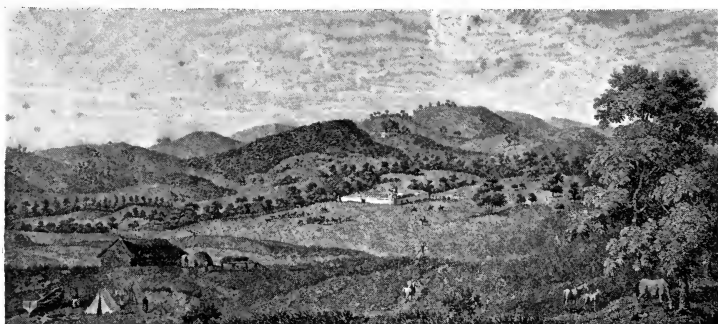
First in the practical plan I have mentioned for bringing into use again this famous and romantic old road which led "from Guatemala to Monterey" would be an appeal to the Board of Supervisors of Los Angeles

county for assistance in tracing the remains of the *Camino Real* through the county itself. Next, a consideration of the Indian trails leading into the main route of travel, and only less celebrated than the main highway. These are :

1. The old San Pedro road, associated in racing annals with Don José Sepulveda and the victory of the Black Swan. This was the road connecting San Pedro, as the *embarcadero* of San Gabriel, with the mission itself and the pueblo of Los Angeles.

2. The Wilson Trail, with more traditions than it has feet of altitude above the South Sea: traditions which connect it directly with the San Geronio Pass (and Captain Anza) on the east; with the "Twin Peaks" of Catalina on the west, and with Redondo and Santa Monica upon the coast line north of Point Fermin.

3. Redondo itself, from which the neophyte Indians of San Gabriel and San Fernando, under the direct orders of the friars, started ("always at midnight," said both Rogerio and Don Antonio) for Catalina and



Herve Friend, Eng.

THE PRESIDIO OF MONTEREY IN 1792.*

Clemente, to exchange the woven serge made under the new civilization for the soapstone cooking vessels which were part of every properly equipped mainland kitchen from San Luis Obispo to the Dominican establishments in Lower California.

These "trails," followed out in connection with the main route through Los Angeles county, the Association will appeal next to Orange county below and Ventura above in the Spanish cordon.

I feel assured that very many readers will be glad to have in tabular form an official list of the towns and missions of the cordon, from San Diego up. It is as follows :

THE 21 FRANCISCAN MISSIONS ON THE CAMINO REAL,
IN CALIFORNIA.

1. *San Diego de Alcala* (Saint James of Alcala)—Presidio and Mission.
 2. *San Luis Rey de Francia* (Saint Louis, King of France)—Louis IX.
- He was a member of the *Tercer Orden* of the Franciscans.

* From "A Voyage of Discovery to the North Pacific Ocean and Round the World, in 1790-95." By Captain George Vancouver, Vol. II, p. 440, London, 1798.





L. A. Eng. Co.

From figurine by Machuca.
SAN DIEGO DE ALCALA.

3. *San Juan Capistrano* (Saint John Capistran) — The warrior priest who fought at Belgrade.
4. *San Gabriel Arcangel* (The Archangel Gabriel).
5. *San Fernando Rey de España* (Saint Ferdinand, King of Spain).
6. *San Buenaventura* (Saint Bonaventura) — Seraphic Cardinal.
7. *Santa Barbara, Virgen y Martir* (Saint Barbara, Virgin and Martyr).
8. *Santa Ines, Virgen y Martir* (Saint Agnes, Virgin and Martyr).
9. *La Purissima Concepcion* — (The Immaculate Conception).
10. *San Luis Obispo de Tolosa* (Saint Louis, Bishop of Toulouse).
11. *San Miguel Arcangel* (The Archangel Michael).
12. *San Antonio de Padua* (Saint Anthony of Padua).
13. *Nuestra Senora de Soledad* (Our Lady of Solitude).
14. *San Carlos Barrromeo de Monterey* (Saint Charles Barrromeo) — Presidio and Mission.
15. *San Juan Bautista* (Saint John the Baptist).
16. *Santa Cruz* (The Holy Cross).
17. *San Jose de Guadalupe* (Saint Joseph of Guadalupe).
18. *Santa Clara* (Saint Clara.)
19. *San Francisco de Asis* (Saint Francis of Assisi) — Presidio and Mission.



Union Eng. Co.

MISSION SAN BUENAVENTURA.

20. *San Rafael Arcangel* (The Archangel Raphael).
21. *San Francisco Solano* (Saint Francis Solano).

It is also well worth while to give here Forbes's * list of the "Jurisdiccions" of California in the Spanish days. It includes the four *presidios* (garrisons), three *pueblos* (towns) and twenty-one missions—counting from north to south.

JURISDICTION OF SAN DIEGO.

Presidio of San Diego; Mission of San Gabriel; Mission of San Juan Capistrano; Mission of San Diego.

JURISDICTION OF SANTA BARBARA.

Presidio of Santa Barbara; Mission of La Purissima; Mission of Santa Inez; Mission of Santa Barbara; Mission of Buenaventura; Mission of San Fernando; Town of La Reyna de Los Angeles.

JURISDICTION OF MONTEREY.

Presidio of Monterey; Village of Branciforte; Mission of San Juan Bautista; Mission of San Carlos; Mission of Nuestra Señora de Soledad; Mission of San Antonio; Mission of San Miguel; Mission of San Luis Obispo.

JURISDICTION OF SAN FRANCISCO.

Presidio of San Francisco; Town of San José de Guadalupe; Mission of San Francisco Solano; Mission of San Rafael; Mission of San Francisco; Mission of Santa Clara; Mission of San José; Mission of Santa Cruz.

This paper may well close with these interesting answers by Rev. Father Joseph O'Keefe, O. S. F.; (General Auxiliary of the Re-establishment, and an authority upon Franciscan history and ceremonial) to questions by the Director of the Loan Association:

"The Franciscan Missions were established at the distance of a day's journey apart. For the Fathers on foot, was this thirty miles?"

"About that, more or less."

"What was an ordinary day's journey, mule-back?"

"About forty miles."

"Between what Missions does the original Camino Real still exist?"

"I cannot say, at present."

"Does it exist between Pala and San Luis Rey?"

"Yes; also between San Diego and San Luis Rey."

"Between Santa Barbara and Santa Inez?"

"Yes; but it has been changed—or rather, a part is not used now."

"If we could succeed in making a good and continuous roadway from San Diego to San Francisco Solano, would there not possibly arise Spanish or even Indian inns or *posadas* which might be built according to the original Franciscan architecture in California?"

"Certainly."



L. A. Eng. Co. From figurine by Machuca.
SAN FRANCISCO SOLANO.

*From Sonté & Gihon, p. 61.



Herve Friend. Eng.

SAN PEDRO, THE EMBARCADERO OF SAN GABRIEL.

Photo. by Jarvis.

SOME MEXICAN RECIPES.

BY LINDA BELL COLSON.

DOÑA PEPITA—Señora Doña Josefa Medrano de Garcia, in full formality, Pepita being the diminutive of Josefa—lived just across the Jardin de San Felipe from us, so we saw a great deal of her. She did not at first call on us, but sent her daughter, Refugia, accompanied by a maid. Refugia was not yet sixteen, but already had half a dozen *pretendientes* or suitors. She could speak English fairly well; but Doña Pepita not a word.

Refugia was a pretty girl with bright dark eyes, a lovely mingling of brown and pink in her dimpled face; and was dressed in a simple black gown, with a black *tapalo* (shawl) over her shoulders, leaving her coils of hair uncovered.

Later, we called on Doña Pepita. She was very small and plump, with sleepy brown eyes, a slow smile, placid expression and languid manner. But she was a famous housekeeper. Whenever among our Mexican friends we praised any culinary effort, they always used to say: "Ah, but you should taste Doña Pepita's!"

She was always sending delicacies to us. One afternoon it was a plate of crisp, golden-brown wafer-like cakes of the most fairy-like description—*Buñuelos* (pronounced boon-you-áy-los). They were so delicious that Agnes and I went at once to Doña Pepita and begged that next time *buñuelos* were made in her kitchen we might look on.

"With much pleasure, señorita. If you will do us the honor to dine with us on Thursday, we shall make *buñuelos*, that you may see."

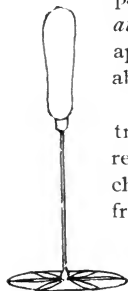
Mexicans generally dine at two p. m., and the usual dinner is of six or seven courses. There is always soup, either "dry" or "watered"—as Refugia translated it for me. The latter is what we understand by "soup," the former being boiled down until literally dry. On this occasion it was dry and of rice—*sopa de arroz seca*. Soup is always followed by *cocido*—a dish of the meat and vegetables boiled in the soup and taken out before the stock was reduced. It is generally served with *salsa de chile*, red-pepper sauce.

The third course is called *principio*, and is the most often varied. This time it was "*chiles rellenos de picadillo*" (stuffed green peppers), so exceedingly good that I begged Doña Pepita for her recipe. With every course were served piping hot *tortillas*—a thin cake of ground corn. After the *principio* comes the roast—this time a turkey. It tasted very much as turkey does with us; but the stuffing was new, and we liked it so much that Doña Pepita kindly told us how to make it. The next course was *frijoles* (beans), which are always served just before dessert, and in this case was followed by a delicious *dulce* of candied peaches and half a dozen different kinds of fruit.

The afternoon was already waning before Doña Pepita ordered a pretty, black-eyed maid to bring out to the corridor where we were sitting a small *brasero* with a lighted charcoal fire. Then, when the batter of milk, eggs and flour was prepared and a saucepan of lard was bubbling on the *brasero*, and after Refugia had dropped a twenty-five cent silver

piece into it (that the lard might be clarified, she explained), we were taught how to make buñuelos.

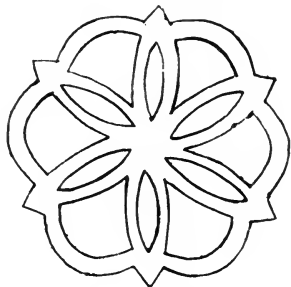
When the lesson was over, Doña Pepita was so exhausted that she declared we must have *merienda*—the Mexican equivalent for our five o'clock tea, the place of tea being generally taken by chocolate. At this particular *merienda* however, we had *tamales* to eat and *atole* to drink. Atole de piña, being translated, means pine-apple gruel; but gruel is a very poor word for the memorable beverage made in Doña Pepita's kitchen.



One of the first things we did after reaching home was to try *atole*; and I give below our anglicized edition of the recipe. We also speedily made buñuelos, and were so charmed with the result that we gave an afternoon tea to friends, where our atole and buñuelos were much admired.

We brought a little iron mould with the wooden handle from Mexico, but any tinsmith could easily make one from the sketch I have given.

BUÑUELOS—MEXICAN FRITTERS.— $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. of flour, $1\frac{1}{2}$ pints of milk, 1 egg, a pinch of sugar and salt, 3 teaspoonfuls of Royal baking powder. Mix the flour, baking powder, sugar and salt together and sift. Beat the egg and mix it with the milk: beat again, then add to the other ingredients and stir thoroughly. The batter should be as thick as rather thick pancake batter. Have some lard hot as for frying dough-nuts; dip the mould carefully into the batter, just enough to cover the bottom, then shake it gently in the lard until the buñuelo floats away on the lard. When it is cooked to a golden brown, fish it out with a fork. Continue to dip the mould first in the batter, then in the lard, until all the batter is used up. Then either dip the cakes in a simple syrup of sugar and water, or powder with sugar.



THE BUÑUELOS MOULD.

I give Doña Pepita's recipe for tamales more out of curiosity than anything else—for I do not think many readers will be industriously enough inclined to try them.

TAMALES.—Place some ripe corn with a little piece of lime, and enough of water to well cover it, on the fire and let it boil until the corn begins to peel. When it is cool, rub between the hands until the skin and the kernel separate. Rinse in several waters, and with a knife pick the little black points out of each grain, and leave it soaking in water out in the air over night—the Mexicans believe the dews possess special virtue for blanching the corn, and a good cook prides herself on the whiteness of her *tamales*. The next day the corn is ground on the *metate* (in a mortar will do). Then for nine pounds of the prepared corn take a pint of warm water and an ounce of salt; mix and beat with the hands, adding gradually 2 lbs. of melted lard. Continue beating until when you place a little ball of the dough on water it will float. Have some dried corn husks ready (which have been well washed), and on each husk place a generous spoonful of the dough; add some *guiso* (stuffing), tie up and steam for about four hours.

GUIZO.—Toast some red peppers, taking care that they do not burn; then soak them in tepid water until they are soft. Remove the seeds and veins; grind in a mortar with a piece of bread fried in lard, a little bit of chocolate, some cinnamon, all moistened with a little stock, in which a small bit of pork has been boiled. Put all

these, with a little lard, into a saucepan and when it bubbles add the pork minced fine. Let it boil up and it is ready for the dough.

SWEET TAMALES.—Are made in precisely the same way, only that the salt is omitted and 1 lb. of white sugar added, and raisins, cut up almonds and anise-seed are put in the dough according to taste.

Of course the above quantity makes a large number of tamales. They are difficult to make well, but are extremely delicate and delicious.

ATOLE DE PIÑA (Pineapple Gruel).—The Mexicans prepare the corn for *atole* in much the same way as for *tamales*; but it is very nice made as follows: Into 5 pints of fast-boiling water sprinkle 11 heaping tablespoons of Indian meal and 1 teaspoonful of salt. Stir well and boil for an hour. Grate one-half of a large pineapple: mix with it one pound of sugar, a small bit of cinnamon, 1 pint of boiling water, stir well and strain into the boiling meal. Stir the mixture well again, pour into a pitcher and serve hot or cold. If cold, it looks pretty in glass custard-cups.

CHILES RELLENOS DE PICADILLO (Stuffed Green Peppers). Choose large green peppers with a thick skin. Toast them for a few minutes the Mexicans put them right on the coals, but they toast nicely on the stove or on a hot pan. Then remove the thin outer skin, the seeds and the veins, which are very hot (or, as the Mexicans say, "*muy bravo*"). Let them soak in salt and water for an hour; this will remove all unpleasant fieriness. Stuff and fry either plain or rolled in egg and bread crumbs; and before removing them from the fire pour over them some tomato sauce. To make the stuffing, chop up some cold meat fine, mix with it an onion, a clove, salt, all chopped fine, and cook; adding, if you wish, a sprinkle of vinegar. To make the sauce, toast the tomatoes in the same manner as the peppers, mash them with a little salt, strain and cook with a little butter.

MEXICAN STUFFING FOR TURKEY.—Soak a couple of rolls or a piece of bread, finely crumbled, in a quart of milk. When sufficiently soaked, add three eggs (without beating), 2 oz. butter, a little salt and dust of nutmeg, 4 oz. almonds blanched and cut into small pieces. After beating this mixture well, put it to bake in the oven; and when it is cooked (you can tell this by testing it with a straw as you would a cake) stuff the turkey.

CHILE SAUCE.—Take some ripe peppers and toast on the fire until they are the color of gold. While they are still warm, remove the outer skin, the veins and seeds. Add to what remains, when cool, the juice of an equal number of tomatoes toasted in the same manner as the peppers, a little salt, an onion (if liked), and crush all together with a little water.

FRIJOLES, OR MEXICAN BROWN BEANS.—Boil the beans in an earthen vessel until they are very soft. This will take four to eight hours. Mash them, have some lard boiling hot in a frying pan, pour the mashed beans into it and let them fry until they are comparatively dry. Sometimes shredded onions are stirred into the lard just before the beans are added; or grated cheese or pods of red peppers.

CANDIED PEACHES.—Take 25 large peaches and let them lie in water for a little while, then remove the down by rubbing with a cloth. Stone them and put them in a kettle with 2 lbs. granulated sugar—a layer of peaches and a layer of sugar—add one-half pint water and place on a moderate fire. When the syrup is thick take off the fire, and put peaches and syrup together in a dish. Flatten the peaches with a wooden spoon and turn from time to time, putting them in a place where the sun will shine on them. When they are nearly dry, roll in colored sugar. They will keep a long time.

San Diego.



CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

BY HARRIET FRANCENE CROCKER.

JAPAN, "the Land of the Chrysanthemum," is far away ; but the United States can boast one small corner, at least, where this superb flower attains its most wonderful development and blooms in perfect beauty.

In the Eastern States these favorite flowers hold sway beneath the protecting glass of greenhouses, carefully guarded, and zealously watched.

At the interesting chrysanthemum shows which are yearly becoming more popular in the Eastern cities, flower-lovers are delighted with the size and beauty of the blossoms which testify to the cultivator's care and skill. But what are these exhibits compared with the wonderful display one sees in Southern California — chrysanthemums which never knew a shelter save the blue sky itself, no covering but the golden sunshine, no careful regulating of temperature? For here the choicest varieties grow and bloom out of doors among the roses and lilies.



Collier, Eng.

Photo. by King. Santa Paula.

At the annual chrysanthemum fair held in the beautiful Universalist church in Santa Paula, such a profusion of flowers, and of almost incredible size, was displayed, that even here, where one so soon grows accustomed to seeing flowers on a large scale, they awaken wonder. Very many of the blossoms measured twelve inches in diameter, and some even attained the wonderful dimensions of fifteen inches. But although so large, there is not the least suggestion of coarseness in texture or coloring. Delicacy of tint distinguishes the chrysanthemum even on so large a scale, and almost every color is seen in a well-arranged display — pure white, cream-colored, lemon-yellow, golden-brown and orange, bronze and purple, crimson and deep purple, and pink through all the lovely gradations of that hue.

One admired feature of the exhibit was an exact miniature of the church where the fair took place. The model was from three to five feet high, and composed entirely of chrysanthemums.

Santa Paula.

' A PRE-DISCOVERY OF GOLD.

BY MARY M. BOWMAN.

IN the April number of this magazine was printed a sketch, with portrait, of Olive Mann Isbell, the first American school-teacher in California.

When the Isbell party reached the head of Bear river in 1846, they camped several days to rest. After drying towels they had washed in the stream, the women were surprised to find them heavy with some shining substance. "What do you suppose it is, Olive?" asked Mrs. Aram.

"I don't know," replied Mrs. Isbell, "but I think it must be isinglass."

When some of the richest mines were discovered on Bear river the mystery was explained. The ladies then knew who had been the first Americans to find gold in California, though they never put forward their claims to that much disputed honor. /

In October, 1847, Doctor Isbell and wife settled on a stock ranch embracing three leagues of land, obtained from the Indians, eight miles north of the present site of Stockton, on the Calaveras river, on the trail leading from San José to Sutter's Fort.

The Wimmers, who were to board the men during the building of Sutter's Mill, arrived in California the same year as the Isbells; and the Doctor being their physician, the families at the mill and the ranch kept in touch. Mrs. Wimmer had lived near the gold mines in Georgia previous to her marriage.

Soon after settling in camp she observed glittering particles in the water, which she declared were gold. Her son and others had picked up small flakes, over which there was much discussion.

It was not surprising therefore that she, washing clothes near the ditch on that eventful morning, should have been attracted by Marshall examining intently something in his hand. "What is it?" she asked. "I believe it is gold" he replied. "Bring it here," she said, "put it in my soap suds. If it turns black it is not gold, but if it comes out bright it surely must be gold, it is so heavy."

They put the nugget in the suds, and the world knows how well it stood the test.

After an unsuccessful attempt at gold-finding, in which they came near losing their lives at the hands of the Indians, Captain Weber, Dr. Isbell and ten other men organized the Stockton Trading Company and opened a trading post where Weaverville now stands. They took ample supplies of beef, bought all the goods to be had at Sutter's Fort and employed twenty-five Indians to dig for them. The bewitching metal came in so fast, the stock was soon exhausted, even to their clothing, save drawers and shirts. Before this news reached the ranch, Mrs. Isbell sent to the rancharia on the Calaveras, for an Indian to dig a well. When he appeared the blood froze in her veins, for he was dressed in the Doctor's boots and the corduroy trousers she had made him. "Where did you get those clothes?" she asked excitedly, fearing her husband had been killed. "Bought them," he responded laconically, "Indians

getting all white man's clothes now." The next day Captain Weber returned with tidings of their success. They had sent to Yerba Buena for beads, calico, raisins—in fact anything to please the red man's fancy. They traded pound for pound ; a pound of beads or calico for a pound of gold. Small wonder that men almost lost their reason in such an experience. Mrs. Isbell sent her ribbons, handkerchiefs and finery to swell the medium of exchange. With the aid of a boy nine years old she managed the ranch and made short gowns and petticoats for the squaws for which the company paid her two ounces of gold a suit.

One midnight in the month of August, a band of Mokelumne Indians led by chief José Jesús appeared at the ranch.

"What do you want?" ask the mistress.

"We have found gold on the Stanislaus river," said the chief.

Turning to old Juan, her vaquero, she said ; "Have my mare saddled at four o'clock and we will go to see the Doctor." With supplies of bread, butter and meat they set off in the morning and when the sun set had reached camp with the news, and Mrs. Isbell was sewing on a calico dress for a squaw who insisted on appropriating the one she wore. But when it was finished one of the stronger sex took it for his own use. Camp Weber was soon deserted for the new field on the Stanislaus, which proved to be the richest yet found.

This camp at the first mines opened in California left its impress in the town of Weaversville—whose name is a mispronunciation of Captain Weber's.

The first visit Doctor Isbell made to the ranch from the Stanislaus he carried (with the aid of a boy) eighty pounds of gold. He threw the sack on the floor and opening it said to his wife ; "Here, Olive, hold your hand," and placed in it a kidney-shaped nugget that weighed seven pounds and three ounces, the largest taken out. It was sent to Mrs. Isbell as a gift from the Company. It was afterwards sold to some Englishmen, in San Francisco, for \$3,000 ; and they sent it to Her Majesty, the Queen.


In the absence of banks, gold was concealed below the floor, under the bed ; disguised in every conceivable shape, even put under setting hens—for the country by this time was fast filling with "Sidney ducks," from Australia and hordes of gold-seekers from everywhere ; and the halcyon days were past.

The Isbell ranch on the main highway to the diggings became the stopping place for travelers, and at the prices paid in those days the mistress found her own gold mine.

Los Angeles.



LEARNING SPANISH.

HE experience of a middle-aged friend of mine is a fair illustration of how Spanish is *not* mastered in six lessons. He wrestled with the language for six months and made no progress whatever. What he learned one day he forgot the next, and finally gave up the attempt.

He thinks that if he had started earlier in life, when he had more teeth and energy, or had not placed so much confidence in Ollendorf, he might have become the proprietor of a few useful phrases.

In the matter of Ollendorf, I sympathized with him. Many people are seduced by the beauty and simplicity of the language, and the possibility of extended commercial relations with Mexico, to invest a block of their capital in a Spanish Ollendorf. This is usually the first onslaught on a foreign tongue. Some deem it the principal part of the business, and are greatly surprised to find that their Ollendorf does not do the rest. When they purchase the fee simple of an inside method of doing something difficult, they naturally look for an era of restful endeavor. It does look easy at first!

You glance at the vocabularies intelligently and find many free-born American words feebly disguised in Spanish lace; you recognize so much of the Latin you skipped at college that you are satisfied the labor of acquiring the language has been overestimated. You only require a teacher to give you a few lessons in pronunciation perhaps, and the trick is done!

When you have mastered Spanish, you can glide gently into Italian, Portuguese and French—you learnt *some* French at school, you know—and then you can think in five languages!

Alas! the purchaser of an Ollendorf finds, sooner or later, that he has not secured the right kind; that all the spare time he formerly controlled has left him; and the more he seems to know, the less he comprehends.

It is my private opinion that one thousand Ollendorfs are purchased before one person masters Spanish, and he that learns the language never bought one.

I have been introduced to several patented methods of learning Spanish in a week or two, but never cultivated their acquaintance. Next to living among a Spanish-speaking people, the best method is to employ a good teacher, and then *work as if you had to do it for a living*.

While the language is several degrees easier than Chinese, it is difficult enough to give trouble. You realize this when you get close up to it.

The first thing an intelligent American discovers in Mexico is that the natives use a poor quality of Spanish. This was my own experience, but as the Mexicans were not disposed to mind it, I let the matter drop.

There is one sensible thing about the Spanish language—the alphabet means something. You cannot take a handful of letters and call them a word—as we do in English. Utility is not sacrificed to architectural beauty, as in Russian and some other languages. If you wish to spell a word, you enumerate its component sounds, if you happen to remember them, and get the letters. Desiring the word, you gently call the letters by their baptismal names, and you have it. In our own anti-phonetic language, the spelling is for protective purposes, but in Spanish we spell for revenue only!

H y O.





The holiday number (December) of the LAND OF SUNSHINE will be far and away the handsomest, most readable and most valuable magazine ever issued in the Southwest. In letterpress and illustration the standard has been set unusually high. The leading article will be a charming and historically valuable paper by Jessie Benton Frémont, the Isabella of our overland Columbus. Mrs. Frémont, now a resident of Los Angeles, is at 71 a woman of extraordinary intellectual power and charm. To talk back with her to the frontier days with their heroic simplicity, their large manhood, is quite like a breath out of Homer. Her broad grasp of those pregnant events

quorum pars magna fuit

which changed the whole balance of North America, is wonderfully adequate and clear. A daughter of statesmen when we had such folk, wife and mate of the savior of the West, friend of the leaders of government and of those large pioneers who builded for the nation faster and more wisely than our government ever did, she has had great opportunity and the mind to profit by it. The article will be copiously illustrated, and will attract attention throughout the country. The other features of the magazine will be fully in keeping; the best work of the best writers of the Southwest.

With this number the magazine concludes its third volume— and so far its best. Success beyond its expectations, cordial praise up to the full desserts of its earnest efforts, and an outlook which grows larger and brighter monthly, have marked its progress in the six months. Its fourth volume will be better than its third—but it will be a mistake not to bind and preserve Vol. III, which is the most diversified and most illustrative work on Southern California ever yet published.

Perhaps we should not so often forget what science really is—neither an inaccessible mystery nor a holy show, but merely our old friend Common Sense, working out to his logical goal—if we were not beset with so many self-unmade “scientists” who work the newspapers and make “discoveries.” They are the argus-I’d gentlemen who procreate Lost Races and proclaim Pre-historic Palaces from New Mexico to Bolivia, and Riderhaggard their finds in publications which measure science by sensation. They are earnest and learned; but the one thing they lack. They bloom for a time, but are straight-way cut down and cast into the oven, simply because they cannot stand the searching sun of common sense.

Prof. J. L. Wortman, of Columbia College, is the latest typical innocent. He has exhumed ou Bitter Creek, Col., what he is pleased to

term the Original Man — not to mention the eohippus — and he says that *now* all talk against evolution has got to stop! It stopped, among people who ever think, without waiting for Mr. Wortman. It is highly probable that his Original Man is the bones of a cowboy's late lamented monkey, as is declared by the people where he dug; but whether it is or not, a college professor who digs for Original Man in the geology of Colorado had best take a course on the range. As for Bitter Creek "the higher up you go, the wusser they get," and his monkey is "from the headwaters."

NOT
QUITE YET It is never too late to learn — but one may be pardoned for finding it sometimes a trifle too early. We can stand rather much from Frank G. Carpenter, who saws the universe into three-column lengths once a week, usually with laudable economy of sawdust; but at the way he boosts his latest cordwood upon the buck it is time to protest.

So Miles "is the only regular officer who has conducted a systematic Indian campaign," is he? God save the bark! Furthermore, Mr. Carpenter — beside whom the ashes of Columbus must find themselves a fool — has discovered that the only serious trouble with Miles is his modesty. As he interviewed the warrior, his information on this point is presumably authentic.

A genial globe is this, where men who strode across it yesterday in unconscious gianthood are today kicked in their graves by the pigmy parvenu. And it is a pretty trait of a new country, where the comparative is yet unborn, that we cannot dress a living hero without stripping all the dead ones.

Mr. Carpenter may not know it, but there were Indian campaigns in America before Miles was born, and two or three good men. There have been several "regular officers" in the army of the United States, and several of them have made systematic Indian campaigns. American history was not quite a desert before he came to oasis it. Not to go back farther — for any man who knows the history of his country remembers some names — there was a Christian and a gentleman by the name of Mackenzie, whose record may outlast boiler-plate fame; and before and since him have been many more, along the rising tide-line of our frontier. And, by heaven, there was one George Crook, who conducted more Indian campaigns than his successor has seen, and as systematic ones, and never kept an aid-de-camp Dapray to newspaper him. He was not such a modest man as to pursue reporters nor to hunger aloud for the Presidency; but he managed to keep his egotism out of the public nostril.

Gen. Nelson A. Miles has been and is a gallant soldier. His rise from crockery clerk in a Boston shop to (now) general commanding our small but husky army testifies to his courage, brains and appreciation of American politics. He has been not only a good soldier, but — what is not always synonymous — a successful one; partly because he deserved to rise, partly because he knew how to. With him, peace hath had her victories no less renowned than war — and "pulls" as potent. His

marriage, brought him the re-inforcements of the Sherman forces, general and senator. He understood what the press is made for and what society is made of; and his taste in aid-de-camps has never been equaled.

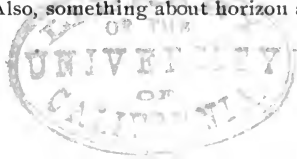
His conduct in Chicago during the Debs rebellion was admirable. So would have been Col. Graham's or Col. Shafter's, if either of these gentlemen had been in his place—and so of a hundred others. The average officer of the United States army has his faults, but may safely be trusted to be neither a scrub nor an anarchist.

Gen. Miles's Indian campaigns have not one serious fault from the military side—unless we are to credit the allegations of disregard of his superior officers. His Arizona conquest of the Apaches was perfect; and upon it his latter fame chiefly rests. But it must not be forgotten that Crook invented that campaign and did the major work of it. Miles merely closed it, and upon Crook's own lines. Absolutely the only innovations he brought to the campaign were heliotrope signals and—printer's ink. These worked well elsewhere, but not much in the field. He got Geronimo and peace solely by the tactics Crook invented and was cursed for—the use of Apache scouts.

It is idle to ask that any mortal shall be without sin and perfect; but somehow one would rather a great man's lean side ran to almost anything else than the hiring of press-bureau aid-de-camps and the detraction of "rivals." There is room in the world for all of us—nay, more luckily still, there are even *rooms* for all of us, and we can lock the door. But this trying to turn everyone else out of this mortal house is not even good policy. The Agamemnons who deny brave men before them, lack humor. They have their day—but the newspapers are not immortality. They are not even the Presidency—and neither is any other sort of print. And until every man of this generation shall have gone beyond the route of politicians there are apt to be voices to speak up from the wilderness whenever self-seekers forget (or worse) the Gray Fox—the most seasoned, the most unvain, the manliest and the greatest Indian-fighter the United States ever had or now ever can have, but not the only seasoned, manly or great one.

The National Irrigation Congress, in its annual session at Albuquerque, discussed many matters pertinent to the great interest of the Southwest—that vast area in which we have learned how to make agriculture "science, not chance." The international question of the sponging-up of the Rio Grande in New Mexico was ably discussed; but the "Fierce River of the North" will keep on being "bravo" when its room would be better than its company; and being a sandbank when thousands along its lower course are starving for a ditchful of water. A real misfortune to the congress—and fully so felt by the members—was the withdrawal of Fred L. Alles from the secretaryship. Mr. Alles had given to his post unusual ability and experience; and it is a pity for the cause that he did not feel that he could longer sacrifice his personal business. But the congress has consolation in remembering that it had a secretary who was a gentleman and a scholar.

If the National Educational Association really knows what is good for it, it will accept the invitation to hold its annual meeting in Los Angeles next July. It could not well go farther or fare better. There will hardly be such another chance for its members to get taste of the best education there is, and the sort many of them most need. Some of them will put very new wrinkles indeed into their ideas of the United States, and learn something of what geography means, some news of history and ethnography. Also, something about horizon and hospitality.





THAT WHICH IS WRITTEN

AND MUCH THAT
SHOULD NOT BE.

ist," we have less credulity in the universal eye ; and no one need apply for place as a trainman who cannot prove himself

competent to read safety or danger by their hue upon a lantern. "The will of God" is not so keen for railroad accidents as it used to be.

Every editor and every ms.-reader must wonder when we are to have a literary Dalton. Probably not soon. The feet of the millennium will be at the door when we begin to eye-test those who aspire to run a train of thought ; and fine or imprison any grammar-blind degenerate who shall be caught with a Penn in hand hoping you are the Same.

It is wholly beyond belief, to those outside the business of knowing, how many thousands (of worthy folk who in other walks of life elude the pound-keeper) look upon scrambled spelling, miraculous grammar and a pointlessness that passeth understanding as entirely fit to be submitted for publication. Not only are they competent to send verses (with inflammatory rheumatism in every foot) to the *North American Review*, or a love-story to *The Nation* ; blind not alone to the sex but to the life of the periodical they "read" every week or month, they do not even notice that it does not print other crimes against language, and is therefore unlike to print theirs. They are, in a word, intellectually color-blind.

Still more surprising is that moral stone-blindness which marks a large class of scribblers. It would not seem to need overmuch vision to perceive that the man who lies because he is too lazy to tell the truth is as sinful as the fellow who "went to" deceive—and even more contemptible. If the publisher were to use his material and pay him with a forged check, how swiftly he would perceive the fraud—how promptly appeal to the constable ! Every magazine is attempted by these cracksmen ; even a small and young one does not escape. The most impudent recent jimmy found in this office is a "historical article" on the discovery of California. Its author is a newspaper man ; but it is as unredeemed a tissue of impossibilities as was ever written on the history of the Southwest—and that is saying much. The writer counts among the discoverers of California "a priest named De Niza," who "wrote a story of his adventures."

"His yarn was to the effect that a party, including himself, had left Florida 10 years previously for the west, and that all except himself and three others, one of whom was the negro cook, had been killed by Indians. After much traveling . . . they reached the end of their journey—described as the present New Mexico. . . . They came to a

mountain, from the heights of which they looked down into a beautiful valley and saw seven large cities, which were called the Seven Cities of Cibola . . . could see that they contained innumerable bags of silver and gold, and that the arrowheads were of emeralds. . . . He describes the Seven Cities as being within seven leagues of his position on the mountain-top. Acoma is undoubtedly the site of one of the Seven Cities; and Lagun (sic) is another. They are one hundred miles apart. This priestly romancer had undoubtedly been told of the Seven Cities of Cibola by friendly Indians. . . . It is not known what became of the romancer, but his report brought out another expedition, with soldiers, and they remained."

Another pleasant reflection about all this is that it will be printed somewhere as fact; and by the unstudious will be believed. There is not a true line in it—and it is so easy to learn truth! Fray Marcos of Niza had nothing to do with California. He never was in Florida, and never pretended to have been. He was not of the party of Cabeza de Vaca; and that party never saw one of the Seven Cities, nor an inch of New Mexico. Fray Marcos came up to Zuñi from Culiacan, Mexico; and never made any such report as is here credited to him. Acoma was no more one of the Seven Cities than New York is; Laguna was not founded till a century and a half after Fray Marcos's time; and the two are not 20 miles apart. It is perfectly well known what became of the heroic priest who discovered New Mexico, and saw the "Cities of Cibola" in 1539, and led Coronado to them the next year. He was no "romancer," but a man of lofty character and much learning, who scrupulously discriminated between what he saw and what he was told. Nor did the "expedition with soldiers" remain.

Such are fair samples of the extraordinary mass of falsehoods which these remarks may keep someone else from being swindled with—and the case is typical of one phase of magazine experience. There is only one thing harder to be understood than a person who can do such things, and that is how he has thus far escaped getting on Hubert Howe Bancroft's staff of "historians."

Dr. H. A. Reid, the painstaking historian of Pasadena, is *STRAY LEAVES*, nearing the end of years of labor. His large and exhaustive volume on the "Crown of the Valley" is nearly through the press, and promises to be one of the most interesting and valuable local histories ever printed in the far West. Dr. Reid has done an important service in running down the truth of many much disputed matters which bear on broader history. His determination of the true site of Frémont's headquarters in Los Angeles, it may be added, is corroborated by Gen. Frémont's own statement to his daughter in 1888.

Though still off rather new blocks, *Chips* improves—and so long as it does, one should not dilate too much upon the room for improvement. Still, one may hope that the publishers will not carry out their red-letter threat:

"The next issue of *Chips* will appear on Saturday, Nov. 2, and will be issued weekly thereafter on Saturdays."

That might really become tiresome to the general reader, though an amiable plan for the editor and for such contributors as find themselves in "the next issue." 150 Nassau st., N. Y. 5 cents a copy, \$2 a year.

Capt. John G. Bourke, U. S. A., has made a pamphlet of his *Our Neutrality Laws*. Capt. Bourke is one of the best writers and one of the most widely known students in our army, and has turned his many years of service on our frontiers to valuable scientific account. The present pamphlet is instructive reading to Americans patriotic enough to wish the development of a foreign policy which shall no longer leave us a laughing-stock among civilized nations. Published for the author, Fort Ethan Allen, Vt.

Some stir was made recently over a series of alleged remarkable photographs of wild beasts from life by A. G. Wallihan, of Colorado. He was modestly proffering to magazine editors one of the pictures and a little of his literary skill for \$50. He did break into *The Cosmopolitan*. Now comes the Denver *Great Divide*, alleging that all these wild brutes were cleverly stuffed ones, toted out and stage-set in the wilderness. But the taxidermist's best work was done on the public.

Elizabeth Knight Tompkins, a California writer whose novel *Her Majesty* was a success, has just published *An Unlessoned Girl*, a story of school life. It is the sort of book most girls will like to read—and be none the worse for reading. It is bright, natural and unaffected, reasonably planned and directly told. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, \$1.25.

The Critic of Sept. 28 praises T. S. Van Dyke's *Game Birds at Home* as

"A distinct advance over its predecessors from the same pen, and we think that no better praise can be bestowed upon it than to say that the sportsman lives vividly over again his own days afield as he wanders with the author."

It would seem that by this year of grace respectable publications in the East might have learned how to spell "bronco." As some of them haven't—including so careful a weekly as *Puck*—it may be well to remind them for the *n*th time that there is no such word as "broncho" in any language, and never was.

Prof. A. J. McClatchie, of Throop Polytechnic (Pasadena), has issued in pamphlet his valuable *Flora of Pasadena and Vicinity*. He lists 1056 species and varieties (of which 62 are new to science); and is confident that there are still others to be found. Published for the author, 25 cents.

Geo. Hamlin Fitch, the literary editor of the *San Francisco Chronicle* is giving his Sunday page a flavor quite uncommon among the newspapers of that metropolis. One reason may be that he knows something about literature.

Fred'k W. Blanchard has issued in very handsome shape his march *Our Italy*, which was played by the Royal Hawaiian Band and much admired. The Blanchard-Fitzgerald Music Co., Los Angeles, 50 cents.

Stone & Kimball, Chicago, are bringing out in their important list of fall books *The Sister of a Saint*, by Grace Ellery Channing Stetson, Pasadena.

ELSINORE.

THE high hills through which the train has twisted for the past half-hour give way. A shrill whistle, the grind of the flanges on the curve—and the train stops broadside to the six and a half miles of blue water comprising Elsinore lake.

For two miles the stage carries one along the lake's eastern edge. A bath in the hot sulphur springs is the first thing in order. How the medicated waters seethe and bubble from the earth! You are assured by the attendant that he was carried there on a stretcher, unable to move hand or foot, but now, after a few month's bathing, is able to carry the heaviest invalid with ease. Hundreds have come with stiffened joints and feeble bodies, and in a few months have gone away erect and strong.

After tea, a row on the placid lake. You forget that you have crossed



Union Eng. Co.

A BIT OF THE LAKE.

Photo. by McMillen, Riverside.

dry plains in dusty cars. The verdure of the buckthorn and chaparral carpeting the foothills has turned to a velvety cushion of many hues; the darkening cañons invite to the by-paths along their rippling streams. Twinkling lights all around bespeak happy homes and prosperous farms on the slopes that lean from the lake's edge against the granite base of the foot-hills.

Nearly a hundred years have flown since the Spaniards first settled in this beautiful place. La Laguna de los Machados was deeded to a family of that name. Here they lived the quiet, pastoral life peculiar to early California. Thousands of sleek cattle grazed on the adjacent mesas, bands of sheep reposed under the old sycamore that still affords shade to the camper. The old Machado adobe near the northern corner of the lake still stands under the mulberry trees.

In the morning, as one starts on the fifteen-mile ride over the boulevard that skirts the lake, one is charmed by the magnificent natural





Collier, Eng.

CRESCENT BATH HOUSE. Photo. by McMillen, Riverside.

mirror that reflects the hills and sky. The ridges, velvety with foliage ; the cañons deep and dark ; the spots where gray granite bursts through ; the oak trees ; the manzanita and wild plum bushes—all are portrayed in minute exactness.

Nature has not dressed the hills in vain, for this year the bee has gathered from their variegated blossoms one hundred and fifty tons of nectar. And such honey—transparent and pure as the flower from which it comes !

But here we stop and gaze in admiration at long rows of prune trees laden to the trunk with the blue fruit ; while yonder, between rows of grapevines, are a dozen happy girls and boys picking the juicy fruit for drying into raisins. Green fields of alfalfa are on every ranch ; five to seven times a year it calls for the reaper, yielding from one to two tons per acre each harvest.

All around the lake the same bustle and activity, the same beautiful scenes of home life are repeated. Here an apricot orchard ; here a



L. A. Eng. Co.

BUNDY'S HOT SULPHUR SPRINGS HOTEL. Photo. by McMillen, Riverside.

vineyard ; there a prune or fig orchard surrounds a neat cottage.

There is no irrigation, the soil—an alluvial deposit—being sub-irrigated from the abundance of water underlying it at a depth of four to twelve feet.

Away across the lake, shimmering in the morning sun, lies Elsinore. One involuntarily looks for the castle where the melancholy Prince of Denmark suffered ; but one's dream is cut short by the practical driver : " Fruit ain't the only thing we raise here. You see that band of hogs there ? They feed 'round the edge of the lake and keep fat. Of course fruit's a pretty good thing, especially when you can get 1,600 pounds of prunes off three trees, as I did this year. We've shipped thirty thousand sacks of grain, besides twenty cars of dried fruit."

Thirty thousand tons of lignite coal is annually mined six miles northwest of Elsinore. The mountains all around teem with miners and prospectors ; eight miles north is the celebrated Good Hope Mining



Collier, Eng.

LAKEVIEW HOTEL.

Photo, by McMillen, Riverside.

Company, employing from thirty to seventy-five men on its rich property ; while in close proximity to the city an asbestos mine is in constant operation.

Then there is the clay and pipe works, working a yellowish, sticky clay that is readily moulded to any required shape and when burnt becomes very hard and strong, especially adapted to irrigation and sewer pipes.

The lake is fed by the San Jacinto river, which has its source in the grand San Jacinto mountains towering thirty miles away. Its overflow by a narrow outlet close to the city is taken on to South Riverside and used for irrigation.

Close by the banks of this outlet are the Hot Sulphur Springs, to which in times of old, came the aborigine with his ailments.

Originally the Rancho de los Machados, comprising the land surrounding the lake, contained fourteen thousand acres ; but after being sold to the founders of Elsinore, it was subdivided into small tracts containing from ten to fifty acres, where the ideal small farm of California is made

a reality. A house, perhaps a six or eight room cottage, neatly painted, is shaded by a few huge fig-trees; a double row of dark green orange trees lines the gravelly drive; a fountain plays in the bright flower garden; a lawn of blue-grass runs to the edge of the cool veranda—all in turn surrounded by neat orchards of every variety of deciduous fruit trees. Down in the meadow a waving field of alfalfa surrounds a few cows; a garden where the family vegetables are raised, a strawberry and blackberry patch, and a melon reserve all contribute to the happiness of the owners. Thus a population of two thousand people live within sight of the only fresh water lake of any magnitude in Southern California.

The town has half a dozen stores, a bank, three hotels, livery



L. A. Eng. Co.

ELSINORE BANK BUILDING.

Photo. by McMillen, Riverside.

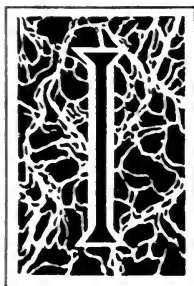
stable, drug stores, blacksmith shops, schools and pretty dwellings overlooking the entire community. It is reached by the Santa Fé branch from San Bernardino. The Santa Fé system proposes to extend its line from the present station at the foot of the lake through the center of Elsinore to the coal mines and terra cotta works at the head. Probably the line will later be extended to South Riverside, lessening the distance to Los Angeles by 40 miles.

Here the sportsman may find game that will match his cunning. Early in the fall great flocks of ducks arrive from the cold northern countries. A little later, long V's of white geese settle on the lake's edges. The foot-hills abound with California quail. Cotton-tail rabbits and dove are also plentiful, while in the higher mountains, deer abound.

California is overflowing with favored spots, each one seeming to surpass, but Elsinore is unique, inasmuch as there is none other like it in the Land of the Afternoon.

R. H.

THE HARBOR OF SAN PEDRO.



IF Los Angeles is to become the great city that its inhabitants confidently expect, it must have ocean commerce and a port that will accomodate deep water traffic. On the one hand it is not likely that it can grow to a large size without such a commerce, and on the other hand if it should obtain fair proportions, a large amount of deep-water traffic will come as a natural consequence. Most of the lumber which enters into the construction of the 15,000 buildings in Los Angeles was brought here by water, and a large part of all the coal used has come by the same route. Grain and wine and fruit products are carried away from Los Angeles by water, and the volume of such export material is steadily increasing. Since the government established a harbor at San Pedro, nearly a million dollars has been collected in import duties, enough to pay all the cost of the original construction. This latter fact should be borne in mind in any discussion as to the right of this section to have a harbor constructed by the general government, as a large percentage of the smaller harbors constructed along the nation's coast line have not paid a tithe of their original cost. In one year the sum of \$160,000 was collected at San Pedro in import duties, which is five per cent. interest on a larger amount than is proposed to put into the work of constructing the outside deep-water harbor.

The local traffic is, however, only one element — and not the largest — that enters into the question of the need for harbor improvements. Nature has not favored the western coast of the United States as she has the eastern, and from San Francisco to San Diego, a distance of about 600 miles, there does not exist a single harbor available in its natural state for deep-water traffic. All the Australian, Chinese, Japanese, East Indian or Sandwich Islands products seeking to find their way into this country must enter by the north, and if they are destined for the south must be conveyed there by rail. The transcontinental routes from San Francisco to the east and south abound in heavy grades, and traffic carried on through that port or through any of the harbors further north pays a serious tax in consequence. It is a short cut by easy grades from Los Angeles to New Orleans, and whenever the deep-water harbor is finished at San Pedro, a large amount of Oriental traffic will go by that route. Los Angeles is moreover, the commercial center of an area of nearly a quarter of a million square miles, generally known as the Southwest, and embracing Arizona, New Mexico and parts of Colorado, Utah, Nevada and California. As this section develops and becomes more thickly settled, a great commerce will spring up between it and outside countries, much of which must be carried on through Los Angeles and its port. From these three sources of traffic, the local or Southern California, the general or Southwestern, and the international-transcontinental, there is a large volume of business ready to be transacted through a deep-

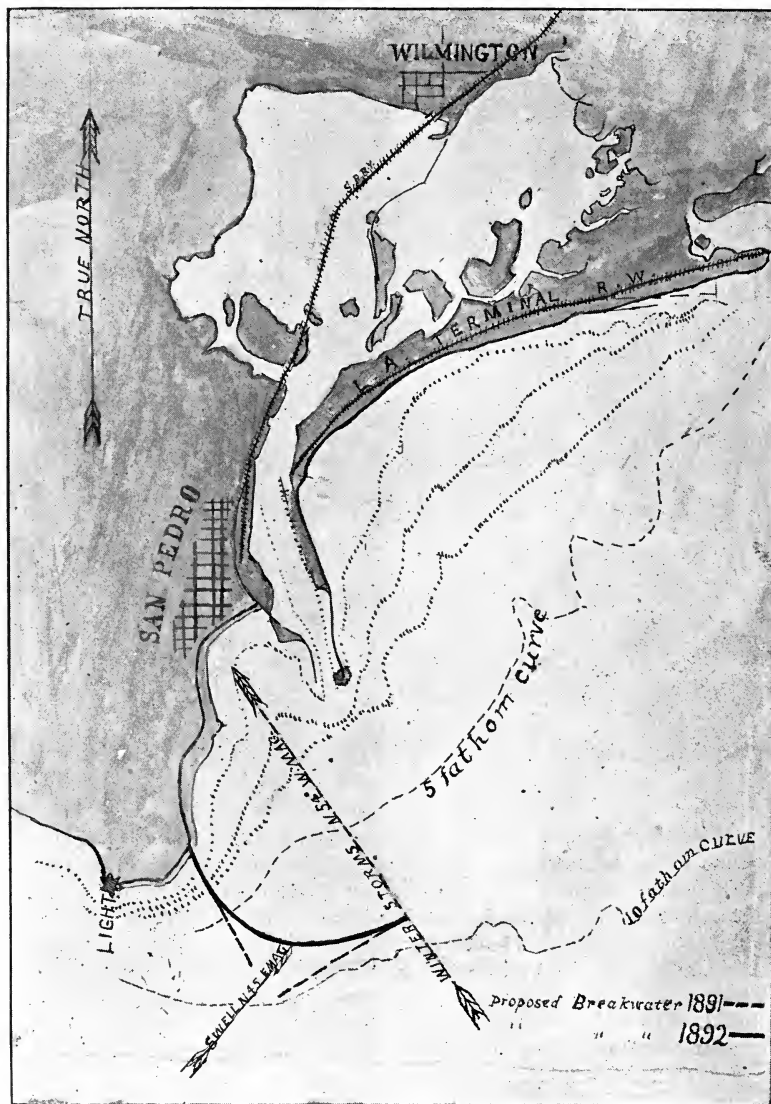
water harbor, in addition to the very respectable business now in existence.

The question of where the deep-water harbor of Los Angeles is to be located is one that is no longer open to discussion. In 1871, the United States government had a thorough examination made of this section of the coast and selected San Pedro as the proper place to begin the construction of a permanent harbor. Before that time this port had been generally accepted by mariners, even back to Cabrillo, 350 years ago, as the most available point for landing men and goods. During the years from 1871 to 1892, appropriations were regularly allowed by congress until \$955,000 had been expended on the work, and the depth at mean low tide of the water in the interior lagoon or estuary had been increased from about $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 16 feet (22 feet at high tide). About that time the question having been raised as to the relative availability of San Pedro and certain other locations, a commission was appointed to go over the ground and render a final decision. This was in 1891. The decision was



Collier, Eng SHOWING ENTRANCE AND ROADSTEAD OF SAN PEDRO HARBOR. Jarvis, Photo.

in favor of San Pedro. Efforts were then put forth to secure an appropriation for the construction of a deep-water harbor in the outer bay, but the Southern Pacific Railway objected on the ground that the report of the commission of engineers contained important errors. A second commission was therefore appointed, containing five of the most eminent harbor engineering authorities in the country, who made a thorough investigation and reported in most unequivocal terms in favor of San Pedro. In all, this examination has been made five different times, with each time the same result. The standard authority on the subject of harbors in the United States is very naturally the engineering bureau of the government. This bureau, being part of the Department of War, is not subject to change with every administration, and therefore contains the most thoroughly expert and at the same time the most disinterested authority available in such work. When the government is disposed to make harbor improvements in any quarter, the engineers of the War



MAP OF SAN PEDRO HARBOR AND BAY, WITH PROPOSED IMPROVEMENTS.

Department are called upon to propose a plan. If any doubt exists as to the practicability of the proposed scheme, it is referred back to another set of engineers who give it a second consideration. Congress then votes to adopt or reject the plan, and if it is adopted a series of appropriations follow from year to year until the required sum is allowed.

Now inasmuch as the harbor work cannot be undertaken without an appropriation from Congress, and inasmuch as that appropriation is dependent upon the favorable report of the engineering authorities, it is interesting to note what has been said on the subject of San Pedro Harbor by these authorities. In summing up the case the last commission of engineers (1892) say :

"The present interests of the coastwise and foreign transportation of Southern California do not justify the construction of such a harbor, although they would doubtless be benefitted thereby ; but the prospective requirements of foreign commerce amply warrant the government in its establishment, even at large expense." . . . "The Board is of the opinion that the location at San Pedro is decidedly the best, considered as a place of shelter and for receiving and discharging freight" . . . "also the best as regards adaptability for construction and maintenance" . . . "also the best and the cheapest as regards capacity for defense" . . . "also the most eligible location in depth, width and capacity to accommodate the largest ocean-going vessels and the commercial and naval necessities of the government."

As far as the United States government is concerned no controversy or question exists, and the same may be said with regard to the great majority of the people of this section. It is greatly to be regretted that the Southern Pacific Railway still exerts its powerful influence at Washington against this needed improvement. This corporation has in so many ways shown itself valuable to Southern California that its friends and well-wishers are hopeful its opposition to San Pedro is about to come to an end—but if not the work must go on just the same.

On consulting the map which accompanies this article the reader will note that the harbor of San Pedro, as projected, consists of two parts : (1) The outside bay or deep-water harbor, which is to be constructed by the building of a sea wall curved from Point Firmin to the south and east, which will protect the harbor from the southwestern winds. (2) The inner harbor which has been constructed by the filling in of the east, side of the lagoon with a substantial stone breakwater. By this means the tide currents have been carried over the bar in such a way as to scour out the entrance, giving, as has been said, 22 feet of water at high tide—enough for most of the coast-wise traffic. Two projects of improvement are under consideration : One for the construction of the outer sea wall, which will cost over two and a half millions of dollars, and will make a harbor capable of holding all the deep sea commerce ever likely to come to this section ; and the other for the further dredging of the interior basin, giving it greater wharfage to the north and allowing the entrance of vessels of deeper draught. In a recent special report, Col. W. H. H. Benyaud, U. S. Corps of Engineers, declares that if the dredging of the interior basin were resumed a sufficient depth of water could soon be secured to accommodate all except the very largest ocean-going vessels—sufficient, at least, for the probable traffic of the next four or five years. The extension of wharves and other improvements to a point nearly 2000 feet beyond where the former work ended shows the growth of the harbor, and will call for an extension of the government's work in that direction. One or two hundred thousand dollars put into dredging this interior basin will accomplish a vast amount of good, and it is generally understood that the effort at the next session of Congress will be put forth chiefly along that line.

It is now four years since all government work ceased at San Pedro, and the people are impatient to see it resumed. No other individual public enterprise bears with such importance on the future welfare of this section, and for that reason it will call out the undivided interest of our active and progressive business men.

EDUCATION OF A CHINESE PHYSICIAN.

BY T. FOO YUEN, M. D.



OFFICE, PEKIN, CHINA.

IN my country the practice of medicine is a very honorable and lucrative profession, the right to follow which is purposely made very difficult. The boy whose parents choose for him this life-work, is told at the outset that it means an arduous course of study, commencing usually at about the age of fourteen years and continuing until the student has reached the prime of life. In China a professional man expects to live and work until he is eighty or a hundred years of age, or even older, and is fully satisfied to devote the first half of his life to a preparation for usefulness in the other half.

All the studies of the Chinese boy who is to be a physician are directed in the one channel. He is not taught literature or science before he is taught medicine, but every faculty of his mind is concentrated upon his chosen career. He is first taught to read and write, and is then placed at once under the tuition of a skilled physician and begins with the study of botany. The Chinese use in their practice of medicine only vegetable substances, roots, herbs, barks, leaves and berries. More than three thousand of these remedial agents are employed, and the student must be thoroughly familiar with all the properties of each. He must be able to analyze and classify them, to tell the localities in the broad Chinese empire where each is grown to the greatest perfection, and the proper season for gathering it. He must understand all its medicinal properties at various stages of growth, and, as he becomes farther advanced in his studies, he must know the properties of these herbs in the combinations that make up the varied and complicated prescriptions of the Chinese physician. He moves from place to place and studies under different physicians so as to become familiar with the plant-growths of all sections.

From nine to twelve years are devoted to these researches. The prospective physician is now a man of from twenty-three to twenty-six years. He remains with different physicians about ten years longer, acquiring a thorough knowledge of the effects of his herbs upon the human system, and studying the preparation of prescriptions. The next step is diagnosis. Chinese physicians diagnose disease entirely by the pulse. The theory of this is that the condition of each of the vital organs, whether normal or abnormal, and the constitutional power, or vitality, of the individual are indicated by the pulse. This theory rests upon certain well defined principles, the practical application of which requires a great deal of experience. The student is not permitted to see the patients whose bodily ailments he is to explain. An arm is thrust through an aperture in a door and his only guide in reaching a decision is the pulse. As he advances, every possible test of his proficiency in this respect is applied.

The studies are constantly reviewed and every step is committed to

memory. The Chinese student is kept as much as possible by himself. The preference is to send him away from home at the very commencement and to keep his mind busy with his work, even to the exclusion of home and family matters. His vacations are few and far between. The object of this rigid discipline is two-fold: to develop the mental faculties and to make the student, as far as possible, independent of text-books. Were every book in the medical libraries of China to be destroyed by fire, their contents would still exist intact in the minds of those who have mastered them.

After gaining facility in diagnosis by the pulse, the student commences to write prescriptions, still under the supervision of skilled doctors. He has already been taught the functions of the different vital organs, the construction of the human body and the effect of medicines upon digestion and nutrition. In China all these facts were determined by vivisec-



DOCTOR'S OFFICE, LOS ANGELES.

Photo by Putnam

tion, which was very largely practiced thousands of years ago, principally by enterprising individuals. The results of these investigations were discredited by the mass of the Chinese people, as they are today by English-speaking races, and the existence of the custom, at any period, has frequently been denied. But the truth is, that it was once largely followed, although in secret, and the Chinese student of medicine is today referred to vivisection as the origin of most of the theories upon which his science is based.

After about twenty years of study under tutors, the Chinese physician, now a man of from thirty-three to forty years, knocks at the door of the university. The examinations required at this point are very rigid and many students fail in them. There is in China only one university—the Imperial University of Pekin—at which purely Chinese methods of instruction are still pursued. There are other universities, organized by foreigners under government patronage, at which the arts and sciences of Europe and America are taught. But of these I do not intend to speak.


As a rule only two years are spent at the university, the student in that time reviewing his whole course, with constant memorizing of medical principles. The theory and philosophy of medicine are taught him after he has already learned their application in practice. The Chinese university student works almost entirely at night.

Surgery is in China a distinct profession from medicine, and the student of the latter is not trained in specialties. He becomes, however, thoroughly versed in hygiene, everything pertaining to diet and the relative values of foods in health or disease, and in preventive medicine. He believes that, except in cases of accident, all derangements of the human system arise from imperfect nutrition or a disordered state of one or more of the vital organs, frequently caused by the disturbing effects of climatic conditions or the influences of the five natural elements, namely: fire, water, earth, vegetation and minerals. His treatment is usually directed towards restoring the harmonious action of these organs and consequently the strength and vitality of the patient, leaving to nature the directing of that strength to the seat of disease.

The educated Chinese believe in keeping well rather than in becoming ill and then perhaps being cured. All well-to-do Chinese families employ physicians by the year, whose duty is to prevent sickness rather than to cure it. In matters of health the Chinese are, as a rule, temperate, sober and self-restrained. The hurry and worry of American business life are unknown in China. Were the American people, with their superior hereditary endowments of mental and physical force, as careful in observing the laws of health as are my countrymen, they would be to the latter a race of giants as compared with a race of pygmies. Yet, with the conditions as they exist today, I believe that the ancient peoples of China will long outlast the Caucasian races.

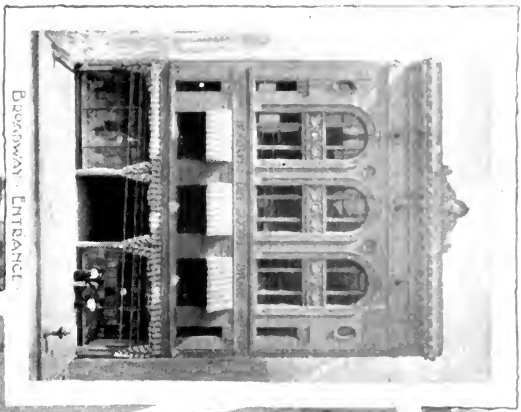
太醫院醫士

SOME EDUCATIONAL FIGURES.

HE annual report of the Board of Education of the city of Los Angeles is significant of the progress of the schools. The total number of census children (between the ages of 5 and 17 years) is 16,956, in 1895; an increase of 2,213 over 1894. There are 290 teachers this year, as against 252 last. In 1885 the number was 68.

The County Superintendent of Schools reports a total of 34,245 children of school age in Los Angeles county; besides 13,148 under five years old. Of these, only 1026 are foreign-born, and 46,367 are natives. There are in the county 394 primary, 170 grammar and 6 high schools. There are 600 teachers, of whom 486 are women. Their salaries aggregate \$360,122; and the value of buildings and furniture amounts to \$1,395,030. None of these schools run less than six months; and only three of them less than eight months.

Besides these public schools there are in the county 17 private schools, with 129 teachers and 1361 pupils.



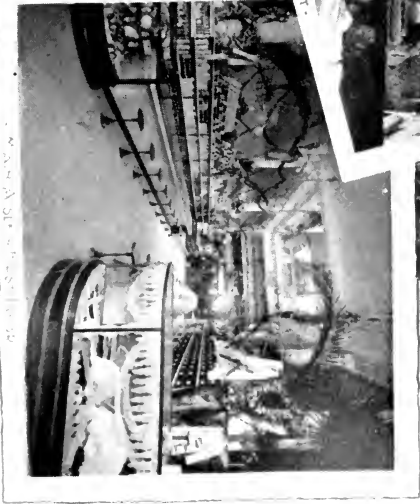
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They also have several orchards in full bearing which are good value, and will bear investigation. Anyone desiring further information should write for pamphlet to Hanson & Co., Ontario, or 122 Pall Mall, London, England.

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ITEMS OF INTEREST.

FOREMOST ON THE COAST.

With the completion of the Boston Dry Goods Store edifice, Broadway has settled the question as to which is to be the most popular retail street in Los Angeles. The lesson taught by the removal of this establishment from its old quarters on N. Spring street into its magnificent new quarters on S. Broadway, is the survival of the fittest and the inevitable transfer of business to the coming center of the city where frontage and rents have not as yet reached prohibitive prices. Among the pioneers in this movement was the Los Angeles Furniture Co., to which the Boston Dry Goods Store is now neighbor, and with which it shares the distinction of occupying exclusively the entire four floors and basement of two of the finest modern buildings in this city. Much credit is due the enterprise of Mr. C. W. R. Ford, president of the firm of J. W. Robinson & Co., in that they are now owners and proprietors of by far the largest and best appointed dry goods establishment on the Pacific Coast. The building, replete in all respects with the latest improvements necessary in the conducting of a metropolitan dry goods establishment, is, as regards plans, design and supervision, the work of Eisen & Hunt, architects. As can be seen from the illustration on page 305, it is a fair sample of the French plesance style of architecture, and would be an ornament to any city.

A HOME ENTERPRISE.

It is a matter of no small interest that Los Angeles has a full fledged bicycle factory. The Pacific Cycle Co., established here about three years ago under the management of Mr. F. E. Olds, the expert, has recently taken in new capital and members, and a new factory will soon be built. The establishment is already prepared to put up a first class bicycle, considerable fine machinery having arrived from Chicago, as well as all the latest novelties in bicycle sundries.

A CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

The office of Robt. F. Jones & Co., whose advertisement appears in this number as heretofore, 328 S. Broadway, has been changed to Santa Monica.

A WORD IN SEASON.

You will be sorry, one of these days, if you fail to have the volumes of the *LAND OF SUNSHINE* bound; and if you do not attend to it now, you are apt to be too late. Few copies of Vol. I can be had at any price, while several of the numbers of Vol. III are already at a high premium.

Lay the six numbers ending with this month together and just see what a beautiful book they will make. Do you know of any other way to get such a volume on Southern California? *Over 300 pages, over 300 illustrations! Fifty-six different localities pictured. Over 100 articles, dwelling upon the different phases of Southern California.* Don't you think, yourself, such a book is worth saving?

Any bookbinder can do it for you. Or, if you will present at this office the six numbers in good condition we will give you the bound volume in half morocco imitation for \$1.40, or in half morocco, genuine, for \$2.00.

Owing to the scarcity of back numbers, the publishers are compelled to quote the following prices for furnishing both binding and copies for volumes:

Vol. I (June to Nov., '94, inclusive) imitation half morocco, \$3.50; half morocco, genuine, \$4.00.

Vol. II (Dec. '94, to May, '95, inclusive) imitation half morocco, \$2.00; half morocco, \$2.50.

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As it will not be long before these prices will be necessarily raised, it behooves those who have not retained their back numbers and desire the valuable addition to their library of complete volumes of the *LAND OF SUNSHINE* to act quickly.

LOCAL TRANSPORTATION.

Running as it does from the ocean at San Pedro and Long Beach, through Los Angeles and Pasadena, to Altadena at the foot of the great cable incline of the Sierra Madre mountains without change of cars, tourists will find in the fast and frequent service of the Los Angeles Terminal Railway lines facilities not to be overlooked in doing this locality. Then, too, there is the Glendale division, through one of the finest valleys in Southern California to fine picnic and hunting grounds and Verdugo Park, while Devil's Gate and numerous other points are well worth a trip over this line to see.

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Questions Answered.—Specific information about Southern California desired by tourists, health seekers or intending settlers will be furnished free of charge by the LAND OF SUNSHINE. Enclose stamp with letter.

NOVEMBER, 1895

A BUSINESS VIEW OF IT.

Patriotism is good in its place, but business is business. More customers here than you want? If not, where are you going to get new ones? Are you going to try to get the inhabitants of Los Angeles to "come to California," or would you rather reach out for those who are not here already?

As to those who are coming, do you think they will have to trade with you, when they never heard of you but have been reading your rival's advertisement for half a year or so?

Here in Southern California only one other publication of any kind is so widely read as the LAND OF SUNSHINE; and no other California publication is half so much read abroad. You know for yourself whether you can get out of range of the LAND OF SUNSHINE here. You do not need to be told that no other publication in this part of the country has ever had the respect-

ful attention indicated by the following typical notices from representative papers all over the United States.

Thousands of Eastern people whose eye is on California are reading the LAND OF SUNSHINE. Smith, your rival, may not be half the man you are, but already they know his name and place of business, and have heard what he has to say. When they come here, don't you think they'll be likely to hunt him up?

The way to get your share of their trade is to get your share of their attention. The man who waits for business to find him may get some, but most milkers nowadays have learned that they have to go after the cow.

Here are fair samples of what they think of the LAND OF SUNSHINE in this State and the East:

ALL ONE WAY.

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"Has a bright and cheerful look, and gives the impression that it has come to stay."—*The Critic*, N. Y.

"Profuse in illustrations, equal to the best in the New York magazines, it is attracting attention all over the world."—San Francisco *News Letter*.

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"As interesting and entertaining as it is beautiful."—Chicago *Inter Ocean*.

"Attractive and interesting."—New York *Home Journal*.

"Remarkably romantic and interesting."—*Harper's Weekly*.

"Ought to gain in popularity."—Springfield, Mass., *Republican*.

"Very good reading."—Boston *Pilot*.

"An admirable monthly."—*The Argonaut*, San Francisco.

"A delightful little magazine."—*The Christian Advocate*, N. Y.

"Protusely illustrated and filled with entertaining reading."—*Zion's Herald*, Boston.

"Many entertaining articles and beautiful pictures."—Nashville, Tenn., *American*.

"A bright and beautiful monthly."—Chicago *Advance*.

"Maintains its promise of growth."—Louisville *Courier-Journal*.

"Entitled to rank in the very forefront."—Bristol, Conn., *Press*.

"The handsomest publication ever issued in Southern California."—Los Angeles *Herald*.

"Full of flavor of Southern California and the Southwest."—Albany, N. Y., *Argus*.

"Seems to bring with it the fragrance of Southern California."—Minneapolis *Tribune*.

"Should find a place on every table in the country."—Phoenix, A. T., *Gazette*.

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"A perfect reflection of the land in which we live."—Los Angeles *Times*.

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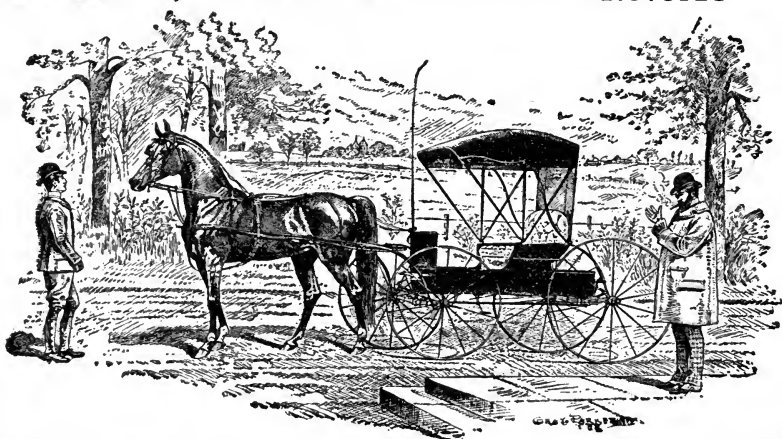
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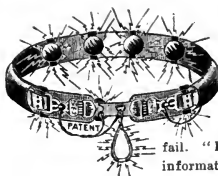
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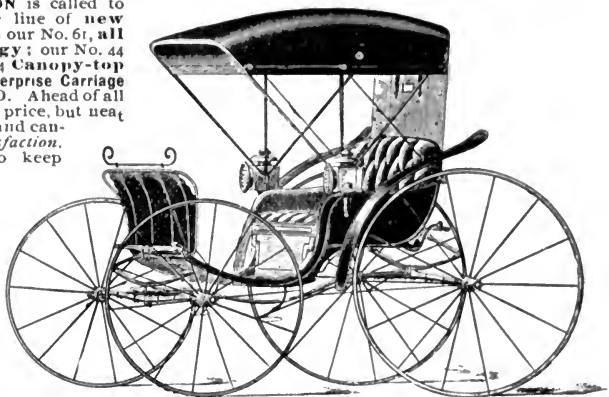
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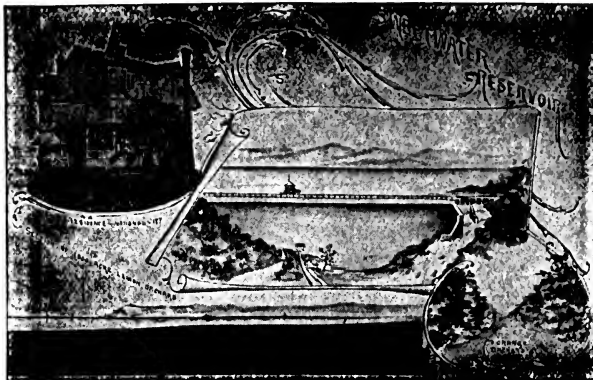
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